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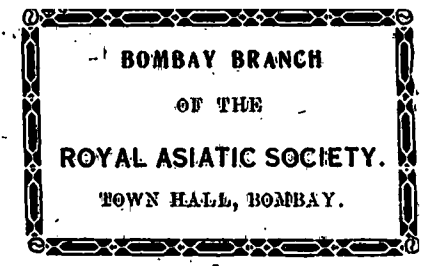

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TRAVELS

IN

UPPER INDIA.

VOL. I.

3.9.22

DIARY

OF

TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES

IN

UPPER INDIA,

FROM BAREILLY, IN ROHILCUND,

TO HURDWAR,

86059

AND NAHUN, IN THE HIMMALAYA MOUNTAINS,

With a Tour in Bundelcund,

A SPORTING EXCURSION IN THE KINGDOM OF OUDE,

AND A VOYAGE DOWN THE GANGES.

BY

C. J. C. DAVIDSON, ESQ.

LATE LT.-COLONEL OF ENGINEERS, BENGAL.

3.9.22

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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TO

SIR BENJAMIN BRUNEL,

WITH FEELINGS OF THE MOST UNFEIGNED ADMIRATION

AND PROFOUND RESPECT

FOR THE BRILLIANT GENIUS

AND THE INDOMITABLE ENERGY AND PERSEVERANCE

DISPLAYED IN THAT

GLORY AND TRIUMPH OF MODERN ENGINEERING,

The Thames Tunnel,

THESE VOLUMES ARE DEDICATED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THOUGH I wrote the following pages purely for my own amusement, I now print them for that of the public; and if the reader is to be satisfied with plain truths, communicated in plain language, I am persuaded that he will not be ungratified by their perusal. I have simply narrated what I saw, and communicated what I heard and felt; I have not crammed my pages with dull statistical or historical details, stolen from obsolete gazetteers; and although I may have been sometimes mistaken,

(to which we are all liable,) I have not, most assuredly, related anything which I even suspect to be tinged with falsehood or exaggeration.

Stockwell, July, 1843.

CONTENTS

OF

THE FIRST VOLUME.

TRAVELS FROM BAREILLY, IN ROHILCUND, TO HURDWAR AND NAHUN; WITH A TOUR IN BUNDELCUND.

CHAPTER I.

Start from Bareilly—A home-made equipage—Travelling attendants—A bivouack—Character of native servants—Thieves to a man—Indian-bred cows—Decoy elephant—Howdah—Stud of horses—Household establishment—Wages and duties of each—Water carrier—Halt at Futteh Gung—The merits of tomata sauce—Pathân village—Dreadful ravages of the small pox—An adventure—An aristocratic beggar—Splendid tomb of a robber chief—A Begum and her suite—Native women—A village khan—Beautiful country—The Begum again—Ajeetpore—Native superstitions—A talking devil—An encounter—Arrival at Rampore—Native curiosity—Kite-flying extraordinary—Hatred of English rule—Fast of the Ramadan—Every inch a gentleman . . . . . p. 3

CHAPTER II.

Moradabad—A native gentleman—Hindostanee table-talk—A native stud—To Sundlepore—News of a tiger—Tricks

upon travellers—Jackals and hares—Village judge—To Dhampore—Peacock shooting—Another tiger—Splendid ruins—Unlimited resources of India—Fast of the Ramazan—Feasting and visiting—Ignorance on Indian matters—The English governed by the native officers—Case of assault and battery—Cowardice of modern Sipahees—Nations not formed by their governments—To Nazeena, the Birmingham of Upper India—How to grow immortal—Anecdotes—To Nugeebabad—A visit to a Nawab—A native diplomat—The Nawab's palace and gardens—Conversation and cross-questioning—Native cookery—To Nargul—A Jack in office—How to treat a refractory Tharmadar—Travelling inconveniences—Perquisites and peculation . . . . . p. 33

CHAPTER III.

Leave Nargul for Bhogpore—Singular quicksand—Horses crossing a ferry—Antelopes sent to Coventry—Game—Bhogpore—Fine sporting country—The Mahaseer, or great head—Camp of Bumbo Khan—Start for Hurdwar—Wild hogs—Singular breed of hounds—The Zenanah of Bumbo Khan—High cultivation—An Indian town on the Ganges—Singular style of ornament—Sacred monkeys—Pilgrims—Old and new roads—Arrive at Hurdwar—A fit of indigestion—Extempore house-building—Nautch girls—The perils of beauty—A strange mistake . p. 67

CHAPTER IV.

Description of Hurdwar—Female devotees—Anti-reforming Brahmins—Great fair of Hurdwar—Native horse-dealers and horses—Elephant-dealers—Seik women—Persian horses—Tricks of native horse-dealers—New kind of Chronology—Horse-stealers—Horse-brokers—Dexterous thieves—Climate of Bongel—Bargain and sale—A Rajah

whip—Faqueers—Singular ponies—Boa constrictor worn as a necklace—The Rajah of Belaspore—A Christian Begum—Produce of Hurdwar—Geological speculations—An unlucky number of toes . . . . . p. 84

CHAPTER V.

Departure from Hurdwar—The Seik ladies on horseback—A Seik dandy and his equipage—Duolutpore—A black attorney—Ravages of the cholera—Good advice—Route to Secunderpore—French officers in the service of Runjeet Sing—Effects of cultivation—Indian horse-stealers—Their superiority to English ones—Great and little thieves—The advantages of being in gaol—Treatment of public servants in India—Hanging in chains—Modern discoveries—A black police magistrate—A projected robbery—A narrow escape—Official misconduct—Suharanpore—Dr. Royle—Native fort—Botanical garden—Chilkanah—Boorea—The jumna—Termination of the British dominions—Seik chiefs—A day of adventures—Extraordinary cactus—Cultivation of opium—Ruined palace of the great moghul . . . . . p. 115

CHAPTER VI.

To Belaspore—The wisdom of our ancestors—The Caper Plant—To Sidonrah—Cheating and redress—Human nature—To Mogee Nun—A pleasant day—Rather hot—An expedient—To Nahun—Route up the mountain—Change of climate—A visit to the Rajah of Nahun—Nautch girls—Their beautiful forms—The rajah's palace and court—Native conversation—History of the rajah—Captain Murray—The true way to rule in India—Evils of our Indian government—Errors of the civil servants of the Company—Disgraceful anecdote—The organ of accessibility—Perfect propriety of Nautch dancing—

Comparison with English dancing—A ramble with the rajah—His reception by his people—Awkward squad—The rajah's stud—Native manner of picketing—bad blood in horses—Reason for cutting their tails—The rajah's wives—The danger of being a favourite—Leave-taking—A serious loss . . . . . p. 144

BUNDELCUND.

CHAPTER I.

BUNDELCUND—City of Calpee—Royal Tomb—Cobra de capellas and wolves—The Pangolin—Hyænas—The town of Calpee—Its manufactures—Its cultivation of cotton—The Company's system of dealing—Attack of a fort—Native cowardice—A celebrated murderer and robber—A case of necessity—A respectable robber—Singular case of confession—British tenderness to criminals—Thugs and thuggism—A refractory thug—Interview with a thug—His own opinion of his profession—Narrow escape from a thug—Intolerable heat at Calpee—Coup de soleil—Native remedy for it—Tour in the Interior—Bullock carts—Native ingenuity—The Ortolan—Native bird-catchers—Murgaon—A child carried off by a wolf—Extraordinary superstition—Pilgrims from the Himmalaya . . . . . p. 173

CHAPTER II.

Jullalpore—Native carriers—The Al—Native tombs—Singular insect—Visit from native chief—Official ingratitude—False alarm—To Ummood—Immense herds of bullocks and antelopes—Indian gipsies are robbers and thugs—Beauty of the thug women—Native justice—Native police—Concert extraordinary—The dignity of justice—

To Keitah—Singular fruit—Rât—Ravages of fever—Deserted cantonments—Ruined Bungalows—Melancholy contrast—A runaway camel—A catastrophe—To Kurara—Faqueer's hermitage—To Gorâree—A native turner—Obstinacy of the Hindoos—To Gorha—Rich and poor—Rock pigeons—A new game—Shepherds—Intense labour of their calling—Vegetable diet—Intemperance—Miserable condition of the natives—Agriculture—Generosity and delicacy—Sleep-walking—To Churkaree . p. 197

CHAPTER III.

Native agriculture—Native game-preserve—Fortifications of Churkaree—Lotus Lakes—The town—The rajah's palace—The inhabitants all armed—Singular costume—Public wells—Handsome women—The rajah—A refractory official—Remonstrance—Native diplomacy—Hindoo politeness—Native ornaments—A Bundela cart—The rajah's equipage—Armed force of the rajah—Domestic architecture in Bundelcund—The spirit of trade—A new mode of exciting compassion—To Mahoba—State of the country—Wild hogs—Sporting district—Antique temple—Artificial lake and ruined town—Native fair—Enchanting scene—Early associations—Bathing in public—Hindoo notions of delicacy—Native curiosity—Mussulman temple—Causes of malaria . . . . . p. 225

CHAPTER IV.

Route to Jourâhoo—Tame wild-fowl!—The dak-tree—Its various uses—Jourâhoo—A snug smoking-party—Strange customs—Bands of robbers—A daring exploit—Hindoo justice—Singular superstition—Holy stones—A Hindoo sceptic—A dangerous district—An accomplished native—A laughing chorus—Route to Chundla—A breakdown—Chundla—Elephantiasis—Intense heat—Hornless

deer—Cure for fever—A burning jungle—Fortress of Ajeegurh—The town—A deserted station—Ancient inscriptions—The fortifications—Tomb of Lieut. Babington—Game—An awkward step and narrow escape—Enormous serpent—Predestination—Magnificent temples—Strange contrasts—Ebony and teak—The Rajah of Ajeegurh—Native carriages—Ophthalmia—A marriage procession—Fossil shells . . . . . p. 250

CHAPTER V.

Nâegâon—A refractory buffalo—Intense heat—Singular scene—Going to be married—Contrasts—Hindoo and English widows—Bribery and corruption—Kalingur—Ascent of the mountain—Holy fort—Temple of Neel Khunt—Singular cave—Presence of mind—Diamond cut diamond—Anecdote of a Faqueer—Racoons—To Naraina—An invitation—An unusual compliment—Hypothetical conversation—Exquisite lotos flower—A married couple—Secret of Hindoo wedlock—A visit—Pistol firing—More bribery—A perilous position—To Khirwa—Hindoo idol—Young and old devotees—Gaiety and gravities—A typhoon—Cantonments at Bauda—Planting in India—City of Bauda—Nabob of Bauda—Great cotton mart—Tricks of trade—Native breeding stud—Indolence of the natives—Deserted fort—Farewell to the reader . p. 277

JOURNAL OF A VOYAGE FROM ALLAHABAD TO CALCUTTA, VIA DACCA AND THE SOONDERBUNDS.

CHAPTER I.

Embarkation—Occasion of the tour—Delays of office—Construction of a ghat—Leave taking—Brief immortality—Navigation of the Ganges—Parting from a horse—Trans-

port of a stud—Native officials—Down the Ganges—Abolition of the tax on bathing—Indian fair—Daring feat of driving—The encampment—Pilgrims—Native barbers—Universal head-shaving—The holy bath—Fakeers—Extraordinary penance—A native lecturer—Poor and rich—Exclusive salvation—Human selfishness—Singular pilgrimage—A hard case—Mr. Montgomery—Private charity at the public cost—Confluence of the Jumna and Gunga—Chuckwâ ducks—Models of conjugal fidelity . . . . . p. 307

CHAPTER II.

Crews of the country boats—Gum kino—Village of Punassa—Native carbonate of soda—Sirsa—Salt smuggling—Police of India—Cunning and selfishness of native servants—A native official—Goose pie—Colin of Nantz—Banks of the river—Pilgrims—Alligators—A recruit—Child murder—The virtues of good eating—Temple of Bind Chul—The thugs—Shakespere—Burke, the English thug—The philosophy of thugism—Mirzapore—Great cotton mart—A French speculator—A dinner man—A seizure—Chunar—Alligators—Mode of capturing them—Fort of Chunar—The plague of Musquitos—Chunar Ghur—Character and state of the fortress—The hottest spot in India—The ex-queen of Oude—Lord Combermere—Lord Brougham—King or no King! p. 328

TRAVELS

FROM

BAREILLY, IN ROHILCUND,

TO

HURDWAR AND NAHUN;

WITH A TOUR IN

BUNDELCUND.

TRAVELS

ETC.

CHAPTER I.

Start from Bareilly—A home-made equipage—Travelling attendants—A bivouack—Character of native servants—Thieves to a man—Indian-bred cows—Decoy elephant—Howdah—Stud of horses—Household establishment—Wages and duties of each—Water carrier—Halt at Futteh Gung—The merits of tomata sauce—Pathân village—Dreadful ravages of the small pox—An adventure—An aristocratic beggar—Splendid tomb of a robber chief—A Begum and her suite—Native women—A village khan—Beautiful country—The Begum again—Ajeetpore—Native superstitions—A talking devil—An encounter—Arrival at Rampore—Native curiosity—Kite-flying extraordinary—Hatred of English rule—Fast of the Ramadan—Every inch a gentleman.

March 17th, 18—. Started from Bareilly cantonment in my buggy, and as I built it myself, you shall have a full and correct description of it. The body and carriage part were painted

of fine dazzling yellow, picked out black, (out of compliment to the natives!)—a pattern at once lively and genteel. The panels were of copper; the hood, back, and seats, were lined with light drab cloth. The body was supported on grasshopper springs, made of country steel, which possess a degree of elasticity almost equal to English cast iron! The right spring was cracked through.

Now for the rest of my travelling equipage and attendants.

Much has been said of the enervating luxury of officers of the Bengal army, and I dare say, that the European innocent has already prepared his mind for an account of my camp equipage, pipes of Madeira, chests of Carbonell, hawks, and hunting leopards. Alas! these things are getting scarce; India is hardly the same India as it was when our gallant bribe-of-lacs-taking forefathers honoured it by their collections. No, no; make up your mind to hear the plain truth, and you shall know how a poor soldier fares. I had no tents with me, being determined to mix as much as possible with the natives, having resolved to write a very agreeable journal. My stock of diffusible stimulants consisted of two bottles of exqui-

site juniper gin; not the filthy, poisonous, yellow, turpentine English, but the real tincture of juniper. I am a water-drinker, not from necessity, but from choice, habit, and education.

I encamped, or rather more strictly, bivouacked, a little after sunset, in a lovely orchard of mangoe trees in full blossom, amidst a very few as easily accommodated servants and cattle; and you shall have a faithful detail of their names, employments, and wages, in due time. I have dwelt in India twenty-five years; traversed it from the snowy range to Bombay on the west; so I must have seen something of the country, and may be supposed to know something of the natives—can speak Hindoostanee pretty fluently, having studied ka, ke, kee (the inflections Sir!) under Shakspeare at Addiscombe; nay, I have made some very respectable puns in that dialect.

After much consideration, I look upon the natives as made of the same flesh and blood as ourselves. I cannot guess what *we* should have been without Christianity and education; but if like them, then I must say that we should have been the most entirely depraved, lying, dishonest knaves in the world. And yet

I think I say so without partiality or prejudice. With all this they are a very manageable, clever people, and generally behave with much sincere respect to such of us as deserve their good will. They, from a want of sufficient principle, do not fully comprehend our character. They cannot believe, for instance, that we will abstain from dishonourable transactions, if we can engage in them without fear of detection; but yet, as they see this *occasionally* proved, they are staggered.

They have one wonderful advantage over Englishmen, in the coolness and pliability of their tempers. Relate to a true, generous, and high-born Englishman, a bold lie, or a glaring deed of wrong and oppression, and he is immediately fired with contempt and indignation; but far otherwise with a native: he is used to hear them hourly, from his infancy. A lie is merely a useful figure of speech; and to a tale of wrong, or suffering, he listens with cool indifference; he knows that a lie is no novelty, and that for oppression there is no remedy; so he smokes his ganja, or eats his opium. There is neither love of truth, sense of shame, public spirit, nor private faith, in Hindoostan. There is not one of my servants,

from amongst those who have served me for many years, who will not either plunder me himself, or join with a perfect stranger in robbing me. This I know well; but time has so mellowed and so tranquillized my temper, and opened my eyes to a proper sense of the necessity of a dutiful submission to my servants, that I am contented to suffer any decent or reasonable extortion. Your griffin is angered and wrathful; he is liable to inflammatory diseases; but in a few years he looks back with amazement at his own juvenile irritability.

And now for my cattle. There stands my English country-bred bull, hornless and brindled; his ancestors were from Devon's fairy land; the natives call him a foreign buffalo. Three Nagoree cows with snowy or milk white skins, soft as velvet, standing from 14-3 to 15 hands high, part of a herd which I purchased at the Bhurtpore prize sale, when we did battle with, and vanquished, the Paynim Doorjun Saul. These cows, though in calf, were all skinny; and I may relate a very singular disappointment which I experienced in breeding from them, for the amusement of "breeders in all its branches." In six years, and out of nearly

twenty cows of this breed, I could not obtain one cow calf—they were all bulls! It was a source of great vexation to me, as I expected to procure a cross of great size and good milking qualities. The pure breed gives barely milk enough to supply their own calves, requires very high feeding, and severe grooming to keep them in tolerable condition. The bullocks are highly valued, and are racers of the genus, trotting from fifty to seventy miles in a day, and are often 16 hands high.

There stands my female decoy elephant, to be sold, if possible, at Hurdwar; she is the present of my brother, from "far Assam." On her back is a sporting howda, or chair, for the benefit of an occasional tiger hunt. My servants, availing themselves of my sweet disposition, have laden her with their baggage; but were I to ask them, either collectively or individually, to cut her provender for one day, what resignations would be tendered!

Next is my favourite brood mare, Fair Amelia. She too was purchased at a prize sale, that of Lambda, on the western frontier of Hindoostan, but was bred by the last king of Bokhara,—has his royal stamp on her near buttock, and had, when taken, four large gold rings in her

nostrils. These have been removed, and replaced by silver, which will be stolen by her groom one by one—but the holes will remain. She is said by the Up-country horse dealers to be either a Koord or Turcoman; stands nearly 15½ hands high, with magnificent action, and great show of blood. Next her, at a reasonable distance, is Maraschino, by the Arab Pet—out of Fair Amelia; then her filly; Parfait Amour, by the Giant; the buggy mare Maidenhead, and then my little wicked favourite, Fish-Guts, by Orange Boven, out of Leila.

My sweeper did me the honour to lead my pretty brindled terrier bitch, Vixen.

Now for the servants. My Kindmutgar, Kassim, a most confirmed thief, cooks my food; and, when he pleases, waits on me at dinner. His assistant, Bonee Yâdee, a musalchee or link boy, cleans the plates, runs errands, and scours my copper-tinned pots, as such employment would derogate from the dignity of Kassim, who is now, owing to the absence of Rûmâzânee, breveted Khânsâman, or lord of the household! Kassim's wages are seven rupees a month, and Bonee Yâdee gets five only; hence it is pretty clear that Bonee Yâdee must do all the work, the established rule in

India being, that, from the Governor General to the sweeper, wages are inversely as work. My sweeper gets five rupees. Two hired bearers, who carry four cylindrical baskets with conical tops, two feet in diameter, and one foot deep, get four rupees a month each. One pair of them, one of which contains my best coat, (I have but one in the world, and that is seven years old!) is covered with painted and varnished cloth, as protection against rain. The other pair is simply covered with dôsootee.* In the two others are tea and sugar, bread and tomato sauce, salt and pepper, stewpans, teakettle, gridiron, candlestick, and so forth.

A mahout does me the honour to ride on the neck of the elephant, with his adopted son, a little chubby boy of ten years old; his "born thrall," a slave; and the coolie who cuts the fodder. The mahout gets twelve rupees, and the coolie four, on the equitable principle above laid down. These three are fellow countrymen of the elephant, are foreigners in Hindoostan, and speak the Assamese language, which is nearly related to the Bengalee.

My bed, a capital charpâee, was carried by two hired coolies, who get two annas per day

* A coarse double-threaded cotton.

each; and as a rupee is worth sometimes as little as one shilling and eight-pence, the eighth part of it can be readily calculated in English money.

Before I reached Futteh Gunj, (my halting place,) that is to say, "the market of victory," —so called (it's an odd enough sequitur) because there the English beat the Rohilla army, and took the country,—I passed the tomb erected to the memory of those Englishmen who then fell in battle. By their life-rendered devotion, the Honourable the Court of Directors of the United East India Company trading to the East Indies became the quiet masters of Rohilcund, and have since amply rewarded their successors in arms, by putting them on half batta at certain stations of the army! Therefore it may be doubted—and I hope my companions in arms will settle the question before they take any more kingdoms —I say, it may be doubted whether it be always prudent to win victories.

In my digressive discursions, I was in danger of forgetting my servant and bheestee, a water-carrier, Goomânee, who has enjoyed my service since a boy, nearly six years ago. He supplies my camp with water from his

mussuck: he is accompanied by a sharp little fellow of a son, four years old, and by his wife, a good-looking, tall, stout, young hussy, with a very indifferent temper, and an awful tongue. She wears a large gold ring through her nose, (I suppose to prevent her doing mischief.) Goomânee, being a man who regards causes and effects, has saved a little fortune in my service, and most of my servants were his debtors at the usual interest of India —viz., twenty-four per cent. per annum.

On my dismounting, I ordered him to bring me a mussuck, for being covered with dust, I took a shower-bath before dinner. This is one of the far-famed Indian luxuries, and Goomânee being a master of his mussuck, I was greatly refreshed by his ministration. A clean shirt is also an Indian luxury; so, lucky dog, I had two in five minutes.

Persons, if they even be afflicted with chronic liver, will get hungry after abstinence, so I ordered a clean snowy table-cloth to be neatly doubled up over the end of my bed, and sat down contented and happy to a most delicious cold surloin of roast beef, with which, a little dry bread, and a glass of water from a neighbouring well, I made a most comfortable meal.

I used my favourite condiment, tomata sauce, with my beef. To all who are ignorant of this delicious vegetable I may venture to recommend its sauce, as being at once wholesome and savoury—try it, after my receipt, and you will acknowledge my superiority to Kitchener. Eat it with beef, mutton, fowl, fish, pilau, curry, stews, grills; eat it with everything but cranberry tart, or apple pie, and you will, I pledge my simplicity, swear by the cours gastronomique, that it is the autocrat of all the sauces! It is the glory of the gourmand, and would create an appetite "under the ribs of death!"

Futteh Gunge is a thriving and populous village, inhabited by Pathân descendants chiefly. The general employment of the poor classes is either in cultivating the ground, or serving in the ranks of native princes; and a few may be found as chupprassees, or messengers with civil servants; but the ushrâfs or gentles would not stoop to any more laborious employment than making kites! I suppose you are as sleepy as I am, so good night!

18th.—Left Futteh Gunge about six, and arrived at Meer Gunge about nine in the morning. Meer Gunge is also a Pathân village.

The country through which I drove is a dead level, and covered with heavy ripening crops. The roads, moreover, denote a high degree of cultivation,—appearing as, if they had been ploughed by ten thousand of Lord Somerville's ploughs! True, turnpikes and "publics" go together, and there is no public in India.

I drove into the Serâee, and there the most horrible and nauseating of all sights offended my poor stomach. The small pox was at its work, and this destroying angel had been busy for two months. The village had lost 150 souls in that time, and yet the disease was undiminished. The Serâee was crowded with the miserable sufferers, of all ages, from the fat child-bearing wench of twenty, to the suckling of a month—all stretched out, dirty and loathsome, on their miserable bedsteads, or on the bare ground, covered with hideous ulcers and myriads of flies, in the hot sunshine! Here lay a poor blind infant with its hair recently clipped, and its scull almost visible through the uncleaned sores; and by its side, a stout woman of thirty, its anxious and tender mother, who, moaning, told me that she was just seized by Bowannee! that is, by the evil and destroying goddess.

As all Feringees are supposed to be physicians, I was immediately surrounded by scores of mothers, anxious to procure a duwâee, or medicine for their infants, and by dozens of women, eager to avoid the disease. Giving the best advice in my power, I walked on to the Thanna, or police office, and settled myself in an open hut. I thus, till twelve, patiently waited the hour of breakfast. But my dear stomach had been cruelly satiated in the Serâee; everything appeared as if it had been covered with small pox; the bread, the butter, the delicious cold roast beef, nay, even the poor goat which was dragged to be milked. Bowannee had seized them all! and it was with insufferable disgust that I swallowed a few mouthfuls.

No sooner had the breakfast apparatus been removed, than I summoned around me the listless, fate-bound, indolent fathers of the Pathân aristocracy, and gave them a lecture. I explained all I knew to them, and accused them of the most inhuman cruelty to their children, in neglecting to avail themselves of vaccination; as some of them confessed that they knew that it was practised, gratis, at Bareilly.

I had been for some time playing with a charming little Pathân coquette, of four years old, when her father came up, and told me that her sister and mother were lying ill of the disease, while she escaped. I begged and entreated that my little playfellow might be taken immediately, and I offered to give him a letter to Dr. Watson, at Bareilly. He was greatly moved, indeed, for he said he would think of it! "If it's her fate," said he. "You fool," said I, in my civil way, "if a man throws himself into the fire, or a well, or in the path of a tiger, is he without blame?"

During the whole of the day, and the greater part of the night, I was oppressed with a violent heat in my brain, nausea, and a perspiration so profuse that my hair was drenched, as if I had been bathing.

A curious circumstance occurred in the evening: while sitting at a window, enjoying the breeze, a very good-looking woman, and respectable in her appearance, came up, and looking round rather anxiously, said, "Sir, you gave my boy a little pounded sugar-candy this morning; look at his sister there—she wants some!" I looked in the direction, and sure enough mamma was right—there she

stood, at the foot of a byre tree, a very handsome slut of thirteen, pretending to be ashamed to look at me, and yet evidently delighted, with a pleasant half roguish smile, and much curiosity to see what impression she made on the Feringee. I looked—the mother looked at me—then putting some pounded sugar-candy into a piece of the Calcutta John Bull, with one of my best-tempered smiles, I sent it, with a nodding salaam, to the wild young thing, who nodded and laughed, and looked at her mother and at me, and—and what then? Why, not being quite old enough to bear with impunity the smiles of beauty, I adopted the only safe alternative in such cases—fairly took to my heels!

Whilst sauntering amongst my horses, I was accosted by a very fair, handsome, and impudent rogue of a Pathân, attended by his servant—his loins girded by a very handsome sabre,—who asked, in a very independent tone, too, for my charity! He said he saw that I was a rich man, and requested that I would shovel out the blunt in a handsome manner, as he wanted a good dinner. I immediately assumed the air of a Byrâgee, with joined hands and supplicating howl, begged his alms for a

poor wretch who had eaten nothing since breakfast; and continued my mendicatory importunities, till my friend *and his servant* marched off, amidst the laughter of the surrounding mob. I had no guard; so I warned my servants, when I heard that he came from Rampore, that he would attempt to rob me at night.

Rampore is the chief city of Nawab Ahmed Ulee Khan, a real *Nawab*, who alone has contrived to keep his jagheer, or territory, of the annual value of sixteen lacs of rupees. Rampore is the city of refuge—a very Goshen of robbers.

In the evening, though weak, I managed to walk out at least a couple of hundred yards, to visit the tomb of Meer Khan, a Pathân chief, leader, robber, or soldier of former times, which rose in a magnificent bosquet or cluster of Burgut and wild fig-trees. One hundred begahs (upwards of thirty acres) of rich land had been appropriated for the purpose of keeping the tomb in repair; and, besides this, the founder had allowed for the maintenance of a faqueer to perpetuate his memory, by demanding alms of all passing strangers! I boldly entered into conversation with one of the mem-

bers of the reigning family, who told me that the neighbouring zemindar had seized eighty of the begahs, which left too small a sum for the repairs of the tomb, which, in fact, had never been repaired since it was endowed; nay, as little care was taken of it as if it had been in similar circumstances in some decayed borough in England. The faqueer's duties were therefore confined to the filling of a few earthen pots of water, and supplying the wayfaring, tomb-lounging, idle, dissolute, tobacco-smoking villains with an occasional chilum, or pipe, or fire for their own; and he triumphantly pointed out a heap of cowdung ashes, from which issued a slight wreath of smoke, and half-a-dozen of pitchers of water for thirsty passengers, as a proof that his duties were not neglected. Poor Meer Khan! yours, as the botanists would say, is but a very dirty habitat!

Passing through the Serâee on my return to my hotel, I saw that several of the rooms were surrounded or enclosed by a long row of very dirty kunnâts, or tent walls. On inquiring, I found that in that sacred seclusion tarried a real Mohammedan Begum, or lady of high rank. Hers was, indeed, what, in sporting language, might be termed a "splendid

turn out." It consisted of two miserably lean camels, two or three bullocks, and some bullock-bylees, or carriages, none of them from Long Acre. Two of these were covered, in a very stylish manner, with red khârwâ (or dyed coarse cotton), very richly ornamented with peacocks, and stars of white cotton, in mezzo relievo, with slits, nicely edged with white, to match, for the convenience of peeping at passengers. Her personal guard was commanded by a very old cotton-bearded Pathân, above seventy years of age, and accompanied by a retinue, or tail, of male and female slaves, or, as we say in Hindoostan, a suwaree of loundees and louchers, of all shapes, sizes, and sexes!

I asked the old gentleman, in a quiet way, merely for information, if the Begum Sahib was old? He shook his venerable gray hairs, and answered with a very melancholy smile, "Buhoot burus kee!"—very old. So I was quite satisfied that she had turned the corner.

But what on earth could have induced you to ask such a very useless and impertinent question?

Why the fact is this—the purdah, which acts as a sedative on natives, operates powerfully as a stimulant to Europeans! Hide the

ugliest seedee (or Abyssinian) behind the dirtiest rag, and imagination will "dictate sonnets to her eye-brow." One does like to know whether a creature of her sex be old or young, whenever she hides her face. Driving once through one of the most crowded streets in Calcutta, I found it hardly possible to proceed, there were so many face-hiding women in the very middle of the road. So getting very impatient, I roared, "Jâo booreea! booreea! jâo!" with all the bitterness of impatient griffinism. To my great amusement, a very handsome girl turning her chudder from her head, turned sharply back, and looking at me, said, "Tera booreea kuon?" where is your old woman? and laughed in my face! In fact, the best days of her Highness the Begum were passed, and she was removed to Rampore from the zunana at Lucknow, to make room for some vile pert young hussy of thirteen or fourteen! Poor old girl! turned loose, like a decayed horse in a paddock, upon a very short bite, as the agriculturists would say!

19th.—Arrived at Khummourch Dummoureh, twin villages, and took up a position in the Serâee of the latter. The small-pox was raging dreadfully in these and in every

village I had passed. Ulee Mohummud Khan, —for they are all khans here,—announced himself, and was present at the levee I generally held after breakfast, as the jemmydar or chief of the village police, which is astonishingly effective throughout Hindoostan. He offered to furnish me with the usual supplies, which, to my surprise, he performed; and in the evening, before I retired to my repose, he came to kiss hands, and request a certificate of good conduct; to which modest request I consented, and wrote him one after the models to be found in Theophrastus. Read it at your leisure.

Ulee Mohummud is a native, or indigenous Juvenal, and indulged in a light sarcastic tone of conversation; indeed, he spoke of my friend of Rampore with unpardonable levity, and had it not been my duty, as a journalist, to pick up all sorts of information, from all sorts of persons, I have my doubts whether or not I should not have seriously reproved him. I notice this curious defect in his character, merely for the purpose of remarking, that detraction, backbiting, calumny, evil speaking, and scandal, are failings entirely confined to the natives of India! Englishmen seldom

discuss the conduct of their superiors in rank or fortune without deep reverence and profound caution, especially in Hindoostan!

The view of the surrounding country from Dhummorah, which is placed on a little hillock, on the remains of an old fortified village, of which the outlines or enceinte can be traced, is exceedingly rich and beautiful. The eye wanders with delight over one continuous sheet of ripening corn, interspersed with groves of mangoe, clumps of bamboo, and little villages. The air was highly scented with the grateful perfume from the flowers of the trifolium odoratum. Rohilcund possesses at least a dozen of this useful genus, all neglected, but worth attention. Of the above species, I grew a single stalk in my garden at Bareilly, which weighed twenty sonat rupees. This was an annual, but there is a perennial species, which resists and triumphs over the hot winds, and blossoms in the cold weather. But it is hardly possible to make good hay of any of them, as it always gets burnt; yet even in that state it is much relished by cattle, and has been found to agree well with them.

To shew the difference between the heights

and probable heaviness of crops of the various grasses in England and India, I may mention one—viz., the Poa pratensis. In England, its height does not exceed four feet; I brought the seed from the stony soil of the Deccan, and grew it in a gentleman's garden at Cawnpore, to the height of twelve feet; with a stem as thick as my finger, and nearly as sweet and juicy as a sugar cane. The seeds of the improved Poa, were nearly as large as barley.

While sitting on a ruined bastion, the stately equipages of her highness the Begum passed by me in heavy marching order, and I saw, with great satisfaction, that my goodly person had attracted the attention of the Mussulmanee, for she indulged in a long peep at me, from the slits in the purdahs.

My worthy saees-es or horsekeepers, took the liberty of regaling themselves at a stinking arrack shop on the road, and in consequence, my poor cattle were exposed unnecessarily for many hours to the sun. During the night, the coolies, who had received advances of money for carrying my bedstead to Moradabad, departed without beat of drum, and left me to carry it in the manner most convenient to myself. These ungrateful people had nearly

seven farthings each per diem! Ah! set a beggar on horseback!

20th.—After a most delightfully cool morning drive, arrived at Ajeetpore, two and a-half miles to the west of Rampore city. Ajeetpore is a very small village, with a weekly market, which was held to-day. But the articles brought for sale, were, as usual, of a very trifling value: bangles, ear-rings, toe and ankle ornaments of pewter, small looking-glasses, wooden combs, sweatmeats, coarse cotton, tobacco; blankets made of coarse black wool, and delicious mulberries of many different colours, black, blue, white, red, and green, all as sweet as honey.

On the road I overtook a hackery, or cart, drawn by two bullocks, accompanied by a very fine old man, walking in a melancholy, downcast manner, by its side: in it was an old woman, patting, hushing, and endeavouring to lull something, which prattled at a most awful rate. On inquiry, I was told that the person under the cloths was a poor young female, in a state of mental derangement. After much cross questioning, they told me that she had become insane since she had recovered from a fever, and that she was bound on a pilgrimage

to the tomb of a famous peer or saint, 100 miles off—to be cured by a miracle. The old man said she had a Bukh! Preserve us! *a talking* devil! *a woman* with a talking devil! Had I any remedy, asked the anxious father? I had.—I prescribed croton pills; such being the prescription of Galen for all anomalous diseases; and such surely must excessive talking be considered in a woman!

The surrounding country seemed exceedingly well cultivated, and grain was accordingly cheap. This being an independent state, there were no Europeans "to protect" the country. Justice was therefore entirely in the hands of Natives. I heard no complaints.

During the course of the day I had an opportunity of displaying the native character. I had given some fish-hooks to a man who asked me if I had any, and in the afternoon I was visited by an ignorant cub of a beardless boy of fourteen, with a long train of servants, who formally introduced himself to me, as the Kutwâl of Rampore. I was at first angry at the attempted imposition, but I thought I might get some amusement by roasting him a little; so I pretended to believe him the person for whom he passed, and said, that he no doubt

owed his situation to the extraordinary merit he had shewn; congratulated him on the successful termination and reward to his studies; conjectured that he was learned in the Mahommudan law; said that his duties as Kutwâl, over such a large city, must occupy much, or rather all, of his time; inquired into the real state, as it regarded increase or decrease of crime, since his administration; and badgered him so thoroughly, that he saw the cheat was discovered, and that I was not quite the soft-headed chuckle he imagined all Europeans to be. His servants whispered, and smiled amongst each other, that they had caught a tartar. Out it came at last;—he wanted some fishing hooks, so instead of sending a salaam, and getting them, he thought he would out-talk or over-awe me, into a nuzzur!

He broke ground by asking me the nature of my amusements, and whether I was fond of fishing? and if I had any real English hooks? and could I do him the favour to shew my tackle? I determined that he should go as he came; I therefore acted the diplomatist, and gave evasive answers; so that his servants saw the necessity of changing the subject, which they did with great tact. The young gentle-

man then generalized, and told me that on Nawab Ahmed Ulee Khan breaking down a very old dam, across a little river in the neighbourhood, many mussels had been found, some of which contained very large and fine pearls, worth from sixty to eighty rupees each.

In the evening, I drove my gentle Maidenhead to Rampore, which is enclosed with, or surrounded by, a thin belt of bamboos and mangoe trees, at the back of which there is a low ruined parapet. The town is the most irregular, densely populous, and dirty, I have seen in India. In the little mud-walled inclosures, in front of their houses, I saw many beautiful and fair little boys and girls. When the alarm was spread, and my arrival had been duly announced, crowds of them rushed out of the zenannas, screaming with joy, all eager to see a Feringee! To men of hasty tempers I would, on visiting the city, recommend patience and a civil tongue, as the inhabitants are notoriously the most insolent and bullying in India.

While my filly was quietly led along by my syce, or groom, I sat with an affected air of nonchalance on my light drab coloured cushions, quite at my ease, and my vanity was not a little gratified, by observing that I

was universally admired. My yellow buggy, too, had its attraction. The streets were crowded with a mob of very handsome, lounging, idle fellows, having generally the fullest and finest jet black beards, and black mustachios in the world. The Pathâns have an air entirely foreign, and resemble the horse merchants from Bokhara. Many of them were handsomely dressed, and many (which struck me as a very curious fact) appeared clean! The flat roofs of the houses were covered with kite-fliers. Amongst Hindoostanees, from the old man to the boy, all delight in this intellectual employment. They are wonderfully expert at it, and indulge themselves in fighting battles with other kites, to the very great interest and enjoyment of the spectators.

The roads were hardly passable, being occupied by sellers of cane tops, for milch cows; tailors, with a display of clothes; white cotton, chintz, and embroidered caps; pedlers exhibited their thousands of trifling articles on little cotton carpets; boys brought wild pigeons, others crows; some had caught a hawk; some had looking-glasses, and amongst them I observed the bottom of a wine-glass,

but for what use it was intended I could not divine. I was followed by a herd of ill-bred ragamuffin boys, who continually vociferated, "Oh, Feringee! ay, Feringee! Feringee, oh! look round, here's a tiger! here's a lion! look round, here's a bear!" and as I always turned round, to give them an opportunity, they very politely laughed in my face, and appeared quite amused with my simplicity. I was shocked at their rudeness, and remembered in what a very different manner my own very polished countrymen behave to strangers in foreign dresses—Persian ambassadors, or cossacks, when they traverse the streets of London!

Ever and anon these indecorous youths were reproved by the grey beards, who know better manners. The old ladies (those above thirty) were more fervent and lively in their admiration; for notwithstanding the severity of Mooslim customs, from them I often received a most profound salaam! accompanied either with a smile, or a "salaam sahib, salaam mera data!"

All the Corinthian capitals of society were engaged in smoking their culleans on the housetops, and regarded me with a haughty, triumphant scowl, as if they took the measure

of my mind, and said in secret, "Thou art no match for me!" Hindoos and Mahommedans hate us with the most intense bitterness. As a nation, can any one be surprised at it? We have taken their broad lands foot by foot. The higher classes are too proud and indolent to occupy themselves with agriculture, and the only employment open to them is in the courts of law, or of the collectors of revenue, where their high birth and pride receive no pabulum. I have seen a lineal descendant of Pathân Nawabs fighting or serving in the ranks of Hearsay's horse, as a common trooper, on twenty rupees a month; out of which he had merely to buy and feed his horse, procure clothes, arms, and harness, and sustain his hereditary dignity! By his brave commander and his fellow-soldiers he was always addressed by his title of Nawab Sahib! or, as we say in Leadenhall-street, Mr. Naybob!

I passed through a large rectangle of buildings in front of the Nawab's gateway, which was as much crowded as the Royal Exchange at four. I did not observe any splendid mosques or public buildings, but I saw two houses in the English style, the one in repair, occupied as a palace by the sovereign, and the

other, in a ruinous state, was probably inhabited by his veteran zenanah. It was the feast or fast of the Râmâzân, and the faithful were fasting till the evening. All meat and drink (to the pious, even smoking) were under a tâboo! The Nawab himself, on such unpleasant anniversaries, retires with his court about thirty miles in the interior, under pretence of avoiding the heat, and fishing; but in reality, to enjoy his "bub and grub" without scandal. As his highness is "every inch a gentleman," he eats opium at the rate of the size of a walnut daily; and washes it down with strong unrectified spirit, distilled in his own house.

CHAPTER II.

Moradabad—A native gentleman—Hindostanee table-talk—A native stud—To Sundlepore—News of a tiger—Tricks upon travellers—Jackals and hares—Village judge—To Dhampore—Peacock-shooting—Another tiger—Splendid ruins—Unlimited resources of India—Fast of the Ramazan—Feasting and visiting—Ignorance on Indian matters—The English governed by the native officers—Case of assault and battery—Cowardice of modern Sipahees—Nations not formed by their governments—To Nazeena, the Birmingham of Upper India—How to grow immortal—Anecdotes—To Nugeebabad—A visit to a Nawab—A native diplomat—The Nawab's palace and gardens—Conversation and cross-questioning—Native cookery—To Nargul—A Jack in office—How to treat a refractory Tharmadar—Travelling inconveniences—Perquisites and peculation.

March 22nd.—Drove to Moradabad, or the dwelling of Morad,—upwards of fourteen miles. It is placed on the west bank of the Râm-gunga river, and is a Pathân colony; but it is in-

finitely cleaner, and much better built, than Rampore. The principal street, which must be nearly a couple of miles long, was paved with vitrified bricks, placed on edge. Moradabad is a civil station, has jails, court-houses, civil and military servants, and four companies of native infantry. Most of the young civilians were on their intended march to Hurdwar, and had shot eight tigers on their route.

Having heard a most amusing account of a native gentleman, called Mohummud Meer, who had formerly served Government in the judicial department, I accompanied a young officer to pay him a morning visit. He dwelt in a house in the very heart of the city, completely built and furnished in the English style, with a profusion of furniture. The chimney-pieces were decorated with heaps of rare shells, from the eastern islands, presented to him by English gentlemen; coarse prints, of the principal cities of Europe, adorned the walls; the floors were handsomely carpeted; and from the ceiling hung globe lamps.

The conversation was nearly confined to myself and my landlord, and we discoursed de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis, in Hin-

doostanee. He did me the honour to say, it was quite clear I was a reading man, for I knew everything! The old gentleman was pleased to find that I could rise from astronomy to bull-dogs; demonstrate the difference between steam-boats and air-balloons; was profound in philology; game on tiger-hunting; professional on cow-pox; agricultural on black cattle; and could even descend to frivolous remarks on the judicial and military administrations of India. On this last topic, he compelled me, in defiance of the rules of gravity and decorum, to indulge myself in shouts of uncontrollable laughter.

Referring to the probability of a Russian invasion, he launched out on its perfect practicability; described the exact length, breadth, population, and resources of Russia; detailed its various policies, and recent conquests in Persia; and in the course of only two hours and twenty-three minutes, I became dumb, from utter exhaustion of mind and body, and rose to take leave, with my parched mouth and throat as dry as the rocks of Chunar in the hot winds! I had no chance in the world with Mohummud Meer! But then, indulgent reader, recollect that he spoke in his native

tongue, and, as I had given him four hours' notice, had crammed himself for the occasion; a practice which I think unfair, except when you go, for the first time, to a strange mess.

On descending the staircase, it was hinted that I should be much amused by a sight of his stud, and I therefore begged permission to admire it, which was graciously granted. We walked to the stables. There they were,—horses with long tails and short tails, Arab and Turcoman, Java pony and Almorah goont, country and English bred, in the most curious positions; and of each we had a full, true, and particular account.

In detailing his dealings in horse-flesh with English gentlemen, it was delightful to me, who dote on "mine own distinguished tongue," to observe his adoption of a particularly well-known sporting phrase. "Bhulla!" said he, "soon liejiè Sahib! myn ne teen char huzar ropeyon ka cheez Sahib logon se *swap* kur deea?" (Well! hear me, Sir! I have *swapped* three or four thousand rupees' worth of articles with gentlemen!) *Swap* kur deea, indeed? Marry, the schoolmaster is abroad. Here's encouragement! If, when we are driven into the sea by the Russians, backed by Runjeet

Sing, we leave behind us nothing but broken bottles and this word, I shall be satisfied—the glory of our dominion shall be handed down to posterity! Johnson gives it an alias. "Swap," says he, "vide Swop!" and calls it a low word! This is fine encouragement to etymologists.

I halted two days at Moradabad, and as the society was pleasant, I had no cause to regret the threatening appearance of the weather. Mohummud Meer returned my visit, but I was now on my guard, and our conversation was very trifling: he, however, did me the favour to caution me against a travelling pedler, whom he declared to be a bit of a rogue; "and, in fact," said he, "pedlers are generally rogues." Let it be a proverb.

23rd.—Drove to Sundlepore. The road, owing to the badness of the soil, was hard and good—"For this we may thank Adam." The country is covered with low sandy ridges and brushwood, and abounding with black partridges and wild hogs. On my arrival in the afternoon, I found my guard, consisting of a naick, a corporal, and four privates, standing forlorn, in the middle of the highway. The naick, with a melancholy phiz, presented arms, and told me that it was such a wretched place

—that—that there was no thâna!* Happy villagers, thought I, to be free from such a nest of vermin! I desired him immediately to find out a suitable residence for the huzoor, and he incontinently departed, carrying arms in a most military manner.

In a few minutes I found myself most comfortably installed in a roomy byre, or cow-house!—odious, no doubt, but I was as contented as if I had been in the Hummums. One of the higher classes of villagers told me that a cow had just been killed by a tiger, and asked if I would permit him to shew the ground. My koonkee was immediately howdahed, and in a few minutes I was on her back, with a couple of ball guns. The field was a full mile off, in the midst of very sharp, steep ravines, covered with thick brushwood, running down to the Râm-gunga river. It was a very dangerous spot for tiger-hunting, because the tiger, if seated on any of the ridges, might have leaped "with ease into the fold," as they have often been known to do; and then a precious roll we should have had—journalist, howdah, tiger, mahout, rifles, elephant, and coolie!

I traversed the ridges and ravines in every direction, but unsuccessfully, though I dis-

* Or police office.

covered the bones of the poor cow: and *then* the gentleman farmer acknowledged that she had been eaten a fortnight ago! On returning home I raised a hare, and standing up, discharged a barrel at the animal. I missed, but to my great surprise a lurking jackal leaped up, and gave her chase, and as far as I could see, he was close at her heels in hot pursuit. A brother of mine has seen jackals hunting hares in couples—and the inference I draw is—that they sometimes catch, and sometimes miss them! After a very comfortable dinner, I sallied out amongst the neighbouring ravines, and shot a fine young leveret, which I shall, please Heaven, eat stewed tomorrow, with tomata sauce. Have you ever tried the dish? it is delicious! By the bye, I once petted a pair of leverets for a month, and they grew so tame as to feed out of a teaspoon, on new milk, and frisk about after tea on my oval St. Domingo mahogany tea-table, in a most diverting manner;—but at last,—without timely notice,—they died.

24th.—Detained by heavy falls of rain until ten o'clock, and then, having breakfasted, seizing advantage of a clear moment, I jumped into my buggy; but hardly was I seated, than

it again poured down in a most unmerciful manner, nor did it cease until I had driven eight or nine miles. It cleared up a few minutes before my arrival at Sateespore, a considerable but most filthy village.

Immediately on my arrival, the judicial department of the thânna most politely deputed one of their number with a serkhee stool; but as I discovered that the individual who brought it was grievously afflicted with leprosy, I refused to use it, with many thanks for their kind attention. Leprosy is in every state hideous, and in some highly infectious.

Squatted in the shop of an absentee Buneeya, a grain dealer, and in the afternoon proceeded to the neighbouring fields to pick up something nice, as a partridge or a few quails, for dinner; for, after all, what is a whole leveret stewed, with tomata sauce? a mere mouthful. On it and a "tame villatic fowl" was I compelled to satisfy the cravings of marching nature.

A few violent storms of thunder, lightning, and hail, closed the day, and all my poor nags came to the ground wet to the skin. Pork ought to be cheap at Sateespore, for the neighbouring fields, roads, ravines, and pools,

were covered with these filthy untutored animals.

25th. Drove in a piercing cold wind from the Snowy Mountains, which were visible, to Dhampore, sixteen miles. On the road, while passing through some thick brushwood, I was tempted to dismount to pick up either a peacock, or some black partridges, which were screaming and calling in all quarters. The latter are most delicious birds, and generally when in brushwood, sit about five or six feet from the ground, on some prickly thorn bush; and are exceedingly shy, and difficult to discover. I flushed some peacocks, which were very wild, and I found that they could run much faster than I.

As I could not get even a point at them—except one large male, which I peppered, but could not bag—I returned to my buggy. Hardly was I seated, before an old Faqueernee, (or beggar-woman,) came panting past me, accompanied by her son, a little boy of ten, and two younger children, on a miserable pony, which she was tugging along with all her strength, puffing and blowing like a porpoise. Wondering at such a display of speed, I inquired the cause. The old lady answered,

—"A tiger, sir!—a tiger, a tiger, a large tiger, —oh, sir!" A tiger had crossed the road before her face a few seconds before they met me, disturbed most probably by my firing at the peacock. Now this happened within one mile of Sateespore! and I was told, on my reaching Dhampore, that it lived wholly in that jungle, upon tattoos, passengers, and their bullocks! I cautioned every one I met, but I cannot bring myself to believe that a single soul believed the Feringee who pretended to feel interest in his neighbour.

Jack had good reasons for sticking to his preserve, for besides the impenetrable cover, he had the power of picking up a Faqueer or a bullock, jackass or cow, every hour in the twenty-four. Numerous strings of animals and pilgrims were proceeding to the Hurdwar fair. Dhampore contains a good many substantial *old* houses; such a thing as a new brick huvailee (the origin of our English word hovel?) is not built, at an average, in large towns once a year. The surplus wealth of India, that used to be employed in building extensive towns, crowded ghauts, magnificent stone or brick Seraees, some of them capable of containing from six to eight thousand

people; enormous massive bridges, splendid mosques and temples; is all gone; it has disappeared entirely. All the towns in India, with a very few exceptions, are in ruins. Delhi is surrounded by ruins. Agra, Booranpore, Aurungabad, have immense suburbs in ruins. The Deckan is a heap of ruins. Many towns in central India that had their hundreds of thousands of inhabitants, are now literally without one, and are swarming with leopards, tigers, elks, and buffaloes. In deep forests you stumble upon Hindoo temples, Mohummudan gateways, stone tanks eight hundred yards square, brick wells of large dimensions; scores of acres of burying-grounds, and all the other concomitants, and proofs of wealth, and power, and population. Malthus would never have written his too celebrated work, nor Godwin ever written his too little valued answers, had they been in India. India is a large forest, with a great many cultivated spots. India—I say it after due consideration—could contain and support five times its present population with ease; and yet it is unquestionably the poorest country in the known world. To the state of the wealth and resources of the original Hindoo

monarchs, imagination can assign no limits. The more I think on the subject, the more I am confounded, and, in the same ratio, the more the reader yawns; and so I resign the matter to the political economists of Leaden-hall-street, who, I dare say, can guess how the money was disposed of. In a few years, India will be drained dry of the precious metals.

On this day, should the new moon be visible, the fast of the Ramazan terminates. Sauntering along the streets, I observed at every open spot groups of fast-weary and eager-eyed Moosulmans, gazing intently at the sky, even before sun-set, that they might return home to enjoy their meals once more. At last, some lynx-eyed hungry one amongst them set up a welcome shout that it was visible; and immediately it was re-echoed from every part of the village, and all was gladness!

It was very odd that the Hindoos could not see the new moon! and even I, when referred to, as a neutral, and my eyes are pretty sharp, was forced to apologize, by saying that my stomach had not been stimulated by a month's fasting, and I hoped that would excuse me.

Guns, matchlocks, and pistols of all calibres,

were discharged; sky-rockets illuminated the air, and the mob congratulated, and salaamed to each other, on the termination of this strict fast. And all this too, before an infidel Féringee, with light blue eyes! Unreflecting people—unguarded, thoughtless people, why do you not add a little hypocrisy to your profession? Why do you not rather mourn, that you were released too soon, and beating your breasts cry aloud, with regret, that your "excellent prophet" had not made it a month longer?

To-morrow is the feast of the Buckra Eed, or commemoration of Abraham's intended sacrifice of Isaac his son; and many a poor young camel, lamb, and goat, will fall a victim to the teeth of the faithful. I have a great curiosity to eat part of the fragment of a young dromedary, and I shall indulge my longing on the first opportunity.

The kotwal of the village had been absent on business, when I rested at the kotwalee, or police office,—but returned in the afternoon, mounted on a very smartly caparisoned piebald pony, and soon after joined me, on which we entered into conversation à la Hindostanee.

I endeavoured in vain, to convince him that the festival of the Bukra Eed, was borrowed from Moses. No, he swore that their prophet had it in a direct revelation from heaven! In India, the lower order of Moosulmans are little better than idolators: of the early history of the religion they know little or nothing,—and, to do them justice, they care less. Of the intention of this festival they are wholly ignorant; they consider it merely as the termination of a very troublesome fast, and the excuse for a good jollification; and so they go home, such as can get tick from the kusâee or butcher, bunee or grocer, hulwâee or confectioner, and eat without intermission till morning.

With what a different spirit are we good Christians actuated! For instance, how strictly, and yet how cheerfully do we observe the holy season of Lent! We seldom, especially in London, or in large inland towns, allow any thing to be served up (at the first course) but fish, — such as turbot, with lobster sauce; salmon, with anchovy or oysters; or even plain fried soles. With such simple viands, with which are connected no ideas of delicacy, or

luxury, are we contented to satisfy the cravings of nature! Turtle soup too (I beg its pardon) is also a maigre dish.

After standing half-an-hour at my side, the kotwal swore, Koran Khusum! that I was, out and out, the kindest, mildest, and best tempered Feringee he had ever seen! and that it was really quite a pleasure,—it made his heart glad to talk to me! And to shew that his feelings were in a "concatenation" with his words, he ordered his mondah, or stool, to be brought, and on it squatted down cross-legged to continue our conference! Here indeed was a proof of his sincerity, and my humility, for he would hardly have dared to have done this in the same town with some of his masters, much less within two yards. The huzoor would have been angry, and (as has been already done) probably published a proclamation, in full cutcherry or court next day, prohibiting such indecent familiarity! But observe—here was I, a poor sick devil of a soldier, allowed, (in consequence only of my good behaviour,) to sit down on terms of equality with the ruler of a large village or city!

The people of England (to whom be in-

struction on Indian matters!) have an idea that the English rule the country of Hindoostan! What deplorable ignorance! This does very well for parliamentary reports, or country gentlemen, but the natives know better! They permit us, it is true, to supply them with governors-general, because they are generally harmless; but they very carefully keep the governance of all towns, villages, and their dependencies in their own hands. At Dhampore for instance, who rules?—the kotwal, whose salary is perhaps fifty rupees a month, at the outside, or the tiger-shooting lads at Moradabad? Who rules in the hundreds of large towns which have no resident magistrates or assistants? And pray who rules (I ask old Indians)—who rules, in 99 out of 100, in those which have? Well do I know, that there are hundreds of able, upright, and independent civilians, who labour day and night in attempting to do justice;—and these, when pressed, will unhesitatingly acknowledge that it is impossible. Many weak men find the case so hopeless that they allow matters to proceed *au naturel*—that is, they do nothing at all! But the majority, especially the most clever and sensible, wisely submit to be go-

verned by their native officers; and really they are in general very mild, and kind, and considerate to them! "If we can't row," say they, "let us steer!"

There is nothing—let me say in justification of these men—there is nothing that so quickly destroys a man, by destroying the stomach, liver, and principal viscera, as hard study, and foolish anxiety concerning unattainable objects. Pent up, as many just men are, in a steaming hot cutcherry for many hours a day, surrounded by those whom they very justly abhor, as perjured liars, abettors, or even accessories to murders and felonies, cringing, to a most loathsome degree, with what spirit can they enter into intricate judicial investigations of cases, 999 out of 1000 of which are settled long before they appear before the judge? The native officers, it must be acknowledged, are at least as well acquainted with the laws as the judges are, and therefore they know and make ready the description of evidence required, either for the acquittal or conviction of the culprit—as he has or has not paid. What can the judge do or say? He can get no other evidence. Perhaps he sees the whole case clearly, but what does that sig-

nify? It may vex and irritate him, but will that change the evidence on record, by which alone he must be guided? So he quietly confirms the decree of his officers.

While conversing with the kotwal, an old lean grass-fed looking man came before him to rehearse "his pitiful story." His clothes were ingeniously spotted with some red dye, which was meant to represent blood. The kotwal, with singular modesty, referred to me, and I undertook the case. The court looked judicial, and with much condescension desired plaintiff to proceed. Deponent stated that another rascal of a weaver (evidently a luddite) after abusing him, his mother, wife, sisters, and daughters, in language too shocking to be recorded, wound up by forcibly pulling and bruising his nose, for the confirmation of which he triumphantly pointed to the cloth covered with red dye aforesaid. The court decreed that plaintiff should send his clothes to a dhobee to be washed, and that defendant should be charged costs, and give due security not to leave the kingdom till this was effected. Plaintiff in going and coming had walked twenty-eight miles!

Going my rounds before bed-time, I discovered that all my saes-es had collected the

horses' grass, and placed it under their own blankets, as bedding; so that the nags might eat earth *à discretion.* On my return to the kotwalee, my fat friend, the kotwal, was engaged in warm discussion with a stout impudent varlet of a sipahee, in full uniform. The kotwal explained to me, that a treasure party from Nageena, with 90,000 Rs. under charge of a jummydar, with a full company, on their route to Moradabad, was encamped about a quarter of a mile on the other side of the town; and that the commanding officer had sent the sipahee, with his instructions to demand twelve chowkeydars or watchmen, and six burkandaz, (literally lightning throwers,) or armed men, to guard the treasure, while the soldiers slept! This was not only a modest, but also a valiant request,—and the sole objection of the civil power was, that only six chowkeydars were allowed for the whole population! To this the sipahee made no reply, but his looks seemed to indicate that, being a fellow soldier, I should support him. I however desired him to return, and tell the jummydar, that he was a disgrace to his corps; and that if I had been going to Moradabad, instead of from it, I should have brought him

to a court martial, for cowardice and neglect of duty.

This is one of our modern sipahees. Those of former days have been eulogized in print; but I, for my own part, believe them to be as valiant now, as ever, and find it very difficult to believe what old officers say, that they are changed in their spirit. I have seen the present race go trembling and skulking into action, and I have known them desert their officers when there. As for the doctrine that the characters of nations are formed by their governments—it is a foolish fallacy. Brave men form their own government!

26th.—Drove, during a piercing cold northerly wind, to Nageena, a very large populous town or city, full of brick-built houses and bazaars. This is the Birmingham of upper India; and is known from the attention paid to the manufacture of gun barrels, and detonating locks for fowling pieces. They are pretty well made *in the rough*, but no native, without careful superintendence of an European, will ever *finish* articles well.

Nageena is situated within perhaps four or five miles of the forest, which runs to the lower range of hills, of which, as well as of the distant

snowy mountains, over and beyond them, I enjoyed a most delightful prospect. I occupied a very nice clean room in the serâee.

In the afternoon, it being the Bukra Eed, the kotwal, and all the civil and military officers, Hindoos and Mohammedans, proceeded in state to the eed gâo, a building at a small distance, where Mohammedan worship was performed. The roads thither were covered with horses, richly caparisoned; tatoos, bylees, bullocks, and every description of vehicles,—every one according to his means,—all in their richest dresses.

On asking the weight of the bazar seer, they told me that a late huzoor, Mr. H., had made himself immortal, (the very phrase!) by changing both the weights and measures of the districts. I inquired for what purpose, and for whose benefit?—they replied that that was hitherto a secret, and laughed heartily at the question! Now this is one of the roads to immortality very generally overlooked!

On entering the principal street, in the morning about sun-rise, I saw an old man probably sixty years of age, who had slept all night perfectly naked in the open air, although the mercury must have been as low as 40°.

In the afternoon—all dressed in their court dresses — the "ladies of wit and pleasure about town" did me the honour to wait on me, —killing creatures! The august body voluntered a moojera, (nothing improper, I protest!) but with a frown of virtuous indignation, I commanded them to desist, and begone! Notwithstanding the grave and chaste severity of my rebuke, they complied with evident astonishment and reluctance. "What sort of a feringee is this?" said a lively little tit—"eh?"

My English bull, and koonkee, had many admirers; and even the native collector of revenue himself, did me the honour to praise their beauties. Nageena is governed by a joint magistrate, (because there is but one,) who was shooting tigers in the forest. The population is above 30,000 souls.

27th.—Arrived at ten o'clock at Nujeebâbâd, through a piercing northerly wind. About two miles before I reached the town, I observed, about as far to the east of it, a large square brick-built fort, with bastions at the angles and centres. The seraee consisted of only one or two miserable dirty huts; and my advanced guard was directed by the kotwal,

(himself an old soldier) to the residence of the jummydar of horse, on duty here, under the civil power, and I was soon comfortably settled in a very comfortable, clean room.

During a conference, the jummydar handed me a little paper, with great pride, which he told me he had received from an "ussul padsha ka judge!"—i. e. from a real king's judge. From the character and recommendation which he, poor man, supposed to have been written on it, he expected immediate promotion! His faith was greater than his luck certainly, for on perusal, I found that the 'real king's judge,' with professional accuracy, had forgotten to insert the jummydar's name! and had merely affixed his initials to a declaration, that the bearer had been active in procuring bearers for his palkee, and made himself generally useful. The ubiquitarian knight, should my boldness ever reach his ears, will excuse my having "contravened the anomaly," by inserting the jummydar's name.

In the forenoon, I dispatched a suwar to acquaint his obese Highness the Nawab Bumbo Khan Buhadoor, with my gracious intention of paying him a visit, and desiring to be told at what hour it would be most convenient to his

highness to receive me. Bumbo, is a nick name, and signifies "frightful," given him probably by his mamma; but from long use, he is hardly known by his real name, Golaum O'Deen Khan, and brother to the late Rohilla chief, Golaum Kauder, who put out the eyes of the king of Delhi, the once great Mogul!

Our government of the day entered into a treaty with Bumbo, for the delivery of his large landed estates, through the agency of his confidential servant, who was, what in political language is called "in our confidence," and he was promised a suitable equivalent on the transfer. When this excellent agent was asked what would be a sufficient compensation, he replied, 5000 Rs. per mensem;—the sum which Bumbo had requested might be secured for his kitchen! But although he says that he protested against this paltry pittance and the treachery of his plenipotentiary, at the time, yet he could never succeed in obtaining any addition, and so Bumbo has only 5000 St. Rs. a month.

In the course of half-an-hour, his Highness's lord in waiting brought the Nawab's compliments, that he would be happy to receive my visit at four in the afternoon, and begged that

I would remove from the hut in which I was, to the pavilion in his garden close to his palace, where he hoped he would be able to make me more comfortable. I returned a thousand thanks for his polite and hospitable attention, and desired to be excused, as my health was indifferent, and I was much tired, but that I should be proud to wait upon him at the appointed hour. After much amicable altercation, and when the lord in waiting saw that I was obstinate, he made his salaam, and returned to the presence.

In the afternoon having put on my best coat, (I have but one!) and my cocked hat, I drove through the streets of the city, to the grand entrance of Bumbo's palace, where I was received with the honours of war, by a Pathan guard; and I drove on till I found myself in the court-yard of the Dewan Khana, or hall of audience. When I arrived at the staircase leading to the terrace, a door on the left opened, and the Nawab Bumbo Khan, preceding his numerous suite by a couple of paces, approached, and embraced me, in the most cordial manner, with corresponding expressions of unlimited friendship. Out of compliment to me, the old man's mouth was kept constantly

filled with cardamoms. His height was fully six feet two or three inches; and his weight certainly not under twenty stone. His apparent age was above eighty years; although his hair, eye-brows, and beard had been dyed of a deep black. He was a remarkably fine gentleman-like old man. We walked into the hall, and then, when we both were seated, the whole of his family connexions and dependents who were entitled to chairs, sat down bolt upright, as if impaled, at the very edges of their chairs, with their swords in their hands, and looking as solemn as so many old maids at a christening.

The nawab's turban was composed of a fine black shawl; and over his white flowered English muslin dress was thrown a most superb one, worth probably more than 500 Rupees. This waved loosely over his ample back and shoulders, and added much to the theatrical effect of the scene.

The hall was of very large dimensions, and of the most exquisite simplicity of construction, in the Mohummadan style. In our front there were pointed arches and clusters of small pillars; and in our rear, there was a small retired open gallery, in which divers youths

amongst "the faithful," gabbled away at the Koran; of which I am ready to take affidavit thereon, they did not understand one single word. In a few minutes the murmur of their tongues ceased, and we rose to receive Bumbo's two sons, seemingly ten years of age, apparently by different mothers; but both were fine, handsome, well-dressed, and well-bred boys. We exchanged embraces. One of them was a stern grave-featured cast-iron little thief, with a Jewish countenance; the other strongly resembled Bumbo, with a fine girlish sweetness and good temper, displayed in a bright pair of most magnificent large black eyes; evidently a pleasant little rogue, who could laugh and romp on occasion; but clearly much in dread of being snubbed by his brother.

After sitting again a few minutes, and both sides making very sagacious remarks on the rapidly-departing cold and approaching hot weather—the Nawab whispered, "Tell them to begin." The order was hardly given before a tall, handsome, debauched-looking rogue salaamed, and sat down a couple of yards in our front, upon the carpet, and began tuning an instrument, with one long steel wire at least four feet long, called, I believe, a sitar.

He then touched the string, which gave a long melancholy note, and acted as a bass to a Persian song which he sang. The air was soft, plaintive, and melodious—but the words, —on the veracity of an historian,—the words were all buzz!

At intervals we resumed our converse, and the nawab begged that I would oblige him, by ordering my English bull to be brought, and in a few minutes he was paraded on the terrace. One country gentleman admired his curious brindled skin, which is quite unknown amongst cattle in India; another his large prominent eyes. A very reverend moollah asked what was the use of a bull? I answered, with great gravity, that they were generally thought to be useful in propagating the species. "Such bat"—that's true—said another. Another asked in what consisted the value of the breed? and Bumbo himself told him, that they gave large quantities of milk.

During the interview, some merchants, travelling to Hurdwar fair, exhibited two very handsome young male elephants; but the nawab would not buy either.

At one time the master of the ceremonies,

who stood at the back of my chair, pushed my elbow, to attract my attention to a native gentleman, who had just entered, and would not be seated till I had received his salaam.

After a sufficient dose of conversation, his highness proposed a walk in his garden, to which the whole party, of at least thirty people, marched at the goose step: the corpulence and age of the Nawab rendering it impossible to proceed at ordinary time. The garden commanded a most magnificent prospect of the different ranges of hills, and the intervening forest; the foreground was the dry bed of a river. It was formed into squares, and had some very fine weeping willows and cypresses, with abundance of Bootan pears, and a few apple-trees. The Bootan pear is a species of coarse-grained baking pear, without the slightest flavour, weighing perhaps four or five ounces; and the apple is pleasant enough, but mealy, and seldom exceeds an ounce: neither are improvable, but I have seen the apple attain a beautiful bloom by ringing the branches. The pavilion was entirely oriental, and had once been ornamented by painting in fresco.

After taking a few turns amongst the stinking weeds, we returned to the terrace, where I

begged permission to retire, which was granted, after I had had four spoonfuls of attar of roses put upon my poor old coat, which had never before been so highly honoured. In doing this with his own hands, the Nawab begged that I would never forget either him or his sons, but hold them, as my friends, in constant remembrance.

I had hardly seated myself in my quarters, before a chup-prâssee or special messenger brought with him a couple of Bumbo's cooks, each bearing a tray, containing a couple of dishes for my dinner. They were produced soon after, and consisted of two dishes of rice boiled,—one *au naturel*, and the other sweetened, and mixed with almonds and raisins—and two Pilâos to match; one a delicious nargus, and the other of preserved fruits. The nargus—and a glorious dish it was—consisted of the flesh of a fat lamb well pounded in a mortar, with cloves, cinnamon, and other spices, and then used in covering a nucleus of half a hard boiled egg, the yellow and white of which was meant to represent a nargus, or narcissus flower. It was so very tempting that, to tell the truth, I ate more than I could digest for the next twenty-four

hours. Being dreadfully annoyed during the night with a combined attack of indigestion nargalese, and moschetoes, I complained to the Suwar or horseman on guard, who assured me that it was entirely owing to the room's being very imperfectly plastered with cow-dung! The devil's in the man who will not be satisfied with this solution; so I went to sleep, as it accounted for my restlessness very naturally.

Arrived, after a short drive, at Nargul, passing most part of the road through thick forest and brush-wood, I was frequently tempted to dismount to try my luck at the peacocks—but being unused to Europeans, they ran like race horses. The whole country awfully tigerish. Getting no game, I consoled myself with a determination to feed, though more temperately, on the relics of the Bumbosian feast.

At this place, for the second time in India, I met with unprovoked insolence from the black judge, or thannadar. Nargul is a paltry miserable village, and not the usual baiting-place or halt; but, owing to the confusion in the numerous directions I received at Nujeebâbâd, I selected it as being the nearest, and

for having a bazar. I sent, as I have always been accustomed to do, a message to the Jack in office, saying that I had six horses and four cows, and requested that I might be supplied with grass, for which I should pay liberally. He answered, that already twenty people had been despatched for that purpose before my arrival. I waited patiently till twelve o'clock, and he then sent me some grass roots, which were dry, having been dug up many days ago, when it had been announced to him that two young civilians were expected to pass through on their march to Hurdwar. This fodder was not good enough for litter, and all the cattle refused to eat it. I sent a sepahee to him a second time, and received a most insolent answer through him, which lost none of its bitterness on the road, I'll be bound. "Who is your master—and what do I care for him?"

To an Englishman in England, this would merely appear indicative of a very enviable independence of spirit; but these things are managed differently in India! This man would have crawled on his knees if I had been the youngest civilian in the country; but my coat was red, and he thought he might indulge

his insolence with safety. "Vastly spirited, indeed," said I to the sepahee; "shew me the fellow's hole!" Jack marched, *en militaire*, to the thannadar, and called out for the knave lustily. He came out, and I desired the sepahee to repeat the civil message I had sent him, with his answer. This the man did; I then turned to the policeman, and asked if it was all correct. He looked very much confused, and endeavoured to deny it. I told him, that if the grass was not placed at my door in half an hour, I should report his neglect to my friend the judge, and that I thought he would hear more of his insolence than he expected. He grew much alarmed, and, in less than the quarter of an hour, a large mob of old men, girls, women, and boys, were in attendance with good dhoop grass, for which they asked most extravagant prices, which they received, and departed satisfied.

Recollect, excellent Englishmen, that India is not England; there are no haymarkets, nor inns, nor jolly landlords, nor bustling barmaids, nor boots! You must either carry everything with you, get it by indent in this manner, or go without; and besides this, it is now, and has always been, the custom of the

country. In India, a civil message from any European to the kotwal, is almost invariably answered with despatch, and he is generally furnished as quickly as possible with whatever articles he may require; otherwise, I am afraid travelling would be a matter of some difficulty to men of low rank. I do not say, remember, that the system is either good or even convenient—it is neither; the servants of great men are sure to use their masters' names for their own private gain; and the wretched natives suffer; nay, it is the custom of the kotwal to procure the articles gratis, especially wood, grass, and earthen pots, and then to sell them to the European passengers. In every village there are many people of a low caste called Chumars, or leather tanners, who are always happy to work for money; and in the village they told me that they had gathered two cart loads of grass for the civilians who had been expected, without receiving the slightest remuneration! This is one of the perquisites that render the situation of twenty or thirty rupees a month, worth from six hundred to one thousand rupees, ready money.

CHAPTER III.

Leave Nargul for Bhogpore—Singular Quicksand—Horses crossing a ferry—Antelopes sent to Coventry—Game—Bhogpore—Fine sporting country—The Mahaseer, or great head—Camp of Bumbo Khan—Start for Hurdwar—Wild hogs—Singular breed of hounds—The Zenanah of Bumbo Khan—High cultivation—An Indian town on the Ganges—Singular style of ornament—Sacred monkeys—Pilgrims—Old and new roads—Arrive at Hurdwar—A fit of indigestion—Extempore house building—Nautch girls—The perils of beauty—A strange mistake.

March 29*th.*—Left Nargul at sunrise for Bhogpore. After quitting the village a couple of hundred yards, the roads descended through a very long, rugged, and steep ravine, down to the Ganges. The sides were covered with low brushwood, and swarmed with black and grey partridges, hares, and peacocks. I plucked some beautiful wild flowers, which I

had never before seen; some of them were highly odorous.

On reaching the dry sandy bed of the Ganges, observing that the path to the ferry-boat seemed rather circuitous, I rashly determined to make a short cut; but I had not proceeded one hundred yards before observing that Maidenhead seemed to pull heavily and made but little progress. I looked over the side, and saw that the wheels were nearly up to the axle in a quicksand. I leaped out immediately, patted and caressed the filly, loosened the bridoon, and roared most lustily to the boatmen, who ran quickly to my assistance. Between us, we soon took her out of the shafts, and hauled the buggy to dry ground. Had Maidenhead struggled, she would have soon been engulfed beyond chance of recovering, as she was up to her knees while standing still. I have seen many similar quicksands in India, but they were generally on the surface; but I wish some wise one would explain on what hydrostatic principle quicksands can exist, resting on hard kunkur (lime stone) or beds of indurated sand, and covered by similar strata? In India they are too often met in this situation, by

those who sink wells for the foundations of piers for bridges. According to the theory of specific gravities, they have no business there! I leave it to your decision, scientific readers—merely advising you, if you wish to escape the quicksands of life, in all ordinary matters, to keep to the beaten track.

The delay caused by the accident brought all my nags to the river, and I waited until they were safe on board the ferry boat. They had to leap from a soft bed of sand, between the cross sticks, four and a half feet deep; a leap that very often spoils the appearance of horses for weeks, and often lames them. Maraschino, though a very wild colt, was particularly desirous of discovering the nature of the footing before he would leap, and poked his nose over fifty times before he ventured. Parfait Amour jumped in like a wild young thing, without a moment's reflection—like—like—ay, there I have it—like a girl that marries a cadet at Madras, on her passage out to Bengal. Fish Guts took it with evident reluctance; but fair Amelia, with that dashing intrepidity of character which distinguishes her. Maidenhead went to it like a lamb.

On reaching the opposite bank I was compelled to walk the greater part of the remaining ten miles, as the road ran over an alluvial deposit, very much cut up by carts, and intersected with muddy pools. I passed many large herds of antelopes, and at one time saw two solitary males, which are easily distinguished by their darker colour and long spiral horns. These gentlemen had been sent to Coventry for a season, by the lady presidentesses of Almack's, on the Ganges, in solemn council assembled. It is no joke meeting with an urnee, or wild buffalo, under similar circumstances.

In a jheel or marsh, within one hundred yards of the road, I raised some solitary snipe, a bird as much valued by Indian gourmands as the woodcock in England; but they declined entering into conversation. A very large jack hare happening to cross within range, I discharged a barrel at him, and he continued his race seemingly unhurt; but in coming up to my buggy, I saw my saees loosen his hold of Maidenhead, and run to pick up the hare, which fell dead two hundred yards from the spot where he had received a pellet of No. 1 through the heart.

Bhogpore is a very small grazing village, with many hundred head of a small-sized breed of cows, which are turned loose during the day, on the lands through which I had passed; while their little snowy calves are confined to their pens. It is on the west bank of the Ganges, and within eighty yards of the stream. A hundred years ago, or perhaps less, this was a fortified place; and three bastions of the square are still standing, although in a tottering ruinous state. The opposite bank of the river is covered with a dense but low forest; and the Ganges is split up into innumerable small and rapid streams, each perhaps eighty yards wide. The forest continues to the east till it meets the lower range of mountains, which form the great chain from Dhera to the Bay of Bengal, and swarms with game of all shapes and sizes, from the wild elephant and rhinoceros to the hare—from the Numidian crane to the rain quail.

The river abounds with fish of all kinds, and amongst them is the noble mahaseer, or great-head, perhaps the most delicious fresh-water fish known, which rises to the fly, and affords most splendid sport to the lovers of angling. They are often caught of the size

of a large cod, which they resemble in colour and shape.

In the afternoon, I walked down to the banks from my residence (a ruined open cow-shed), with the determination of shooting or fishing. I accordingly went on a raft of bamboos, which was anchored in the river; but after sitting half an hour, wearying my deltoids by casting an enormously heavy green bamboo rod up and down, and across, I returned in disgust with the obstinacy of the finny tribe, and gave my rod to a hungry looking Pathan. On reaching the shore, another mussulman salaamed, and asked me if I had also given him the hook—with a mixture of surprise at my generosity, and annoyance at his own modesty in not having asked for it. It was very mortifying that I caught nothing, although the fishes were leaping all round; for I should not only have had an additional dish at dinner, but also an opportunity of displaying the triumph of art over nature, to the admiring natives; and there was something like a suppressed grin on their rascally phizzes, when I jumped on shore.*

* The sea porpoise is found below the first rapid, or rather shallow current, in the Ganges, perhaps six or eight miles

On my way home, I passed the encampment of Bumbo Khan, consisting of from 4 to 500 people, in tents of all patterns and colours, dirty and clean, with scores of carriages and camels. When Bumbo saw me, he dispatched his confidential servant to request the honour of a visit, and to express the high satisfaction which his highness felt at being encamped in the same village! I returned my grateful thanks to the polite and well-fed nabob, (though the better half of his nargus was still in my stomach, like a refractory zemindar,) and trusted that he would endeavour to excuse me, as I was not in a proper dress to appear before his highness—and hoped he liked the gin? And so we parted—he to his tents, and I to my cow-house.

30th. Started, long before day-break, for Hurdwar, distant thirteen and a half miles. The first part of the way through a low forest, in passing which, at dawn, some of Bumbo's train had alarmed a herd of wild hogs, which crossed the road, followed by half a score of

below Hurdwar. The sea-gull with black head and wings is found in the Himâlâs. I have seen the skate, of a small size, caught by a European with hook and bait, as high up as Allahabad; and subsequently at Calpee.

country grey hounds—animals which are admirably suited by nature for the wild sports of the East, and so strongly resembling what would be expected from a cross between that noble animal the jackass, and a cow, that I am astonished that lovers of natural history have sported no theory to prove the fact, and supported it by a reference to their speed and delicate symmetry. The native sportsmen halloed them à l'Acteon in vain. The hogs distanced them.

As the sun rose (in the east) I overtook that part of Bumbo's line of march which contained his own zenanah, and that of his family connexions; consisting of a couple of very shabby-looking dirty palkees, and a long string of bullock bylees. The ladies did me the honour to peep at me, with the most intense curiosity, through the slits in their purdahs; on which occasions, I invariably composed my countenance into a seraphic smile, with a gentle approving simper, as if I were fully aware of the indulgence I granted my fair admirers!

Passed several highly cultivated fields of ripening wheat, surrounding small grazing villages. The crops seemed very heavy, owing,

I suspect, to the cheapness of manure, and consequent richness of the forest soil. The fields were well inclosed with dead thorn fences, but all the sacred trees,—the burgot and peepul,—were left standing in the midst of the wheat, in a manner that would have shocked an English farmer.

Passed through the town or city of Khunkhul, which is three miles or so to the south of Hurdwar. Khunkhul, is a teerut, or place of Hindoo pilgrimage, on the banks of the Ganges; on the sides or banks of which, are many very handsome cut free-stone ghats, or landing-places, for the convenience of prayer and ablution. The town consists of a very handsome principal street, running north and south, parallel with the course of the river; and is composed of a number of magnificent houses (for Hindoos) belonging to rich brahmins, and merchants from all parts of India. To have a house at Khunkhul, is at once a mark of the proprietor's piety and wealth, or importance. Most of them are built of brick and mortar, and the road front is generally painted in the pure Hindoostanee taste—that is, in the taste of English children, of from eight to twelve years of age.

The fashion of this painting is something as follows,—though I fear I shall not be able to give a good idea: an Englishman of immense bulk, ("for that," as Dousterswivel says, "is essential,") is impaled on the edge of an English-built chair, in a grotesque military caricature dress of black, red and brown, with a round hat, and smart black cockade, holding a stick in both hands, in the most resolute and determined manner; or, he has a stick in one hand, and a wine-glass half full of red wine in the other; with a row of three or four servants, all gradually ascending into the air, with yak (or Tartarian cow) tails in their hands, and one of them insinuating a hooka snake, through the arm-chair elbows; or, a band of Nauch girls, of terrific beauty, with large black eyes, each three inches long, surrounding a well-dressed and mustachioed rajah, over whose head are flying tremendous nondescript animals, half carp and half scorpion! The rajah is seated on a large square charpoy, or bed, the fore-feet of which are on the ground, and the hind in the sky; and is evidently smitten, not only with the nauch-girls, but also with the music of a gentle swain, who discharges a torrent of sound, through a fife with two holes, which he

holds in his hands from right to left. The huzoor's countenance, however, is as immovably tranquil as that of Boodh; and he appears to enjoy the most serene complacency of mind, while two of his faithful sepoys in the rear are killing an enormous tiger, with a full mouth of teeth, in the most masterly and ingenious manner; one kneeling, and covering his head with a shield, while the other, seeing the brute's attention thus happily diverted, leaps on his back, and coolly cuts him up to kababs! Meanwhile, peacocks, monkeys, alligators, and carps are hovering in mid-air, with the most wasteful profusion! The lower story windows and gateways are painted in flowers, and compartments to resemble Mosaic, and have a very lively and pretty effect. The favourite colours are bright yellow, crimson, pea-green, and blue.

Many, if not all, of the houses, rent out their lower apartments to dirty bunneas, or still filthier hulwaees, or confectioners, who project numerous grass roofs, or choppers, which seem to have been attacked by the white ants, and to require, if not renewal, at least a fresh coating. Crowds of monkeys (who very soon find out a city where they are adored) covered all

parts of the houses, playing the most diverting tricks; the females leaping about with their young ones clinging firmly to their backs, and occasionally descending with a pounce, to snatch either grain or sweetmeats from the shops. The old fat males have a most ludicrous gravity of expression until menaced, when their countenances are immediately distorted, and converted into the most hideous and amusing grins of rage and malice. With deep horror did I observe the awful impiety of the owner of one of these decorated palaces:—he had, with the most lamentable and perverted ingenuity, filled up the windows and entrances with thorns, so that the sacred animals were denied free passage!

To accommodate the immense number of pilgrims who visit Khunkhul, there are long, low, brick and mortar seraees, built in a uniform manner, in which, in one promiscuous herd, are lodged wives, bullocks, husbands, cows, calves, (come to be blessed,) donkeys, boys, mules, camels, and tattoos!

Although the houses were tastily decorated, no Hindoo ever thought that the roads or street should be made passable. They were broad enough, but so dreadfully heavy, from an ac-

cumulation of rich black mud, that it was a difficult matter to pass them in a buggy. The old road from Khunkhul to Hurdwar runs along the bank of the Ganges, and was lined with a parapet on each side, of five feet high, with ornamented platforms at short distances, on which the bramins and their gulls used to sit; but these are now ruined and neglected, and covered over with weeds and rubbish.

The new road, which has been recently made by our government, is in excellent order, and runs direct to Hurdwar. On each side of it, for a couple of miles, are pitched the large and comfortable tents belonging to the military and civil officers who visit the fair, either on duty, to purchase horses for the Honourable Company's Service, or to pass a week in the enjoyments of this celebrated fair. Rich natives also have their country-seats amongst the large mangoe groves, with their little jungly gardens filled with rare and fragrant exotics, such as marigolds, tulsee, cock's-combs, and sunflowers.

The view from Khunkhul, from any of the tops of the low hills on its west, is strikingly beautiful—the muddy streets and the filthy natives being out of sight.

Arrived at the town of Hurdwar at nine o'clock, and after seating myself under a tall mango tree, on a little hillock at the beginning of the town, I proceeded to breakfast. I shall never, if I live a thousand years, (and the odds are against it,) forget the horrors of that day. From day-break till midnight had I sad souvenirs of thee, Bumbo Khan, and of thy delicious bakur khânâ (a native cake) which I had unwarily eaten *fried*, at Bhogpore, the preceding night! To say the least, (it being my very first fit of real indigestion,) I was both in mental and bodily torture. I never shall forget thee, oh, Bumbo Khan. My words at Nujeeb-âbâd were surely too prophetic! For the first time did I, since leaving Bareilly, swallow a half-filled wine-glass of juniper gin, but it gave no relief, and my spirits were horribly affected.

The necessity of erecting a house gave me some employment, and so I sallied out to the neighbouring inclosures, and in a few minutes I completed a contract with a couple of thatch-roof builders from Saharunpoor; and, before dark, a most comfortable water and sun-proof hut, twelve feet long, ten high, and ten broad, with grass and mat roof, and the floor covered

with sweet hay-smelling date mats, was completed, for the sum of two rupees sonat, and I slept in it during the night in the greatest comfort and security. Economy is the life of the army. My servants too, the luxurious rascals! bought little triangular roofs made of grass, large enough to contain one man in each, for four pice, and were thus sheltered from the chances of rain and hail-storms. They squatted all round me and my cattle.

In the evening I walked in the crowded streets of Hurdwar, and, in many places, before the houses of rich Bramins, saw groups of Nauch girls in full performance, adorned with the usual ornaments of their profession; viz., nose-rings, ear-rings, pearls, long black shining hair, and jessamine flowers. I wished to notice them unseen, but such was the polite attention of their surrounding native admirers that it was utterly impossible, as the moment they saw me, the circle was immediately opened, and I was compelled to receive the pointed attentions of the young ladies, who advanced in line of battle. These attentions are to me, and all other really modest men, the most indescribably unpleasant that can be conceived, as the eyes of every native spectator are turned

with the most scrutinizing gaze to observe the effect of the artillery, from the changes on the countenances exposed. Mystery of mysteries! why the wonderful beauty of some women?—surely ordinary beauty is sufficiently destructive. For what special uses are these dreadfully lovely creatures created?—creatures that you are actually afraid to look at—creatures that you cannot see without sighs and blessings—creatures that you would walk a thousand miles barefoot to see, if they were only of marble!

"Shut up the book, my love," says mamma, "and bring me my spectacles, that I may see how he winds up this extraordinary digression!"

On perceiving my disinclination to be made the lion of the party, a young Bramin very ingeniously did "his little possible" to assist my views of seclusion, by placing his chudder or sheet between me and the dancers; believing probably that their splendid beauty was too radiant for the modest, retiring Feringee! I retreated up a narrow stair-case, and looked down upon one of the best sets. From their appearance and dress, I imagined that they were women from the Punjâub, and I determined to ascertain their country, by asking

a Seik who sat next me. He said that they were Seiks, and besides, all Bramins! I was very much surprised at this, but conceived that they most probably belonged to some of the idols in the neighbourhood. The man added, that they got pice from the natives, but from rich gentlemen like me, they always got silver; and so, said he, these *boys* get sometimes ten rupees for a night's dancing! "What!" said I, "are these boys?" "Jee Sahib! yes sir, they are murdanah and not zenanah!"*

The delusion was most complete. Their long black shining hair was ornamented with rows of mock pearl, and mogree flowers; and they had all the jewels, and ornamental dresses and decorations, of professional women, of thirteen or fourteen years of age; so that I am confident, that there are but few men who would not have persisted in their mistake, even after explanation. They are attached to several temples on the ghats, and are called RASDAREES.

* Men folk, not women.

CHAPTER IV.

Description of Hurdwar—Female devotees—Anti-reforming Brahmins—Great fair of Hurdwar—Native horse-dealers and horses — Elephant-dealers — Seik women—Persian horses—Tricks of native horse-dealers — New kind of Chronology — Horse-stealers—Horse-brokers—Dextrous thieves—Climate of Bongel—Bargain and sale—A Rajah whip—Faqueers—Singular ponies—Boa constrictor worn as a necklace—The Rajah of Belaspore—A Christian Begum—Produce of Hurdwar—Geological speculations——An unlucky number of toes.

HURDWAR is built in a nearly similar manner, but is apparently older, and certainly even dirtier than Khunkhul. It lies close on the western bank of the Ganges, and many of the finest houses have their foundations in the bed of the sacred waters. They are generally of brick, but many have their lower stories of

very fine white free-stone. The bed of the river is here also intersected with low woody islands, and is a full mile broad in the rainy season. On the west bank are hills rising 600 feet high, covered with thick brushwood and low trees; now, after the winter, regaining a green and leafy appearance. There are but very few deciduous trees in Hindoostan, and I suspect that they are nearly all exotics. The sides of these hills are divided with rugged ravines, which afford ample cover both to the leopards, or tigers, and wolves, who descend at night to inspect the gram-fed sheep or lambs of the English visitors. Lime-stone, of a good quality, is found in the bed of the river, both here and at Khunkhul, and is manufactured at a moderate price.

It is one of the duties of the female devotees to bathe daily at the Ghat, before hundreds of men—stark naked! Shut up the book. Impossible! yes, quite impossible, but perfectly true!—and, to tell the plain truth, (which I must *as a traveller,*) they seemed to be in no particular hurry in their ablutions, but rather seem to consume a good deal of time in looking round and smiling, ducking and diving, in as graceful attitudes as they could practise. This

is the custom of the country, and I have charity enough to think, that *the most* of them were strictly chaste and virtuous women.

This ghat has been lately rebuilt, in a most splendid manner by the government of Bengal, under the superintendence of an officer of Engineers. It is now at once elegant and commodious, and the horrid waste of human life, which had so often occurred by the sudden rush of the devotees through the old and narrow ghat, to reach the water at the propitious minute, often at midnight, is, I hope, for ever prevented.

It is not long since I observed that the Calcutta Hindoos, the anti-reformists, in their petitions against the abolition of the murderous suttees, reminded their party of this curious concession of government. Some, indeed, where the press is free, may doubt the propriety of their also rebuilding the temples on the sides of the ghat, even although the ghat had been enlarged for a humane object; but I believe it was found impossible to obtain the consent of the chief Bramins (those worthy archbishops of idolatry) to the rebuilding of the ghat, unless the idol temples were also rebuilt! These are, in fact, Hindoo cathedrals, and produce a most enormous revenue to the gluttonous priests

of Baal. Government, no doubt, has contrived to repay its expenses by a heavy town duty, levied on all articles that are consumed in the fair, by sometimes nearly half a million of people, during eight or ten days.

The engineer, who completed this work in a most masterly manner, built a small house for himself on one of the sides of the hill, which has been recently purchased, at about half its value, by a pious Rajah. The back ground of the landscape consists of part of the range of Blue Mountains (from six to eight thousand feet high,) which hides the base of the Himala, or Snowy range. The former run up the sides of the valley of the Ganges, or Doon, to Deyra.

From Hurdwar towards Khunkhul, and thence to Hurdwar, for a mile on each side, with an average breadth of four hundred yards, is occupied with perhaps ten thousand horses and nearly half a million of people. I am not aware that any census has ever been taken, and nothing is more difficult than to give a correct guess of a large widely-scattered mob. In every twelve years the number increases to nearly a million, and the fair is then called the coom. It is even now a living swarm of cows, horses, bullocks, camels, ele-

phants, tattoos or ponies, and mules from Osbeck Tartary, to Benares, and pilgrims are found from Calcutta.

The scene is in the highest degree interesting and diverting. The horse merchants from Bokhara and Cabool, occupy the stony central parts of the dry bed of the river, with their powerful and handsome, but generally old and blemished horses; while those from Toorkistan squat in the small compounds behind the houses of Hurdwar, separated from each other by dry stone walls. These men bring what are well known in India by their great power, and are chiefly galloways and ponies, called Toorkies; their prices from 250 to as high as 800 rupees, according to their shapes, colours, and paces. They have all been previously taught to amble, a pace thoroughly unpleasant to most Englishmen, but delightful to all black men.

The elephant dealers incline to Khunkhul, for the sake of fodder, but traverse the roads of the fair, with their animals, during the mornings and evenings, with large bells attached to their necks, to give warning to passengers, and for the better alarming of horses. The buneeâs, hulwâees, cloth, toy, and shawl merchants, occupy the roadside close to the town,

and have low cotton tents with two poles, and of a roof shape. Every here and there are large heaps of barley and wheat straw, or bhoosa (trodden), surrounded by dead thorn hedges, on sale, for the bullocks of travellers.

On the sides of the hill to the west, are thousands of Seik families, with their huts, tents, camels, bullocks, mules and horses, all pell-mell, in the most astonishing confusion.

The Seik women are awfully ugly, of dark brown complexion, and wear their hair formed back into a conical shape, over which, when abroad, they throw their blue or white chuddurs, which give them a very picturesque, and not ungraceful air. The men are hideous, and wear earrings. The Seiks bring only a few barren mares and mules.

You will often see two or three very snug and handsome tents, surrounded by bylees, with large well-fed, sleek, snowy bullocks, with gilt or brass tipped horns; and, generally lounging about the door, either a shrivelled old hag, or loucher-looking blackguard, with nicely-curled and oiled locks hanging over his neck, who sufficiently indicate the naughty profession of its inhabitants.

The pious rajah (who first of all bargains

for his absolution from some holy Bramin), with his large luskur of vagabonds, and their tag-rag and bob-tail assortment of animals, has generally a couple of tents, one for a dormitory, and the other for sitting under during the heat of the day; and also a sort of awning, supported by four poles, the fringes of both being tastefully ornamented with red kharwa, stars, crosses, and peacocks—inclosed within a compound of one hundred yards square.

Amongst the horse-dealers some capitalists bring a few select Persian horses, which they keep warmly clothed in a most handsome manner, under spacious tents, which on inquiry will be found valued at from five to fifty thousand rupees; but which are (if sold at all,) sold for eight hundred to one thousand rupees. The greatest attention is paid by a native horse dealer in fattening his horse, till he resembles a stall-fed bullock; which is accomplished by cramming him with cordial stimulants, such as pounded ginger and sugar, or cardamoms and treacle, with his boiled vetches; a man stands on each side of the horse stuffing large balls of the composition down his throat.

When the horse is under examination, the

dealer continually laments the great loss of flesh which he has sustained by his long march to the fair, which he illustrates by putting his fingers edgeways over the ribs; but when the animal is cantered for one hundred yards, it will be found blown in a minute, and it is quite painful to hear the pursy beast struggling for breath. I saw one grey pony from Tartary, which, from excessive obesity, resembled a cart-horse cut down at the knees; for which they had the impudence to ask eleven hundred rupees. This animal was probably purchased for one hundred rupees, and might have cost as much more in fattening. While none can exceed the unwearying and polite attention of the other horse merchants, these men are occasionally very rude to Europeans, and will not uncover their lamberts till they ascertain your means of purchasing.

Huge heaps of assafœtida in bags, from the mountains beyond Cabool; tons of raisins of various sorts; almonds, pistachio nuts, sheep with four or five horns; bulkh cats, with long silken hair of singular beauty; faqueers begging, and abusing the uncharitable with the grossest and most filthy language; long strings

of elderly ladies proceeding in a chant to the priests of the Lingum, to bargain for bodily issue; ghat priests presenting their books for the presents and signatures of the European visitors; groups of hindoos, surrounding a Brahmin, who gives each of them a certificate of his having performed the pilgrimage,—fill up various spots, and infuse liveliness and spirit into the scene.

The natives who supply the horse-dealers with grass, (half of which is dried up, and half green,) are a race of spurious hill people, who call themselves Bramins and Chuttrees. They are strikingly unlike the dwellers in the plains, being generally broad and lean, low and muscular. In their personal habits they are amazingly filthy. In summer and winter they wear a coarse blanket frock, which, however incredible it may appear, is never removed from their skins. But even out of this evil springs good; for this is the foundation of their personal chronology; they do not say, I am twenty or thirty years old, but, I have worn so many jackets! It is strictly true that the jackets are allowed to drop off from filth and rottenness.

When I inquired from these people where I could have any shekar, or game, they invariably answered, I am a Bramin, sir! Excellent *sequitur*, as Partridge would say: being Bramins, they could not tell me where the deer or tigers lay!

The thieves, perhaps the most industrious and expert artists in the known world, were in high feather, and several horses were removed from their picquets without the customary interference of a dulal, or broker, into some of the favourite "fences" of Oude.

I may as well describe the dulal. He is also generally a rough rider, of the most wonderful powers. When an Englishman wishes to purchase a nag, he applies to a dulal, and describes the animal he wants, in colour, height, and age, and in a few hours perhaps a dozen of horses are in waiting. The selection being made, the dulal and proprietor retire a few yards, a cloth is spread, and they both place their hands under it, and bargain, by their fingers for hundreds, and joints for fifties, and in a few minutes the dulal whispers the lowest price that will be taken. If the sale be effected, the dulal gets five rupees commission for each horse. It is a most curious fact that

not one Englishman in one hundred can purchase a horse alone and unassisted. He must be a first-rate linguist, possess the most unusual command of temper, enjoy the full use of the soundest lungs, and, to crown all, be one of the most perfect judges of horses;—and, after all, I'll back any dulal in India against him.

The reason is this—no native can be induced to tell the truth, without first telling a million of falsehoods. If after examination of a nag that is likely to suit, you ask the proprietor what is the value, he begins, "Look at him, examine him, see if he will suit you," and a thousand such phrases; and then, if you agree to each and all, and the horse is worth 150, he will say 1000 rupees. The Englishman puts his hands into his breeches pockets, mutters something like "d—d rascal," or "black thief," and walks off. A native, no such thing; he says, "Wâjibee bolo bâee"—"Tell the truth, brother; I'll give you 100;" and, after one or two hours, you will see the seller walk off to a shroffi, to have the 150 examined, that they be good and lawful coin of the realm. And then commences another dispute, *pro forma*: it is *lucky* to get the head and heel ropes gratis, consequently it is *unlucky* to part with them;

and then they begin. The proprietor throws the money, which he has travelled 1000 miles to obtain, upon the ground, and swears, either by the Koran, or the Gunga, that he will have his horse back, and so forth; the other swears as lustily that he meant to get the articles from the beginning, and appeals to the surrounding mob—not one of whom ever saw him before—and, of course, receives their friendly support; the dulal collars both alternately, and the battle winds up by the purchaser's walking off with an old rotten head stall, which, when the colt was foaled, five or six years before, cost a quarter of a rupee.

"What!" said a native gentleman, from whom I had purchased a filly—"what! do you pay ready money without a dispute?" with a mortified air, which pretty clearly expressed his deep regret that he had not asked twice the price he had obtained. An honest, open, fair dealing offer is quite incomprehensible to a native. The moment that a European examines a horse closely, the owner, if no dulal is on the spot, (though they often follow closely) whispers to a man to run for one, and the fellow may be soon seen sidling up, with a salaam to the feringee and a bhulla, "Keon Baee!"—"Well, what now, bro-

ther?" So that it is really quite a difficult matter to get a fair opportunity of bargaining directly with a native horse-dealer.

A clumsy fellow of a thief was detected in the exercise of his profession, by one of the servants of her highness the Begum Sombre, (or as she is too often named Somroo,) and his head, fixed on a spear-point, was carried in triumph through the fair, "*pour encourager les autres,*" as Voltaire has it. One of the suwars, or horsemen, belonging to a friend of mine, lost his unmentionables, which, for security, sleeping in the open air, amidst a crowd of people, he had placed under his head. One part of the article being either entangled or purposely fastened to the pillow, the thief very good-naturedly cut it with his knife, to avoid disturbing his repose; but this was a mere bungler, and, I am persuaded, an apprentice without experience or talent. The scientific mode is well known: when it is necessary to make a sleeping man turn on his other side, you tickle his opposite ear with a straw till he obeys, and then a dextrous pull secures the loot, or plunder. It is in this way that many excellent English gentlemen awake in the mornings without mattrass, blanket, or sheet, either above or

below them; having at the same time a favourite terrier asleep under their beds, and a pair of detonating pistols under their pillows.

One of the ghat Bramins brought me an album thirty years old, in which the names of officers, then lieutenants, and now brigadiers, were registered as visitors to Hurdwar. I find from a list taken at Addiscombe, that out of the artillery and engineer corps, the annual loss, by deaths of all sorts, does not amount to three per cent. Bengal, therefore, cannot be deemed an unhealthy country. In the upper parts there are about six delightful months in the year: three of the remaining are certainly villanously hot, and three very unpleasant. As I lose no opportunity of doing good to my fellow creatures, to please the men, I wrote in the album my tomata sauce receipt; and, to delight the ladies, a sentimental song.

The Ghoorkha regiment from Deyra, with its commanding officer and adjutant, attended the fair, for the preservation of the peace and protection of the populace. They encamped on the low island, in the middle of the river. On their arriving near their ground, it was highly diverting to hear their Kent bugles play the well-known air — "The Lass of Richmond

Hill." The reverberation from the hills contributed greatly to the effect.

I employed a trooper to dispose of my charming, anti-bilious, bright-yellow-picked-out-black buggy, and after he had had a trial, (in which, to my horror, I saw the gentleman drive my gentle Maidenhead against the rump of a frightened run-away elephant,) in his highness the Kheerea Thunnesir Rajah was I fortunate enough to meet with a purchaser. After much prudent reflection, and serious negotiation, he bought it, with a set of good harness, for 250 rupees; but, like a true native, after the bargain had been completed, he sent in a humble request, that I would bate something. I was inflexible, and directed my political agent for wheel-carriages, to acquaint his highness the rajah, that I would rather burn it for fire-wood. This, worthy reader, was, I lament to say, a fib—a plain unvarnished fib!—but I expect you will like me all the better for that, as many a similar lie have you told yourself. This proved a clincher; and the rajah took the buggy, but modestly requested that I would allow him to drive my Maidenhead through the crowded fair during my stay!

The elephant's rump decided the case, and I was obliged to send him a refusal.

In a day or two I observed, while in conversation with him, a pretty considerable abrasion on the copper pannel—a proof of its approaching dissolution. The rajah had actually driven an old broken down country-horse, without breaking him in—a horse, that I will swear had never seen either a buggy or had single harness on his back—through the fair, without the slightest fear. "See, sir!" said he to me, "what a quiet, thorough-bred creature he is!" The horse undoubtedly had his reasons: he had been almost starved and worked to death, and had only the use of one sound leg: this accounted for his quietness very naturally.

Several faqueers were to be seen walking through the fair, with one of their arms immovably fixed over their heads, and their finger nails a couple of inches long, and resembling horns. One of them carried a little light red parasol over his head, with his remaining hand, to protect his holiness from the rays of the sun! All these men seemed in the prime of life; their arms were much withered and

shrunk, and even some of their fingers had disappeared—probably from ulceration.

Amongst the greatest curiosities, were perhaps half a dozen remarkably powerful ponies, from Osbeck Tartary, called "phooldars"—anglice, "flower-marked." They were under thirteen hands high, and of the most curious compound colours or marks that can be imagined. A description can hardly be given, but it may be attempted. Suppose in the first place that the animal is a pure snowy white; cover the white with large irregular light bay spots, through which the white is visible; in the middle of these light bay, let there be dark bay marbled spots: at every six or eight inches, plant rhomboidal patches of a very dark iron grey: then sprinkle the whole with dark flea-bites. There is a phooldar! If I had but one of these at Bartlemy fair, I would retire with an unquestionable fortune of half crowns and shillings in less than fourteen months.

Runjeet Sing levies a duty of fifty rupees on every horse that passes through his territory to ours. Mares of the phooldar breed I have never seen: some of those in the fair were geldings. A friend of mine, in whose hospitable tent I passed my days, was employed in

purchasing horses for the service, and thus I enjoyed many amusing conversations with the Moghul or Affghan horse dealers. It seemed to puzzle them much why the English did not invade Runjeet Sing's territories. They abhor the Seiks, because they are gradually seizing the Affghan dependencies.

Several small boa constrictors, about ten feet long, and perhaps four inches in diameter, were carried about as necklaces by their owners. When laid on the ground they made immediate preparations for escape, by creeping away as fast as they could; but their motion is exceedingly slow; it was seemingly produced from the muscles of the belly, retreating from the throat to the tail, like a wave. The males and females are said to be distinguished by the depth or lightness of their tints, but it is impossible to say which is which; even the natives could not tell me. During the hot weather, from six to eight months in the year, they are fed with such wild fowl or birds as the Kunjurs or gipsies can procure; and they drink water or milk: of the latter they will drink a quart at a time. During the cold season they consume nothing. I made inquiries, and was informed that I should have my choice for ten rupees.

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The different Nawabs and Rajahs who visited the fair, (especially the latter,) made it a point of duty to traverse it in the mornings and evenings. The most distinguished Hindoo, was the Rajah of Belaspore, of the mountains. He was seated on a remarkably high elephant, in a large howdah, overlaid with plates of solid silver, glistening in the sun, and covered with a conical scarlet hood, supported by four silver posts, richly embossed. On his head was a large white conical turban, and in his earrings were two enormous pearls; the hoops were of gold, and three inches in diameter. A servant sat behind him, with the white tail of a Bootan cow, in constant motion, waving slowly backwards and forwards over his head, to denote his high rank. His relations followed him, on such elephants as they could procure, with various different degrees of splendour, surrounded with horsemen, some mounted on horses, others on mares, some on ponies—all lean, ill-groomed and miserable—roaring and capering about, with a view of kicking up as much dust, and attracting as much observation as possible, round their gracious sovereign! The hills reverberated the sounds of divers matchlocks,

muskets, and pistols, which were fired from time to time, while a herald in advance proclaimed the style and titles of his Highness the copper-coloured.

Justly to describe the accoutrements of his surrounding tag-rag and bobtail is hardly possible. The horses were of all shapes, sizes, and colours, but duns with long tails, with the tips dyed red, seemed the most fashionable; pieballs, and white spotted roans, were also favourites. One man was dressed in yellow, with a white turban; another in scarlet, with a yellow one; one was mounted on a mare sixteen hands high, which took the most astonishing leaps on the level ground, while the rider fired his pistol; another on a roaring pony, which kicked out at everything that approached it; and perhaps a couple of hundred beggarly knaves closed the procession, which was truly and purely oriental, and in strict keeping with the wildness of the adjacent scenery.

The encampment of my friend, Bumbo Khan, was near the town of Khunkhul. I despatched a suwar to acquaint him with my intention of paying him a visit, and I was told to make my appearance in the afternoon. Accompanied by a friend, I went on my elephant, and was

ushered through several different enclosures of kunnats, till at last I came to a large double-poled tent, with a single fly. I was conducted in, and found his Highness the Nawab, prostrated in prayer, with a dozen of well-dressed moollahs and other natives, before a temporary mosque, made of alternate stripes of green and red broadcloth; a range of servants was in waiting. After the requisite genuflexions, and prostrations, the whole of them came up and bowed, and the Nawab embraced me without speaking, and seated himself on a chair next me. In his hand was a string of large black beads, that he passed through his fingers, and appeared to be using in the manner of the catholics, mumbling without intermission for full five minutes; while all around were standing in dead silence, with their eyes fixed on the Nawab.

As my tongue always itches to enter into conversation, I very unguardedly addressed his highness, but was immediately reproved by my old friend, the lord in waiting, by, "Don't you see, sir, that the Nawab is still meditating on heavenly things?" In a few minutes his highness condescended to state his opinion of the number of horses that had entered the fair,

and the comparative number of its visitants, and so forth.

After sitting a quarter of an hour, discussing many important topics, we returned to my friend's tent, when, at a proper hour, we sat down to part of a large boiled mahaseer! I have eaten most of the *civilized* fish, such as the salmon, cod, skate, turbot, flounders, and flukes, perch, pike, carp, pomfret, bumelow, shark, dolphin, and cuttlefish, becktee, mango, and hisla, and scores of others; but I never have eaten anything so delicious as was this glorious mahaseer! My friend, whether out of the most exalted generosity, or the most lamentable ignorance, though he is certainly fully capable of the former feeling, of his own accord presented me with the head and shoulders. It was one of the largest I had ever seen. To devour the whole, at starting, seemed an impossibility; but I accomplished it, and even now the recollection soothes me! The palate was two full mouthfuls, the large fat eyes were a mouthful each, the brain another—'never ending, still beginning'—luscious and yet unsatiating! Reader, if you *are* an epicure, and yet never ate the head and shoulders of a large fresh boiled mahaseer,—

hie thee to Hurdwar; get Kirke to catch one for you,—ask him to dinner; let your claret be well cooled; and if I be in the neighbourhood, and you wish to enjoy a good dinner, and pleasant talk, send for me, and I'll engage that you shall "go to your repose" in a charming frame of mind! If you forget me, that will be my fault; but the memory of that fish will enchant and enslave you through life! You will mention it to your sons, when they come out as cadets.

Well—after eating the head and shoulders, my hospitable friend insisted on my trying the mahaseer curry; and even in curry it was incomparable. I ate a plateful, and then felt satisfied that I should feel considerable difficulty in waddling to my Robinson Crusoe tent; but I trundled home, and awoke happy the next day. Here it is my duty to mention that mahaseer is highly digestible, but that it will not, as we discovered to our sorrow, bear salting. Remember this: if your fish weigh above fifteen pounds, ask four people, and eat him up: he wont salt for breakfast—don't attempt it; he might be soused in vinegar, with chilies and green ginger.

The northern part of the low Island in the

bed of the Gunga, was occupied by the encampment of an immense number of tents, belonging to the luskur of her Highness the Begum Sombre. Her Highness has been for some years converted to Christianity, having been married to the German adventurer, Sombre, but born a Syud, or lineal descendant of Mohammed. She has built, I am told, a very splendid Cathedral of Santa Maria, at Surdhunna, her principal residence, and even here, has a catholic priest in her train. Rumour describes her as an eminent devotee, and that she lately proposed to send to Europe a costly present to his holiness the Pope. She discusses the conduct of his Grace the Duke of Wellington, and declares him to be really at heart a catholic,—because he emancipated the catholics. My lord Duke! coming from a source so pure and elevated, and from a quarter so little obnoxious to the imputation of prejudice, this *is* a serious charge!

Her Highness, a woman of good family, found herself the wife of Sombre, a German adventurer, who, under some black prince, opposed the aggrandizement of the English. Concerning her former life, there are many stories in circulation; but out of tenderness

and devotion to her dear sex, I shall report none of them, save and except her repartee to Lord Lake. On saluting her, some forty years ago,—his Lordship said—"You are the first woman I have kissed since I left my wife in England." "Joot bât!" said the Begum.—"That's a lie!" Her face resembles that of an old Scotch highlander, of low stature; she is about ninety-five years of age, and her person resembles a sackful of shawls. Her cheek-bones are high, her face broad in proportion, and her skin has been very fair for a Hindoostanee.

The climate of Hurdwar, during the early part of April, is exceedingly variable; from four in the afternoon till nine or ten in the forenoon, the wind is generally from the north or east, over the Snowy Mountains, and then the air is delightfully cool. But during the day, the thermometer often rises to 90° or 94°, with clouds of dust, from the constant motion of the populace. Thunder and lightning, with hail or rain storms, occur almost daily. I should therefore recommend that visitors should carry with them both hot and cold weather clothing, and a set of tatties for their tents.

Besides the articles which I have already

enumerated, different fabrics of shawl wool, from the finest shawls to the coarsest Puttoo, are procurable. The shawls are imported in large bales, and are sold unopened, as they come from Cashmere. They are taken as described and marked in the invoices, and I think this is highly creditable to the shawl merchants and their chapmen. Puttoo is a species of coarser and thicker manufacture of the refuse shawl goat-wool, mixed with the long hairs; it is always of the colour of a hare's skin, and its warmth is astonishing; on rubbing it with your hands, you would believe that they were passing over Genoa velvet.

The finest coral is to be had here; it is brought by merchants from a fishing town on the western coast, called Bombay. The diversion of fly-fishing can be enjoyed at Hurdwar and in the Dhoon in the highest perfection. Tigers are very abundant. The bamboo jungle swarms with a species of hill deer; and the domestic fowl, in the wild state, may be heard crowing, mornings and evenings, in all directions, within twenty yards of the road. A shikaree or native marksman alone can obtain them; no Englishman can submit to the toil of climbing steep hills covered with loose stones,

passing thickets full of thorns, or crawling on his knees one hundred yards to get a pot shot. But they are worth a good deal of trouble; their grain is very short, and the meat truly delicious. Wild elephants, and buffaloes, are very destructive and troublesome during the rainy season; they come down in droves and herds, devouring whole fields of rice.

As I should not probably be able to ride my horses in the hills, it was necessary that I should purchase a powerful pony. I found this, with my dilapidated treasury, to be no easy matter; but one day, I observed some natives cheapening a very powerful Turcoman galloway, the property of a young Brahmin from Cabool. The animal was examined, trotted, and ridden, and though much out of condition, suited both to my weight, and purse. I asked the price, and offered a very few rupees less: "give ten more said the Bramin, and she is yours." "Done," said I, "here's a rupee earnest;" he took it, we shook hands—his was greasy—and the bargain was concluded. In an instant afterwards, up walked an impudent rascal of a dulal. "The price of that mare," said he, "is 150 rupees!" "You lie," said I, "she is not

for sale—she is mine." "Yours?—why, what did you pay?" I gave him a gentle shake, sent him spinning, and told him to mind his own business. The people laughed, and he walked off mortified.

I saw also, belonging to another Bramin, a very fine Persian mare, full fifteen hands high, and should have purchased her, but she was too heavy in foal; yet on her had a man of ten stone ridden from Cabool to Hurdwar, with all his baggage, in forty-five days! I entered, as usual, into conversation with the Bramin, and he told me that he, and other members of his family, had travelled to the fair from Cabool, with the ultimate view of proceeding to Gungowtree, or the source of the Ganges, in the Snowy Mountains! And as they knew they could not go there on horseback, they sold their nags to the highest bidders.

The mare I purchased had been the gift of a rich horse-merchant from Bokhara, while at Cabool. He told me that there were many Hindoo families established in that city, and that they enjoyed the protection of the reigning family; but, he added, the Hindoo religion was by no means respected there. No,

I should rather opine that their banking establishments are found useful, otherwise they would convert them into very respectable Mussulmans, or cut their throats, within twenty-four hours.

The horse merchants volunteered to take me in safety to Cabool; they declared that the people were all angels, but their governments were very oppressive. The taxes on horses, they said, were endless, and gathered in a vexatious manner.

Tempted by the constant crowing of cocks, accompanied by a trusty friend, I scoured the jungle at the bottom of the hill, on my elephant; but got only now and then a glimpse of a fowl; so we determined to dismount, and climb to the tops after them. We did; and a dreadful labour it was. The ground was covered not only with clumps of bamboos, but with their fallen leaves, and was thence exceedingly slippery; but when we got to the top, we found the game kept to the bottom, and we returned vexed and weary to our elephants. To my great astonishment, I discovered that all these low tongues, proceeding from the main chain of hills, were composed of rich black diluvial earth, and large

smooth round pebbles or bolders,* similar to those found in the bed of the river. These low hills were evidently produced by the eddy formed by the rush of a tremendous current sweeping down the valley of the Dhoon, from the north-east. They were a sort of casing to the main branches. The bed of the river at Hurdwar is twelve hundred feet above the sea, at least; these hills, perhaps two hundred feet above that level; and hence, the whole country must have been *at least* fourteen hundred feet under water. Here, then, are proofs of a general inundation or deluge.

There is, in my opinion, no footing but on the Mosaic account; that is, there has nothing yet appeared that can, in the slightest degree, shake the Mosaic account. But certainly there is one thing that I should wish to have explained:—the Mosaic account states that, immediately before the creation of man, "*darkness covered the face of the earth.*" Now, if such was the case, as I do not doubt, for what purpose, or at what period *before the formation of man*, were created those huge

* Major Alves since told me, that these appearances continue running west, as far, and perhaps further, than Roopur, at which place there was an interview between Runjèet Sing and the Lord of Half Batta.

animals whose fossil remains are now dug out of the sub-Himalayan ranges, and other places, whose huge skulls have *orbits* of nearly fourteen inches in diameter? Eyes were made for light, then as now; hence, there must have been either a sun or a *phosphorescent* power before the creation of man. Observation—a long, and patient, and unprejudiced observation—not in one solitary tract or hole of a province, or even kingdom, but over the face of the whole earth, can alone produce a decent and defensible system of geology.

I should have sold my elephant, but she had only eighteen toes. If she had either sixteen or twenty, I could have disposed of her with ease; but such a number as eighteen was so very unlucky, that when two rich natives came to examine her, and I laughed, and told them the animal had only eighteen toes—"Eighteen toes," said they—"oh, that will never do!" looking at each other—"we need not look at her." Her Highness the Begum also rejected her, for the same enlightened reason. Here, you see, was an animal that was evidently predestined not to be sold! I don't understand this at all! I hope it was not predestined that she should remain always on my hands!

CHAPTER V.

Departure from Hurdwar—The Seik ladies on horseback—A Seik dandy and his equipage—Duolutpore—A black attorney—Ravages of the cholera—Good advice—Route to Secunderpore—French officers in the service of Runjeet Sing—Effects of cultivation—Indian horse-stealers—Their superiority to English ones—Great and little thieves—The advantages of being in gaol—Treatment of public servants in India—Hanging in chains—Modern discoveries—A black police magistrate—A projected robbery—A narrow escape—Official misconduct—Suharanpore—Dr. Royle—Native fort—Botanical garden—Chilkanah—Boorea—The jumna—Termination of the British dominions—Seik chiefs—A day of adventures—Extraordinary cactus—Cultivation of opium—Ruined palace of the great moghul.

April 13th.—The fair having terminated, I jumped, this morning, on my new purchase before sun-rise, and rode on to Duolutpore, or the city of wealth; passing through some dirty

villages, a distance of at least fifteen miles. The first part of the road was crowded with an endless string of horse-dealers proceeding to Meerut, Kurnaul, and Delhi, with the horses they had been unable to sell at Hurdwar; and, latterly, by a number of Seik families returning on the bylees, bullocks, tatoos, and mules, to the Punjaub.

All the Seik ladies ride, jambe de là, jambe de ça, and seem to be as much at home as the Mahratta women. Ekhees, a species of single horse carriage, with cloth hoods, drawn by one pony, were by no means uncommon. I observed one carriage belonging, no doubt, to a real Punjaubee "swell," which must of necessity have created no little jealousy amongst his less wealthy rival whips. He drove a native curricle, with two well formed and sleek bay horses, which trundled along in great style. The harness was made of second-hand inch rope, and the collars of gunny or coarse sacking.

Duolutpore is a most miserable and hideously ugly paltry village, on the borders of a badly cultivated plain, having a low range of hills, distance about seven miles to the north. On drinking, I found that the water was dread-

fully brackish, and only fit for an alterative for cattle. On inquiry, I was informed that all the wells were alike. To crown my ill-luck, there was not a single acid fruit or substance to be procured in the bazaar, to disguise and convert the water into drinkable sherbet. I heard that there was a river about a mile distant, and I immediately dispatched the bheestee for a supply. My worthy and excellent servant, Cassim, had also most sagaciously placed the fresh milk intended for my breakfast in a newly-burnt earthen pot, so that, long before my arrival, it had been fully super-saturated with the rich flavour of a well-burnt brick. Luckily for us both, I bottled up my ill-temper, and merely allowed the action of the safety-valve, by the escape of a few flowery epithets, as well deserved as understood by the auditor. I can live on water-drinking, but tea is almost necessary to my stomach. Smoked water and smoked milk are, I think, almost enough to agitate the sweetest temper.

The thanna chupprassee who attended me, and procured the necessary fodder, begged that, instead of paying the owners, I would put the money into his hands;—"For, sir," said he, "you must pardon me, but there's no trusting these

people—they are such liars—and they may say that you never paid them! So, to prevent that, let me have the money, and I can then be a witness." I deceived the rogue by some equivocal expression, and when they came for payment, put the sum due into the hands of the poor people themselves. So that when this black attorney for paupers returned in the evening, he could hardly conceal his astonishment at my conduct, or his regret for the loss he had sustained.

I heard here that, during the visit of the cholera, in the trifling population of this village, which did not probably contain above four hundred people, seventy had died of this dreadful scourge. Englishmen, if you wish to be happy, stay at home. Thank God that you are in the land of your forefathers, though sweating and toiling for your daily bread! Be assured that there is more real comfort—aye, luxury and enjoyment—more true happiness in a single village in dear England, than in all the lands of idolatry, despotism, and disease. Eat your bread in peace, and be thankful that your happy homes have not been rendered desolate by plague, pestilence, and famine!

The cholera is still traversing the earth: it

has scourged Hindoostan, from Saugur, the island, to Himala the loftiest mountain. Plain, valley, and hill have been visited. It laughs equally to scorn the sultry plains of Arabia, and the snows of Russia. I saw it begin at the sea in the most terrible fury. I was then on duty at Diamond Harbour, and, in one dark night, the course of the Hoogly could alone be traced by the large fires in which the Hindoos burned their dead bodies. The most intense alarm filled the breasts of the natives. Infants alone seem to be spared; whole villages were depopulated; large heaps of bodies, covered by swarms of vultures and adjutants, glutted to their utmost, were to be found in the fields; firewood became so scarce that the poor could not burn their dead! Twenty-three years afterwards, I find it sweeping along, from city to city, gluttonous and insatiate.

14th.—Rose at four in the morning, and rode in my usual quiet way to Secunderpore, distant about fifteen miles, crossing many mountain streams. On the route I picked up a pair of chattering young Punjaubees, who were returning home with the little articles which they had purchased at the fair of Hurdwar, for their masters, the French officers, in the ser-

vice of Mâhârâjâ Runjeet Sing. They entertained me, in their own dialect, with the histories of Messrs. Allard, Ventura, and another gentleman, whose name they pronounced Moosa. The two former are still alive, but the latter is dead. Moosa, they said, on his death-bed, feeling divers compunctious visitings, desired to see his master: on receiving the monarch's visit, he acquainted him that he had entered his service solely with the view of seizing his territories in the Punjaub! but now that he was *poora hogya*, become complete, or dying—a Hebrew and Punjaubee idiom,—that he thought it right to put him on his guard, by requesting that he would promise never to trust either his artillery or fortresses in the hands of the foreign officers. They added that Runjeet continued to act most strictly in accordance with this warning.

The surface of the country is beginning to undulate, but is wretchedly neglected, wild, and uncultivated. The innumerable ravines are covered with bushes of the wild kurruonda, whose white starry flowers diffuse a most agreeable perfume. When the ripe berries fall, they afford delicious food for the wild hogs and paroquets. I have formerly found this plant in

the Dukhun or Deccan, and it is curious enough that the nature of the plant seems entirely changed when brought into cultivation in our gardens. In its reclaimed state, the fruit is as large as a purple grape, which it exactly resembles in colour and appearance, highly acrid and glutinous, hardly edible; in its wild state, it is not larger than a black currant, sweet, and pleasant flavoured.

In my march, passed a populous village, and a few yards further, found a large Seik family in full uproar, at the loss of a fine mare which some dextrous thieves had emancipated during the night. These horse thefts, or, more correctly, translations, are certainly on a very improved plan, and, I think, might with safety be adopted by our best Yorkshire artists: they indicate the high degree of furtive excellence and superiority of Hindoostanee professors over those of any other nations with which I am acquainted. The animal is subjected to a rigorous reconnoisance during the day, under pretence of wishing to purchase. When removed from her proprietor, the new owner rides her thirty miles, we'll say due west; his friend relieves him at an appointed village, and takes her thirty miles south before sun-rise. During

the day, with the assistance of staining matters, such as turmeric, cow-dung, etc. etc., a white horse is converted into a golden or dappled dun, in such a truly ingenious manner that he would not be recognised by the very mare who foaled him, at fifty yards: and thus, avoiding high roads, he may be quietly ridden to the stable of a "refractory zemindar" in Oude, where he is perfectly safe, till sent to some great city or fair for sale.

These thieves are generally chabook suwars, or rough riders; fellows who would astonish English jockeys; who would silence Waterton, (to whom be my best thanks for his inimitable wanderings,) by riding a tiger with as much confidence as they would a tattoo or pony. Really, I think we boast too much of our civilization and march of intellect; I am fully persuaded that Englishmen would seldom get within fifty yards of a native horse, without detection; and there can be little doubt that they would generally be thrown, killed, and eaten within fifty yards more.

Passing another village, I saw a native gentleman hanging in chains. His head, owing no doubt to the inclemency of the rainy season, was separated from his body; his mouth was

wide open, and displayed a very fine set of teeth; but his beard, which had been full, elegant, and as jet black as that of any Rampore Pathân, seemed considerably dishevelled. His dhotee had been plaited with singular attention and success. This unfortunate gentleman was the leader of a gallant party of guerillas, who attacked and secured a treasure belonging to the Honourable Company; and for this petty crime was he hung in chains! "Who steals my purse steals trash!" If he had only murdered a few score of men and women, burnt a few villages, and ravished infants, he would most probably have received a comfortable pension, under the disguise of prison maintenance, and been sent to a sudder or principal station, nominally to work on the roads for life. But there he would have been in the best society perhaps in India, and his labour might be performed for half the money allowed for his daily subsistence. He would have been in fact, not in the King's Bench, but in the Company's Bench. If he should be sick, there was a European physician and a native doctor to attend him, in a spacious and airy hospital. Was he low spirited, he could, for a trifling present, send to the bazaar, and

enjoy a nauch from the hour the judge went to sleep till day-break next morning! Did he wish to form new plans of robbery, or mature those unfortunately disturbed by his capture; he could, for a few pice, bribe the head burkundauze who took him out for his daily airing, and he would be left alone to concoct, digest, assimilate. Nay, under proper management, he might be gratified with the society of his wife and family.

A jail-bird can easily be distinguished after the first six months, by his superior bodily condition. On his head may be seen either a kinkhâb or embroidered cap, or one of English flowered muslin, enriched with a border of gold or silver lace. Gros de Naples is coming into fashion, but slowly. On his back is a blanket (if he chooses to carry it out of prison), which is renewed annually; and he has in his hands a handsome set of brass plates and dishes, or a curiously carved hooka bottom, if on good terms with the ruling powers. See him at work: the burkundauze is smoking *his* chillum, while he and his friends are sound asleep, sub tegmine fagi! All of a sudden there is an alarm—the judge is coming!—up they all start, and work like devils for ten or fifteen

seconds, and then again to their repose. This is working in chains on the roads! In fact, after a man is once used to the comforts of an Indian prison, there's no keeping him out!

This incident, trifling as it may appear, diverted the current of my thoughts to the very glaring impropriety of robbing the very Honourable Company in various other less direct and detectable modes, which are pretty generally practised, although they recognise and act upon the well-known and benevolent principle, of believing that *all* their servants are rogues and thieves, and vainly impose check upon check, Ossa on Pelion, without shame or hesitation. All their military servants—that is, ninety-nine in one hundred—are used, not as if they were suspected, but as if they were detected thieves; and under such treatment, under such foul and galling injustice, I really wonder they are not. It is taken for granted that some classes are ex-officio thieves—that is, the military, especially those who have the disbursement of public money: they give security for their honesty to a large amount, besides taking oaths, if required, and signing declarations of honour to every distinct bill! Besides, there are the quarterly general

oaths, that, during intervals, even when they have had no public money in their hands, they have not defrauded their employers!

Hanging in chains seems a very curious punishment in a civilized country. Hanging the body of a *man* in chains!—the lord of the creation put up as a bonne-bouche for the vulture and crow! MAN, who has lately invented the steam-engine cannon, which is to destroy millions yet unborn, and the original Day and Martin's blacking—the Eleusinian mysteries, and the China ivory puzzles, which are generally accompanied with a key for the benefit of noodles—the chronometer, which, after going round the world, is found to have lost three seconds in three years, and the ne plus ultra patent Thomason's corkscrew, which withdraws the cork from a bottle of port wine without any injury to the artificial crust or bees' wing, which had been placed there, perhaps, twenty-four hours before with the greatest care—the patent net, so very serviceable in concealing the snowy beauties of the female bosom—and gunny bags, in which East India sugar, of very inferior quality, is sent to England as dunnage, for the very benevolent purpose of destroying the West Indian planters —and so on.

While seated on a round stool, or mondah, in the thanna at Secunderpore, awaiting the arrival of my servants, I entered, with much diffidence, into conversation with the thannadar, or black police magistrate, and told him of the robbery which had been committed over night. He did not appear then to feel any peculiar interest in the case, but merely said, "Yes, they do steal horses occasionally in this district." But a fellow, a chabook suwar, whom I had used in that capacity at the fair, came and joined in the conversation. "Why, they are getting very bold, these thieves!" I said, "What have they to fear?—surely not the police of the country?" The crowd around us immediately eyed each other, with the strongest possible appearance of apprehension and alarm; and had I been then sworn as to my belief, I should have had no scruple in saying that I was amongst the thieves who had stolen the mare.

In a few seconds the surrounding circle broke up, and whispered each other in groups. Most of them walked out of sight, the thannadar amongst the rest; but in a few minutes he sauntered back, and stood before my mare, with the side of his face to me, regarding her

with the keenest scrutiny. Opposite the animal stood the jockey, and though I may not be believed, yet I must declare, that I saw the expressive eyes of the thannadar giving directions to the jockey to steal the mare, without once opening his lips. The chabook suwar's face expressed his complete understanding of the instruction he had received, he assented, and they separated.

I saw clearly that if I did not take the most extraordinary precautions, I should be robbed during the night; so, the instant my servants arrived, I cautioned them that the mare would be stolen, unless they followed my instructions. They looked very incredulous, and asked who dared attempt such a thing? But I was not so easily turned from my belief. My bed arrived, and after breakfast I lay down on it. Through a slit in the wall, I perceived an elderly man looking very closely at the mare. I waited till I heard him speaking with the sâees who was grooming it, and then I jumped up, and asked my servant what the man had been saying? At first he evaded the question, but he soon replied, that the burkundauze had been asking him if the mare was my own property, or belonged to any other gentleman?

I spoke to the man, and said it was my own, bought and paid for; hoped he approved of her, and that she would be worth while stealing at night? He shrugged up his shoulders, and said, "God forbid—I steal a mare!" and instantly skulked back to the thanna.

I renewed my cautions; and now they met with greater attention, as even the servants had their suspicions. At night, I planted her with her head to the wall, in such a manner and position that the thief must not only pass the sentry and Fish Guts, (who would have infallibly kicked him to fractions), but also over the bodies of my servants, in any direction he might choose to try his luck. I brought out my detonating gun, and, before all my servants, loaded the barrel with ball, and put it into the hands of the sentry, with strict charge to fire at any one who either attempted to touch the mare, or who would not stand still on being challenged. The short-tailed horses, which no native will steal if he can help it, formed a semi-circle around the Turcomanee.

About the hour of two in the morning, the alarm was given of "Chor, Chor!"—a thief, a thief! I jumped up instantly, and saw my servant Goomanee in full cry and pursuit; he

failed in catching the man, and returned to tell me that the man touched his clothes (while he was asleep) in doubling on his hands and feet over his body, trying to get at the mare. So much for the vigilance of the sepahee, and the dauntless pluck of the artist.

In consequence of the unguarded opinion I had expressed respecting the state of the police of the country, I had fallen under the displeasure of the worthy Thannadar; and the consequence was, that he refused to supply me with any grass for my horses, and it was not till evening that he would allow any of the inhabitants to sell me any bhoosa for my cattle.

In the morning, at day-break, I found that the huzoor also refused to give me two coolies to carry my bed, although I produced an order from the judge of the district, directing all police officers to afford me every assistance, on my paying for what I required. This I had obtained before I left Hurdwar. In consequence of his refusal, I was obliged to leave the howdah on the ground, to become in due time his perquisite, and to carry my bed on the elephant, to the great annoyance of my whole train of servants. When I met the

judge by accident, the next day, and complained of the insolent and disobedient conduct of the black civilian, he very quietly answered, that the Thannadar was a new man—not, however, I imagine, in a scriptural sense.

When I mentioned this anecdote to other gentlemen, they said that there were formerly many complaints made of the audacious insolence of the police in the district, but as no attention was ever paid to them by the judge, the fellows took every opportunity of insulting the military. This gentleman's public or official conduct is an exception to the general rule; in private life he is a man highly esteemed for his warm-hearted and gentlemanlike behaviour. It is my opinion that he was labouring under some (I hope slight) derangement of the stomach at the time. Good private men are also good public men. This is a rule with the fewest possible exceptions.

15th.—Marched at five in the morning towards the city of Suharanpore, distant fifteen miles, and arrived in time to meet with a good breakfast and kind hospitality from Dr. Royle, to whom I had a letter of introduction. Dr. R. is the curator of the honourable

company's botanical garden at this station, as well as at Mussooree in the mountains. Before reaching the city, I observed from the road-side, for the first time in India, a species of unbearded wheat. Some passing Punjaubees called it "kunnoo." This may be either the specific name, or the Punjaubee word for wheat.

Passed a native fort, improved by the late Sir James Mouat. The parapet, (evidently for the good of the trade,) was visible from the distance of four or five hundred yards. The city of Suharanpore is a second or third rate one, and contains a good many brick built houses and bazaars, but it is not quite so remarkable as Agra for its cleanliness or police.

In the evening I accompanied Dr. Royle through the grounds and garden, which are close to his house, and saw many curious hill plants in flower, in earthen pots. The garden is a very large one, and containing excellent carriage roads, quite secluded, and free from dust, it forms an excellent evening drive for the European inhabitants of the station. It contains a large collection of hill trees and shrubs, growing with the utmost luxuriance; which

confirms me in an opinion I have long entertained, that most of the European trees could be acclimated in the soil of Upper India. I have seen a fir tree forty or fifty feet high, which produced cones, from which seedlings were found growing on the soil underneath, without any care or attention, at Bareilly; where are also to be found the walnut, cherry, barberry, hawthorn, and apricot. The plants were generally acclimated at Mussooree, and then brought to the garden, which is well watered by a cut from the canal which passes in the neighbourhood. The ivy was growing with the utmost luxuriance. I had not seen it for nearly twenty years; and had the air been a little damper, the sky more cloudy, and the walks better weeded, I might have fancied myself in the grounds of a first-rate connoisseur in England.

Dr. Royle, fortunately for the delightful science of botany, is an enthusiast in his profession, and possesses a most complete and extensive collection of botanical works in most of the foreign languages. His time is at present wholly occupied by forming a flora of the grand Himâla range. The correct performance of the native draftsmen, who were

occupied in painting plants from nature, in his office, was quite astonishing. They had been sent from the botanical garden at Calcutta, by that already eminent botanist, Dr. Wallich. Dr. Royle had collected upwards of four hundred specimens of the birds of the mountains and plains, and they were classed in their different genera. He had also made some progress in the mineralogy. The wheat, gram, and barley harvest was only just begun in this quarter, and the air, in the mornings and evenings, was still cool and delightful.

On inquiry, I found that there are two roads to Subathoo; one direct through the Pinjore valley, to Bar, at the foot of the mountains, and one march from it; and the other through Nahun, in the mountains, which is four marches from Subathoo, the road thence passing entirely through them. I chose the latter, for the purpose of getting as quickly as possible into a cooler climate.

16th. — Marched at day-break, passing through the city of Suharanpore, to Chilkanah, a distance of only eight miles. I crossed a bridge, which is over the canal, running here nearly north and south, about thirty feet wide, three and a half deep, with a gentle current of

perhaps a mile an hour. The lower, or blue range of mountains, continued, although thirty miles off, to remain visible during the day. Chilkanah is at present a miserable village, and the country I passed over, notwithstanding the proximity of the canal, appeared wretchedly cultivated. Formerly it must have been a place of some little consequence, as the ruins of a fort are to be traced on the northern side. Amidst the mud huts, were probably a dozen brick built houses, but as usual, of a very remote date, and in a neglected, ruinous state.

I was billeted in the middle of the bazaar, in an open brick-paved shed, which gave me an opportunity of seeing, not only the working-classes, who are to be distinguished by their habit of smoking tobacco, but also the geese and asses, which were very plentiful. During the night I was kept in a constant state of alarm, from several attacks made by thieves, on the Turcoman mare, so that I could hardly get a moment's rest. I guess that my friend from Secunderpore had sent a detachment to accompany me to the mountains. I hope he may be disappointed in his object.

17th. — Marched to Boorea, nine miles. Crossed a small river, and a little further, over the majestic Jumna, here upwards of three hundred yards wide, twenty feet deep, with a strong current. Experienced the greatest annoyance and trouble from my horses, not one of whom could be persuaded to enter the capacious ferry boat. There was no platform, though from the abundance of materials in the neighbourhood, one could have been made for a couple of rupees: but then, that would have evinced attention to the wants of the public, a thing seldom done in India, when, by any possibility, it can be avoided.

A mile before I entered the city, I again crossed the canal. Boorea has been once a very large and populous town, and the principal streets have been paved with vitrified bricks on edge, which, where few carriages are used, last for nearly a century without much injury. My guard told me that in this city the Company had a thanna, but that our jurisdiction terminated, and that we were in the Seik dominions. Our dominion terminated, but the unfortunate city was too well provided with the article without us; as there were no less than five

separate jurisdictions in full play, which are constantly engaged in petty and sometimes in serious quarrels. Each of these five Seik Chiefs, has his own snug little fort close to the city!

As there existed no seraee, I walked up and down the principal street, looking out for a suitable resting-place, but found none. Finding myself at the skirts of the city, with a fort before me, I walked on, hoping to find quarters therein, as the gates were open; and when passing on, quite alone, I saw two Seik chiefs sitting on stools, before a neat little bungalow, evidently quite muzzy, probably with opium. I advanced, and having very politely salaamed, addressed the huzoors, (who were handsomely dressed in flowered muslin dresses, and high muslin turbans, with long jet black beards and whiskers) asking if I might be permitted to stay for a day in the fort. They heeded not my salutation, but gruffly looked at me, and said, "NO."

"Then, gentlemen," said I, "will you be good enough to order your servants to shew me a proper residence?"

A fellow was immediately summoned, and they told me to follow him. He said, "Come

along, Sir!" and trotted as hard as he could. Passing through a lane, he stopped suddenly short, and said, "Stay here a minute." He rushed into a cottage, and in a few seconds, brought a man out, with whom, after much eager disputative whispering, he desired me to proceed, and ran back grinning. I did not know what to make of this, but the new guide very politely preceded me, and at last pointed to a large gateway across the street, and said, "Go in there, Sir!"

I walked in, nothing doubting but that I should meet with a very flattering reception as usual. The place had formerly been either a residence, or a species of public office, and had a fine hall surmounted with a dome; but in the hall, was now a bylee, and a couple of young horses standing at their pickets; to the left, was a long dark room, in which I rested during the day. I went up a dark narrow ruined staircase, and got to the roof, to look about me till my servants should arrive. I had not been there many minutes, before I found my saees in warm discussion with the Seik horsekeeper, and on inquiry, I found that the latter would not permit my servant to drive a tent peg into the court yard, at which to fasten

my mare! I descended from the roof, and to prevent all accidents, did it myself, the Seik looking on without offering any molestation.

My bed arrived, and placing it in the room, I lay down. All my horses and cows arrived, and then a squabble again commenced, which I quietly settled as I did before, and again lay down. The guard then arrived, and all was quiet for a few minutes. At last the Seik took away both the horses, and he, and three or four others, came to inquire what I wanted? and by whose authority I came there? I very calmly told them my pitiful story, "that the late Auditor-General having, in defiance not only to the Act of Parliament, but also to the general orders, and rules and regulations for the better governing of the troops belonging to the United Company of Merchants trading to the East Indies, deprived me of the whole of my pay and allowances, which hindered me from carrying about a tent like other gentlemen, and compelled me to shelter myself in such manner as could be most conveniently effected, I had solicited instructions from two Seik chiefs, who had sent a servant with me, who had conducted me to their house, where I meant peaceably to spend the day and night!"

They looked at each other, I guess, wondering, as all natives do, how soft I was! and then said, "If you will come with us, Sir, we will shew you a much better house: this is not suited to your rank!" I told them I was at least as tired as I was grateful, and begged that they would point it out to the sepoy, who would accompany them. But they declined. The moment I left the house, I guessed that they would have kicked all my servants out, and bundled all my baggage and cattle, without mercy, into the street; and for the rest of the day, I should have had a hot sun, and a dirty street, for my personal comforts. They then told me, that the persons who had sent me, were their enemies, and had meant to pick a quarrel with them. I replied that I was very sorry to hear it, but that I was too tired to think of moving any further for the rest of the day, and that the Seiks were so inhospitable, that they grudged a man the very shade of a house. This they denied with great vehemence. I told the different people who came, the same story, so often, that at last I begged that they would desist from all further inquiry, as my throat was getting very dry! They walked off one by one, and left me master of the field.

But I had another battle to fight. In walked a very handsome, well-dressed, clever-looking young fellow of a Hindoo, and salaamed, asked me how I came there, and very civilly, how long I meant to stay? He raised as many objections as he could, but all of them with great politeness. "This place is not good enough for you."—"Oh, you are mistaken; I am a very poor man! A poor soldier must be thankful for any shelter."—"I am afraid that our servants may quarrel." I replied that I should be very sorry if they did, but that I was at hand to interfere. "I am sure that you will be greatly incommoded with the asses that are kept here, where you are lying." "Oh, far from it—I am naturally very fond of asses." Here the Dewan-jee laughed in my face, and all the fellows laughed around me, and gave it up as a bad job; although at the beginning it was the planet Jupiter and satellites to an acorn, that I should have been ousted.

The house, I was told, belonged to the Rânee Nundcore, a Seiknee, or widow lady, of high rank and family, whose estates are under the management of the political agent of our government, until the young Rana is old

enough to eat opium and drink ganja, or râkh, at his own pleasure. In a small yard opposite mine, there grew a cactus tree, of a conical shape, ten feet broad in the branches at the base, four feet in circumference, and upwards of thirty feet high: the largest I have yet seen.

All the Seiks both eat opium and smoke it in their chilums; and in consequence, the poppy plant occupies a great deal of the attention of the agriculturists in these independent states. Opium is to be purchased (pretty pure) in the bazaar, at the rate of eight rupees weight of the drug for one of silver.

I ventured to walk out in the evening, and saw that out of hundreds that I met, of all ranks, only two or three Seiks bowed to me, while the Hindoos and Mussulmans did invariably. Many of the Seiks smiled, and whispered to each other, "Nundcore's house!" Fish Guts made frequent attempts to kick those who approached or passed her, and on one occasion my saees cautioned a Seik horsekeeper that she kicked—"And what then?" said the Seik, darting up to, and seizing her head and evading her heels—"what can we do, or where can we go, if we are afraid of such

tricks?" alluding to the practice of riding journeys on horseback, which is so common amongst this nation.

About half a mile beyond the town stands the Rúng Mâhâl or painted palace, now neglected and going to ruin, built by Shah Alum the great mogul. The state of the country, both past and present, is to be estimated, I think fairly, by the immense number of mud and brick-built forts, which are to be seen in all directions. There is no king in Israel on this side of the Sutlej, and on the other, they are knights and robbers. The people through whose territory I am now passing, live under the protection of the British government, and there is very little business going on.

CHAPTER VI.

To Belaspore—The wisdom of our ancestors—The Caper Plant—To Sidonrah—Cheating and redress—Human nature—To Mogee Nun—A pleasant day—Rather hot—An expedient—To Nahun—Route up the mountain—Change of climate—A visit to the Rajah of Nahun—Nautch girls—Their beautiful forms—The rajah's palace and court—Native conversation—History of the rajah—Captain Murray—The true way to rule in India—Evils of our Indian government—Errors of the civil servants of the company—Disgraceful anecdote—The organ of accessibility—Perfect propriety of Nautch dancing—Comparison with English dancing—A ramble with the rajah—His reception by his people—Awkward squad—The rajah's stud—Native manner of picketing—Bad blood in horses—Reason for cutting their tails—The rajah's wives—The danger of being a favourite—Leave-taking—A serious loss.

April 18*th*.—Rode to Belaspore, distant perhaps 12 miles, and on my arrival at the miserable mud-built village, was received with the greatest courtesy, by the Seik Thannadar;

the village being also under the surveillance of Captain Murray.

As I passed along the road, I observed a species of poa (I believe poa minima) in flower, rising four or five feet high, in the cactus opuntia hedges. This grass might certainly be cultivated to immense advantage for the poor, emaciated, lean, wretched, starved cattle, who are purged three months, and famished the other nine.

Grow grass! A native would be surprised at such a proposal. They uniformly prefer the custom rendered venerable by "the wisdom of their ancestors:" they walk some five or six miles, or even further, if the city be large, and after shaving the surface of the ground, sitting on their haunches, in the burning sun, for some hours, they return with a burthen, consisting of sand and roots.

The delicious sweet-scented capparis, or caper plant, grows in almost every bush, and being now in flower, its agreeable perfume is wafted on every zephyr. The new flowers are white, and those about to decay are of a light pink.

The thannadar, after granting me every assistance, asked me in the evening to grant

him a certificate of good conduct in writing, which I did with much pleasure.

19th.—Rode to Sidourah, a considerable town, distant about nine miles, and governed partly by the Seiks, and partly by the British. Crossed three mountain streams nearly dry; the country wild, undulating, and covered with bushes of the wild kurrounda. The visitors to the fair still accompanied or overtook me, as the natives seldom march less than 24 miles a day. The swarms of flies that returned with their clothes, bullocks, and carts, were quite beyond belief.

My worthy bheestee, Goomanee, had been followed from the last stage by two Mussulman weavers, who, after spending the whole previous day in attempting to open his eyes to the impropriety of his conduct in cheating them, without the most trifling success, at last determined to throw themselves upon the justice of the Huzoor, and boldly addressed their complaint to me. It seemed that Goomanee went to their shop in the dusk of the evening, and after a good deal of haggling, bargained both for a pugree and a dhotee, for the sum of one Sonat rupee. (I suppose you know what a pugree is? in fact, it is a turban,

and a dhotee is a long narrow strip of cotton cloth, which the barbarous natives, who seldom wear pantaloons, use in their stead.) Goomanee very honestly paid them in ready money—with a bad rupee, which they produced.

I guessed that there would be good stout perjury, certainly on one, and very probably on both sides; so, turning to the manufacturing interest, I inquired in what manner it could be tried if the facts were denied? They said, we are both, defendant and plaintiffs, of the faithful; let us then be sworn on the Koran! Well—thought I to myself—amiable, innocent weavers, how I pity you! Here is real simplicity with a vengeance! But I was bound to try the case, and called Goomanee. He very coolly admitted the purchase, and said that he had paid them in good and lawful coin of the realm, in a fine round Kuldâr! I asked him if he was ready to swear to the fact? To be sure, he would swear to it. I told him that I should swear him by sending for a Moollah and a Koran. This staggered his guilty conscience, and he tried to evade the point with the greatest dexterity, growing every instant more and more angry and disrespectful. Still I persisted. Swear on the Koran, or give

another rupee! Finding all further evasion useless, he took the copper rupee from the weavers, and dashed down the clothes with the most savage bitterness of spirit, poured out a most Niagaran torrent of obscene abuse on all the helpless and fortunately distant females, old and young, of the weavers' families, with the most vehement gesticulations. The weavers were for a moment thunderstruck; but on recovery, they took up the cloth, examined it, bowed most profoundly, and wished me long life and happiness without measure; walking off with a most triumphant grin—having received justice quickly, without charge or stamped paper.

Goomanee, on the other hand, darting an angry glance at me, retired disgusted from the Huzoor! "No purwustee," said he, "from the master!" Purwustee is a pet word with the black men. It really signifies care, protection, encouragement, cherishing; but by them it is used almost exclusively in a bad sense. You "purwustee" a black man when you support him in the wrong, or screen him from merited punishment; and if in both cases your conduct should happen not to meet with his full approbation, you may rely on it that he will

revenge himself the first opportunity. Therefore will Goomanee thwart and annoy me from this day forward, and become my bitter enemy, though I have been for many years his kind and indulgent master. But I suspect this is human nature.

20th.—Made a very short march to Mogee Nun; entered the hills by turning round the base of one bordering the plain. The jungle here was very trifling, just enough to feed a flock of goats, and no more: so that I think it would be easier to reach Nahun without chance of fever, than from the Dhoon or Bar.

Mogee Nun is within the hills, but at a very trifling elevation. Crossed a small, shallow, mountain stream, which had been dammed up, to accumulate water for the purpose of turning a punschuckee or mill for grinding atta or wheaten flour.

At the encamping ground the village consisted of only one or two houses, but I was fortunate enough to receive an invitation from an officer, commanding a party of pioneers, to spend the day with him at his tents, which were pitched a few hundred yards off. I went, and was cordially received, and passed a most pleasant conversational chit-chatty day.

The tents had been pitched in a grove for the sake of shade, but unfortunately there was no wind; and owing to the reflection of the surrounding hills, the heat was very intense; although the thermometer never indicated a greater heat than 98°. I have, however, been once in tents for a fortnight, with a small force, when the daily heat, from two till four, P.M., was 125°. Think of that, John Bull, at your fireside!

Instead of finding abundant fodder for my cattle, as I expected, to my great annoyance I could with the greatest difficulty procure a single bundle of grass for my Turcomanee; but,

> "When cash and lands are gone and spent,
> Then learning is most excellent;"

so I put my wits to work. Seeing a sleek, well-fed Hindoo with the braminical thread, I hailed him.

"Oh, Pundit-jee!"

"Sahib!"

"Come here, my good priest, and listen. You see I can get no grass for those fine Nagore cows; they are actually starving. I don't like to keep them in misery, so I have made up my mind to kill and eat the calf which

you observe running about. If you wish to save the life of a cow, now's your time, for I'm getting hungry. Be quick!"

The poor priest was horrified, and dreadfully concerned at the revelation of my murderous intentions, and instantly promised to exert his utmost energies in procuring me an ample supply: in a couple of hours he returned with men laden with a sufficiency for their use, and I paid him handsomely. There now! after that do you doubt my talents for the judicial, or even the political department?

The pioneers were employed in repairing a road which runs from Mussooree to Simlah, through the Coleroon doon or valley, the heat of which during the hot months, and unhealthiness during the rains, is almost beyond belief. During the day I was compelled to seek relief by bathing repeatedly, which was fortunately successful. The scenery begins to improve both in beauty and verdure. The plains I left were dry and parched.

21st.—Rode through the mountains to the city of Nahun, which stands about 3600 feet above the level of the sea. It is situated on a ridge; but the mountain of Jeytuck, to the

north, is perhaps 1000 feet higher. The Ghoorkhas occupied a small fort on this height, which gave us no little trouble during the Nepaul war. Several officers who fell in the engagement lie buried under tombs, near a stone tank in the middle of the town.

The ascent from Mogee Nun is very gradual, and the scenery is extremely verdant and beautiful. The road crosses many rapid rivulets, which trickled down the mountain, and I passed several very romantic little white-washed Hindoo temples, embosomed in shade, and commanding exquisite views. The wild cocks and hens continually crossed my path within a few yards of me, and seemed much tamer than on the plains. The shrill screaming of the wild peacocks was quite deafening.

My elephant with her burden, and all my cattle, arrived in very nearly the usual time, without any difficulty, at a bungalow on the top of a hill, within musket shot of the Rajah's palace, where I intended to reside during the day. This bungalow had been built by the first political agent, and sold to the Rajah on his departure, and had not been once repaired during the last seven years it had been his

property. In consequence, it was extremely dilapidated, and the out offices were completely in ruins.

Nahun is the largest city or village in the mountains, and is clean and well paved. The Rajah resides in a very handsome cut stone palace; and all the houses are built of slate, cut so as to resemble bricks, and generally they have flat mud roofs, which are frost and water proof; whereas terraces of mortar and brick, crack, and are destroyed, by the frost during the winter. I here met several officers, with some of whom I had formerly been acquainted, who were proceeding to Simlah, with a view of obtaining houses, which were not to be hired at Mussooree. The change from the heated plains to the cool and delightful climate of Nahun was acknowledged by us all; and we were scrambling about the country, some of us without hats, during the rest of the day. We had several very refreshing showers of rain during the time I rested here.

The officer of pioneers, being already acquainted with the Rajah, and finding considerable difficulty and annoyance in procuring provisions for his detachment, at the bottom of the Hill, declared his intention of paying

him a visit, and I determined to accompany him, to observe the state of a mountain prince. An orderly was deputed to acquaint Rajah Futteh Pur Grass with our benevolent intentions, and he was informed, that the prince would be happy in being honoured with our company in the afternoon.

At the appointed time, we both mounted on one of the Rajah's elephants, which he had politely dispatched for our accommodation; and in a few minutes, passing through the skirts of the town, we arrived at the outer gate of the palace, which was opened with all due form, and we entered the outer court yard, saluted with all the honours of war, by a company of Sipahees, dressed and accoutred in imitation of those of the Honourable Company.

Accompanied by a crowd of attendants, we were ushered up stairs, into a long and narrow hall of audience, at the door of which we were received most courteously by the smiling, good-tempered, handsome young sovereign and his courtiers, and conducted to the extremity of the hall, where three English chairs (with cane bottoms) had previously been prepared for our reception. His Highness politely seated

himself at our right, and inquired, in a very endearing tone, whether we enjoyed good health and fortune? and our answers evinced much gratitude.

Scarcely had the usual compliments been interchanged, ere a band of fierce barbarians, with their villanous musical instruments, accompanied by a pair of remarkably handsome and splendidly dressed young Nautch girls, began to sing and dance with all their natural grace and elegance. My taste has not been corrupted by a long residence in India, as some will foolishly imagine, but rather it has been perfected. I think that the better order of Nautch girls shew the highest grace, and elegance in their fascinating movements. Let it be had in remembrance, that the dances are almost invariably in minuet time, and that their motions are very slowly performed, and calculated, in the highest degree, to display the matchless beauties of the full-formed female figure. The personal symmetry of some of them is beautiful beyond conception; and I have seen many girls who needed not have blushed to have been compared with the "statue that enchants the world." In face, I conceive that their deficiency of expression, I mean, of culti-

vated and feeling expression, leaves them far behind our countrywomen; but in figure, he must, indèed, be a blind idolater, who will for a moment hesitate in giving them due precedence. Few of them, however, retain their figures beyond the age of twenty.

Over our heads, the whole breadth and length of the room, was a magnificent canopy of Khinkhâb, or gold embroidered silk, supported at the four corners with what are called Chobes, or silver embossed pillars, three and a half inches in diameter, and seven feet high. The walls were divided into small compartments, and painted al fresco, with the most extraordinary and rare botanical treasures that ever yet met my wondering and wandering eyes. Sitting with their backs to the wall, on both sides, fronting us, were the well-dressed and respectable gentlemen belonging to the Rajah's court, who freely entered into conversation with us; but the tag-rag and bobtail, the oi polloi, the life guards, with their fixed bayonets, disturbing most completely the oriental keeping of the scene, stood near the door.

Our conversation was that common amongst natives. Here the topics were—wild elephants; buggies and horses; detonating guns; sâge

gârees (easy carriages—*i. e.*, our carriages); shikar or sporting in general; the delightful climate of the place; his astonishment and admiration on first seeing the manœuvres of our horse artillery, cavalry, and infantry; his great desire of increasing his acquaintance, as a source of pleasure, amongst his friends the English; the great happiness and personal security which he enjoyed under our reign; and matters of this nature.

The Rajah made many lively, good-humoured remarks, with an appearance of truth and sincerity that was perfectly delightful. So unlike was he to the ghee-fed wretches of the plains, that he laughed, joked, patted me on the back, and seemed as happy and intimate with us both, as if we had known each other for years. This pleasant young man was a mere boy of six or seven years of age at the time of the capture of Nahun from the Ghoorkha army, and had been educated almost entirely under the kind and fatherly superintendence of Captain Murray, (the superintendent of the Seik states,) with whom he was esteemed a pet child, and had grown up a most decided favourite. Since that period, the revenue of his small principality had in-

creased from thirty-seven to fifty-three thousand rupees nett; and he acknowledged, with warmth and gratitude, that he owed all his happiness and prosperity to his kind friend Captain Murray.*

Here I embrace, with honest pride as an Englishman, the opportunity of giving honour to whom honour is really due. Here the servant of government was well chosen; and the result was, happiness and emancipation to an oppressed people, and wealth to an exhausted treasury. A good and a talented man is diffusing justice, peace, and comfort, to all around him, and hence our national character is respected and admired; and the agent, as an individual, is beloved and esteemed by all who know him. This is not, I am sorry to say, our forte in India.

The secret of Captain Murray's success is that he trusts no native; he transacts all his own business, to the very opening, writing, and reading of all his public letters. It is not in the power, therefore, of any bribed or interested moonshee, to use his dexterity in concealing the right and obtruding the wrong.

* This excellent man is since dead.

Justice springs from the pure fountain head of an honest, upright, and conscientious Englishman in heart and soul.

I am fully persuaded that the present form of government is too expensive—it is not suited to India. Were the civil servants quadrupled, and paid a sure and certain salary in just proportion to their periods of service, I feel convinced that not only should we give greater satisfaction to our subjects, but we should increase our revenue in a very striking degree.

Our civil servants are not accessible; let the fault rest on whom it may, they are not accessible; this the natives feel and lament. A strong instance of this sort once occurred to me. I was requested by a landholder of considerable wealth and respectability, who had once held the situation of kotwal in a large city, to obtain the honour of an interview with the wife of a civil servant of high moral and personal respectability, whom he had dandled on his knee as an infant.

"Introduce you!" said I; "why not go yourself?"

"I go! Why, sir, I dare not approach the very compound of the house he lives in!"

"How!—why?"

"Why, I'll tell you. If his head man should hear that I ventured to present myself before the gentleman without his permission, he would immediately harass me by some false complaint, or even by instituting an inquiry into the very title-deeds of my estate, which might, however falsely, terminate in my ruin! It is not long since I paid eleven hundred rupees to —— to suppress false claims, which, had they actually gone into court, would have cost me ten times the sum."

This astonished me not a little, but I have no doubt of the truth of the story. Accessibility has no *locus* amongst the phrenologists, but notwithstanding, it is a most important organ; in some it is situated in the palm of the hand. To be a perfect Indian judge, a man must be first of all accessible; after that, he may possess all the minor virtues of justice, uprightness, purity, etc. Without accessibility, as without charity, he is a tinkling cymbal. Some men are accessible from frankness and openness of heart; others from the knowledge that it is perfectly indispensable in their profession. These are the men who alone would be found useful to government.

Such a man is Captain Murray; mounted on his horse, or tattoo, any native who pleases runs up and presents his urzee or petition; it is read, and answered without delay. He does not say, "What custom is this, you rascal? This is irregular! it is not written on stamped paper. Who is this against? against my sheristadar!! Go, you rogue, or I'll send you to jail!!" But this is the accessibility of many! Open the market, I say, in bribery as in commerce; destroy the monopoly; make it impossible to bribe all, and the consequence will be, not that bribery in India will wholly disappear, but that justice will cost less than formerly to the poor natives.

During the interview the little nautch girls were emulously vying with each other to the utmost extent of their sweet musical voices; kicking their little, slender, bell-hung, tinkling, delicate feet; raising and depressing their graceful arms; opening and shutting their long taper fingers; advancing and retreating, veiled or unveiled; and doing their best to look as interesting and stylish as they could before their prince and his friends.

Now many people believe that indecency is part and parcel of native dancing. But their

manners are, on the contrary, in the highest degree chaste; and, during the course of a long residence in the country, I assert, that out of scores of first-rate nautches, at which I have been present from sunset to sunrise, (not often from pleasure, but while on duty,) I have never once seen an indecent attitude! When I first arrived in India, I thought, like many others, that I should see nothing else. Were I to compare them with those whose persons are constantly and purposely exposed in pirouettes, whose snowy bosoms are bared for the express purpose of exciting admiration, I might be not only misunderstood, but I should feel that I was doing the poor ignorant nautch girls an injustice. These girls are carefully wrapped up, and although, in their occasional movements, their slender, round little waists, and beautifully formed bosoms, may now and then be seen, or guessed at, be assured that a nautch is at least as harmless as a quadrille.

After sitting half an hour, the prince hinted that if we would allow him, he felt inclined to accompany us in a little ramble round the city on his elephants. We, of course, assented, and descended a flight of steps, which led to a

terrace; from which he directed our attention to a new zunân khânâ, which he had recently built of cut free-stone, and which, both in design and execution, was at once beautiful and simple, and in the purest antique Hindoo taste. He praised it much, as a cool and delightful residence, and I shall in due time make you acquainted with the nature of its contents.

The elephants, handsomely caparisoned, having large brass bells round their necks, were in readiness, and we mounted, with considerable caution, all three on the same elephant—two on one side, and I on the other, being nearly equal to them both in weight. My advice to the rajah to hold on while I was climbing up the ladder on the other side, and asking with gravity if the animal could be trusted, made him laugh most heartily. The man laughed from his heart honestly, and like an independent man.

As we passed through the streets, the populace, on hearing the tinkling of the bells, ran with one accord to their shop-doors, and joined those in the streets in exclaiming—"Jây dâ Mâhârâj!"—"Salutation to thee, oh great prince!" which he invariably returned

with the most marked, affable, unostentatious courtesy. He seemed to feel an honest pride in telling us that he had himself built the long row of houses through which we were then passing; and from the attention that he paid to the clearing and paving the streets, and to the white-washing of the capital at the Hindoo festival of the Dewallee, he appeared to feel himself quite a patriot king. Long life and happiness, say I, and all honest men will join me, to Rajah Futteh Pur Grass Sing!

After a few minutes, we reached the eastern end of Nahun city, where his parade ground occupies a level spot of three or four acres. His soldiers, about, or perhaps under, a hundred in number, had evidently previously been well crammed for a review, but performed the manual and platoon with great difficulty; although, as he told us, many of them had been ten years in training. But certainly they were assisted very considerably, I must say that, by the most awkward fugleman the world ever saw — a fellow that would have put Torrens to torture, through a telescope, at a thousand yards.

From the parade ground we proceeded to

the stables, which were close at hand, and, dismounting, began to inspect his stud. He had about thirty for his own private use, which he called Tâzees and Toorkies. These horses were all picketted in the native manner; that is, their hind legs were pulled about four feet back out of their natural position, which obliged the poor animals to throw their fore legs out as if they were at full gallop. This caused their toes being turned out from their youth, and in consequence they almost all interfere and knock, on the slightest exertion, to such a degree, that it is quite painful to use them. Nor are the consequences less to be lamented for the hind legs, for they become bog spavined to the most frightful size; and when they are weary the rider feels as if the horse meant to leave his hind legs behind. If their hoofs be examined it will immediately be seen that they are trailed on the ground.

Tâzee signifies a racer; but there was not one of these animals that was less fat than a stall-fed ox; nor one of them, I will lay my ears, speedier than the Derby ram, so justly handed down as the victim of obesity, in never-dying song. The blood of Arabia was very well marked in some that he had procured

from the district of Suharanpore, and which he esteemed the least. The mystery of blood in horses has not yet been received by the natives, with, perhaps, one or two exceptions from amongst those who have bled freely on the turf to the English. A pure country horse is really and truly fit for no work but prancing up and down a road a hundred yards long; so long as he is fat and pursy, so long he may retain a good temper; but work it out of him, however quietly, and he will shew the tigerishness of his spirit.

The rajah having expressed a desire to see my cattle, as well as my English bull, we returned to the bungalow. He admired them exceedingly, but regretted that the tails of the horses had been cut. I assured him that I did it for the purpose of preventing their being stolen. "Nay," said I, "if I had a tail of my own, I should dock it immediately, to prevent robbery." This brilliant stroke of wit was so well adapted to the comprehension of my hearers, that it was instantly rewarded by their unequivocal and merited applause! After a few minutes' lively chat, the prince returned to his cool zenana and his nautch girls.

I have seen many polished, gentlemanlike natives, but their conversation with Europeans is generally so very guarded and circumspect that you cannot get at the inner man. It was not so with Futteh Pur Grass; if he was ignorant on any topic, he would ask for information; he would in return give us any that we required. His manners were frank, cordial, and unaffected in a high degree. He prides himself on being a Rajpoot and a sportsman, and wears a gold-hilted plain sabre. His delight is to scramble up and down the hills on foot, generally alone, in search of game, which he eats.

At a very early age (perhaps before he was fifteen) the young rajah married no less than five ranees, or princesses, from the families in the hills; and he has at the present hour a couple of scores of concubines (that's the scriptural name for them) under the same roof, being the maids of honour who accompanied his brides to his dwelling on their marriages. He, being a rajah, takes precedence over all those who are merely rânâs; the distinction being, I imagine, similar to that between baronets and knights; so that the honour of his alliance was most eagerly

coveted. His favourite wife was poisoned by his own mother, lest she should gain too much influence over the young prince.

The rajah expressed his earnest hope that the "fat gentleman" would return to the plains through Nahun, and shaking my extended hand, he said, "we'll renew our acquaintance as old friends. I'll pitch my tents in the valley, and we shall have a month's hard shooting."

Owing to the absence of suitable fodder, and to the precipitous nature of the country, I was compelled to leave my elephant at the bottom of the hill. My trifling baggage is to be carried on hill coolies to Subathoo, and eight men have volunteered to be present at quarters at two in the morning for that purpose.

The cheer, or common fir, grows in great abundance in the hills surrounding Nahun. When young, it is a very beautiful object, and of a pyramidal shape, but this it loses, and becomes globular as it advances in age.

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Alas for the literature of the age! When ordered to Bundelcund, a vile thief entered my tents at night, and robbed me of my second volume. The Huzoor desired a list of the articles stolen, and blustered loudly. I offered Gopal a handsome bribe if he would condescend to assist me; but alas! he took the money, and then gave it as his private opinion, that my labours had been buried in the Jumna! In this manner did I lose my carefully-written account of the sub-Himmalayan range, which cost me fully eight months' labour while in the hills.

PART II.

BUNDELCUND.

CHAPTER I.

BUNDELCUND—City of Calpee—Royal Tomb—Cobra de capellas and wolves—The Pangolin—Hyænas—The town of Calpee—Its manufactures—Its cultivation of cotton The Company's system of dealing — Attack of a fort Native cowardice—A celebrated murderer and robber —A case of necessity—A respectable robber—Singular case of confession—British tenderness to criminals—Thugs and Thuggism—A refractory Thug — Interview with a Thug—His own opinion of his profession—Narrow escape from a Thug—Intolerable heat at Calpee—Coup de Soleil—Native remedy for it—Tour in the Interior—Bullock carts—Native ingenuity—The Ortolan —Native bird-catchers—Murgaon—A child carried off by a wolf—Extraordinary superstition—Pilgrims from the Himmalaya.

THERE! Dukha Buchao! Jump ashore, you have crossed the ancient river Jumna, and are now standing on Bundelcund. Over your head is the southern bank, on which stands the city of Calpee,—now part of the British

territories,—having been ceded to us in 1803 by the Peshwa.

Calpee stands amongst a collection of rugged ravines, about 180 feet above the bed of the river. Its population may be estimated to amount to 10,000 souls; but it has evidently shared in the general devastation to which all India has been long subjected, as the ruins of ancient tombs, generally crowned with heavy domes, may be seen scattered about a mile round the city. Of these, the principal is one covering the grave of one of the Pathan monarchs, but even his name is forgotten. It is now known as the "Chuorassee Goombit," (or the eighty-four domes.) The dome, owing to the bad quality of the stones used in its construction, has fallen in. It is surrounded by a square arcaded verandah, parallel to the central building; and having a few trees in the area, has at a distance a most picturesque effect. This tomb is under the care of an old Mussulman, who told me that he was paid five rupees per month by the British government. This is a sad oversight; I am, however, convinced that it was unintentional!

The neighbourhood is grievously infested with cobra de capellas, and at night by hungry

wolves. In the ravines surrounding the town, that rare and curious animal the pangolin is found. The natives call it bâjur keet,—two Persian words, signifying lightning-rust. Its body, which is like that of a lizard, is covered with large horny scales, curiously marked into scollops, by lines drawn to their centres. These scales must be nearly sabre proof. It is a most harmless animal, and subsists principally, if not wholly, on ants; but in dissection, it occasionally happens that a large quantity of calcareous matter may be found in its bowels, and speculations have been framed on the probability of that being the usual nourishment of the animal. Let it be recollected, that some tribes of American Indians consume a species of clay, and that the ants which it devours must be of considerable service in furnishing formic acid, for the better digestion of such matter. It grows to the length of four feet, and when taken prisoner, never attempts to defend itself by its formidable claws, but quietly coils itself up into a ball, till it has ceased to apprehend danger.

Hyenas are very common, but as they invariably feed on carcases, their presence is scarcely felt as a scourge. The town is, as

usual, chiefly composed of mud huts; but, in place of the brick buildings found in the Doâb, the better order of natives have dwellings of calcareous conglomerate, found on the banks of the Jumna. Of this latter class there are enough to shew that the city was once inhabited by many wealthy families. Most of these buildings are occupied, but are more or less in a ruinous state.

The rajah of Jâlone has a town house here, which is occasionally visited by some of his family; but it is in such a ruinous state that no respectable English yeoman would live in it. With extensive repairs, it might be converted into a good parish workhouse.

Calpee is famous for two articles of manufacture—viz., paper and sugar-candy. Large quantities of paper are sent all over India; it is of various qualities, but none of it so good as the worst of European manufacture. But of the sugar-candy, the natives boast that it is the finest in the world, and that they can bring it to such purity as to resemble the diamond. This is very nearly, if not wholly true; but it is so high-priced, owing to the repeated purifications necessary, and the original high price of the goor, which is brought

from Ghazeepore, that I suspect it finds but little consumption out of the circle of rajahs and nawabs.

Calpee is, however, distinguished in commerce, as the chief mart of cotton in the upper provinces. Bundelcund produces the finest cotton in all Hindoostan, owing to the amazing richness of the jet-black soil with which it abounds. The Honourable United Company of merchants trading to the East Indies had a cotton-factory adjoining the town, and here purchased their China and English investments. For the selection of the cotton brought to this mart, the Company allowed four annas, or a quarter of a rupee per maund; and the consequence was, that until their investments were completed, hardly a bale of good cotton passed through other hands. Contractors were, by their agreements, bound not to remove rejected bales until they had finished their complements. Many of the bales are filthily dirty, and the best might be some hundreds per cent. cleaner, with suitable increase of price to the growers.

The Resident endeavoured to introduce the upland Georgia cotton, and after a long trial and many disappointments, it will probably

succeed; but the curse of India, physically, and perhaps morally, here operates with great effect. The finer qualities of American cotton, and I have seen some beautiful samples, take three years to come into full bearing; and although it would undoubtedly, after that period, bring 100 per cent. on the present prices of the country cotton wool, still few natives can afford to wait for that time, so high is the rate of interest, and so exceedingly scarce is capital. Like many other men, I was formerly of opinion that the Company could not afford to compete with other merchants, owing to their heavy charges, originating in their immense establishments; but in this blockhead view of the case, it is clear that the most important part of the question was lost sight of, and I have now no hesitation in saying, that they are thereby enabled to undersell their rivals if they choose, although their cotton commands a much higher price in the market. For as their establishment is efficiently and constantly employed, on their enormous outlay, it becomes a very small per centage, perhaps not exceeding one and a-half or two per cent. for the very pick of the cotton; whereas no individual merchant, upon his com-

paratively trifling capital, can effect the purchases under four or five per cent., especially if he has a permanent establishment, and employs an agent on the spot. The Company's cotton is sent in half-screwed bales to Calcutta, where it is re-screwed for the foreign markets.

There is a small fort at Calpee, between the river and the town: it is a parallelogram, having the three land sides defended by a rampart and parapets; the fourth or river side being perpendicular, and overhanging the Jumna, and may be called impregnable. Only a few years have elapsed since an attempt was made by a Bundela Bramin to surprise the fort, and carry off some lacs of rupees that were deposited in the treasury for the purchase of cotton. The attempt failed from the gross cowardice of the assailants, for the guard in the fort was very small, and some of the soldiers were absent. One or two lives were lost; and after alarming the inhabitants of the town, and the resident, Sir H. Darrell, to such a degree that they deserted their houses in the town and crossed the river, the rabble of five hundred horsemen and foot-soldiers retreated in confusion. If they had provided ten or twelve ladders, the fort would have

been taken by escalade in less than as many minutes.

The Bramin was subsequently seized and confined in the fort upon ten rupees a month, for many years, till on the arrival of the Right Honourable Lord William Bentinck, on presenting a petition he was released. During the period of his confinement, the prisoner amused himself by ornamenting the white walls of his bungalow by paintings in water colours, representing Europeans and their ladies and children, in the oriental taste; and, certainly, with great effect, for an Englishman cannot look at them without laughing.

This ancient town is governed by a Darogah or chief of police, and there is none here to control him, either civil or military. The Darogah is the sole governor; and in case any native chooses to be silly enough to live at Calpee, and appeal against his decrees, he must proceed to Hameerpore, which is thirty miles lower down the river, where the judicial functionaries reside. There is, in fact, but one man more to be feared, or by the Hindoostanees, respected, than the Darogah sahib! and that is Gopal, the celebrated murderer, robber, and smuggler.

Gopal is at present about forty-two years of age, a tall athletic man, with a most hideous muddy eye, having the glare of hell itself. It is said that he has always fifteen servants upon stated pay, and can in a few hours command the services of three hundred armed and desperate men. He is a smuggler of salt, and although mean in his apparel, (how is it that the greatest geniuses are generally so slovenly? is it a law of our nature?) he asserts that his daily expenses exceed six rupees, and he *must* get them, either by robbery or smuggling.

The strength and vigour of the Calpee police may be fairly estimated by the fact, that Gopal has been known to walk into the dwelling-house of a rich merchant, in the centre of the most populous part of the town, and when he was surrounded by his alarmed servants and family; he has very coolly selected the gold bangles of his children, and silenced the trembling remonstrances of the Mahajun by threats of his vengeance. Nor is this a solitary instance; but he pursues this line of conduct with so much tact and judgment, that he has now established his character, and is greatly respected in the city.

When he murders, Gopal is equally above

all concealment; as in the recent case of a sepahee returning with his savings for the subsistence of his family, who was waylaid and murdered by our hero in open day. After securing the plunder, he very coolly gave himself up to justice, acknowledging, with the most praise-worthy candour, that he had killed the sepahee, who had first assaulted him. It was proved on the trial that the sepahee was wholly unarmed. He was sentenced to be hung by the Court of Hameerpore, on his own confession; but so tender are Feringees, that Gopal was released, from want of evidence, by the Sudder Court at Calcutta. Their objection was excellent, though curious: it was, that if Gopal's confession were taken, it must be taken altogether, and not that part only which could lead to his conviction. Gopal was released, and now walks about in his Sunday clothes, or may be seen smoking a delicate chillum in the verandah of his brother's house. Gopal is a living evidence of British tenderness.

I think, unenlightened Englishman, that you may have some slight ideas of our Indian police, but alas! you have yet much to learn! Since my arrival at Calpee, I heard that a

celebrated Thug Phanseegar, or strangling murderer, accompanied by two *burk*andases or police officers from Saugor, were traversing the country, and securing several thugs who had, some of them for years, retired from the bustling vanities of professional life, and had turned their attentions either to polite literature, or farming their own estates with the capitals they had acquired. Many a man was surprised in his new occupation, and safely conveyed to Saugor; and the dread of the impertinent inquiries of these emissaries had induced many timid and practising functionaries to retire for awhile to foreign dominions, whither neither their past lives nor characters, even if known, would be found to be any bar to their introduction into the highest and most polite circles.

The burkandases, however, took licence to accuse many respectable men, and expected to reap an ample pecuniary harvest from the well-known dread which all natives, rich and poor, have to enter our courts; and from the well-known pusillanimity of their victims. With many they were so successful that they determined to extend their sphere of action. With this view they one day crossed the

Jumna, and advanced to the village of a *now* opulent Zemindar, who in his youth had been in a "sporting line of life," and told him that he was wanted, and must come. But the man was an ugly customer, and sadly obstinate withal; he would not enter into any pecuniary arrangement; which irritated his opponents to such a degree, that they determined to do their duty and take him by force to Saugor. When the Zemindar found that they were determined to seize him, he called around him a few strapping sons, and taunted them thus: "What! ye cowards! are ye my sons, and can ye coolly see your father dragged bound from his village to prison and disgrace!" So before you could say Jack Robinson, out flew the tulwars, and off went the heads of the two burkandases, and the turn-coat professional gentleman, and the whole village was in instant rebellion against government.

Now, suppose a fine fat Worcestershire farmer, sitting at his fire-side with a lot of his own produce around him, and let a neat, red-waistcoated, dauntless Bow-street police officer seize him by the collar, for a robbery said to have been committed on some Irish mail coach some thirty years back, without the warrant

of a justice of the peace, and it strikes me that if I know anything of the race of English yeomen, he would be pretty particularly mauled within the next five minutes.

In a few days, however, the old gentleman cooled, and voluntarily marched over and delivered himself up to the magistrate at Cawnpore. Of course, thug or not, there is now no evidence of his former profession, and he can with singular facility produce one hundred able-bodied witnesses, to prove that he was cruelly beaten by the burkandases, and resisted only when his life was in danger.

From a most laudable curiosity, perhaps partly craniological, I one day sent a respectful message to these tourists, and they were good enough (though in the civil line) to wait upon me without any unnecessary parade or ceremony. I must say that I expected to see a great man, but at the first glance I saw that I was in the presence of a master. The thug was tall, active, and slenderly formed; his head was nearly oval; his eye most strongly resembled that of a cobra de capella; its dart was perfectly wild and maniacal, restless, brilliant, metallic, and concentrated.

After the usual compliments, and some light

chatting, I took the liberty of recounting the interesting particulars of a neat robbery, which had been committed upon my private property while in tents at Hameerpore; and the lively, nay, ultra-professional joy which illuminated his countenance, tempted me to exclaim, rather unguardedly, "Perhaps you were employed in that little affair yourself, or it may have been executed by some of your agents?" His manner immediately changed "from lively to severe," and with a look which might have frozen a less innocent querist, he exclaimed with a sneer, "No, sir! murder, and not robbery, is my profession!" "What!" said I, in a timid respectful way, "Do you thugs never divert yourselves with the minor performances of the profession?" "Humâra rozgâr nuheen—it is not my profession! We do rob, there's no denying it, but it's not our profession; we look upon it as low and dirty, and I assure you that none but the merest novices would descend so low as to rob a tent or a dwelling-house."

I felt abashed; but I now believe that there was a little dash of pride in the denial—a little *esprit de corps;* for I have since heard an anecdote which proves that they conceive themselves to be occasionally justified in robbing

from tents. The fastidiousness is unreal. Not three years ago, a field officer of infantry was marching through Bundelcund, and while reposing one night in his tents, he was awakened by the swift passage of some substance over his face. He jumped suddenly, but could not discover the cause. Again, while asleep, he was disturbed by a similar sensation; again he lay down, but the third time he jumped up in time to see his white cotton night-cap twisted off his head in a noose; and starting up he saw the thugs in full retreat. He might have been a good field officer, but he was evidently too slow in his movements; had it been a little quicker it is clear that the noose would have been his necklace for life.

I have heard fifty places picked out as the hottest in India, but Calpee, certainly, was always one of them. Heat to the human constitution and feelings is a relative term. Dr. Clarke mentions the heat of his marches near Jerusalem: he states the height of the thermometer at 102° in the valley of Sichem. I have been encamped with a considerable force in the "merry month of May" on the sands of Mynpoorce, in the Doâb, in excellent tents of double flies; yet, in spite of tatties, for there

was seldom a breath of air, the thermometer rose daily to 125°! I have on horseback hunted wild buffaloes at mid-day in the same month, amongst the rocky wilds of Central India; but I have never felt any degree of heat that could for an instant bear comparison with that of the latter end of June at Calpee. On a *cloudy, obscure day*, it stood at 145°. In the shade, even to an old stager like myself, the temperature was awfully sickening, and so fierce that long after sunset I was compelled to forego my constant practice of sitting out in the open air. At half an hour after *sunset* the mercury stood at 150° in the open air, in the square of the cotton godowns. At ten o'clock at night, after endeavouring to obtain relief from a couple of well filled mussucks, the air (when my body was somewhat cooled) was still so heated that I felt as if I had been quietly immersed in a hot bath; and next morning, *at daybreak, the breezes were sultry!*

During the season several natives died of the *coup de soleil;* one driver, with two young women, fell dead from this cause, within a few miles of the city. The native remedy is unique. The patients (if it can be thrust down their

throats) are compelled to swallow a mixture of unripe mangoes, roasted and pounded with salt moistened with water.

April 7th.—Left the fort of Calpee at five in the morning, and marched ten or twelve miles to the village of Murgaon—without tents. The road, being frequented or used by the carts that bring cotton to the Honourable Company's factory, is in excellent order, with the few exceptions of the parts that are crossed by ravines, at which places the lean and miserable bullocks suffer much from straining. These ramps are seldom at a greater angle than 20°; but as the carts are in general very heavily laden, and the wheels seldom exceed three feet in diameter, one or perhaps two additional pair of bullocks are required.

The contrivance used by the natives for preventing the too sudden rush down these slopes, is curious from its simplicity. A rope of twenty or thirty yards long is attached to the back part of the cart, at the end of which are fastened a few circular branches of trees, as seats for two or more men, who, by their weight, produce a considerable degree of friction, so that the cart descends but slowly.

The appearance of the country for the first six or seven miles is barren and hideous in the extreme, the whole being cut up by ravines, intersecting each other in all directions, and with the exception of the dwarf bâer bush, wholly destitute of trees or vegetation. There is such a scarcity of water, owing to the great depth to which it is necessary to dig wells before it is attainable, that no crop which requires irrigation can be raised on this soil, so as to repay the labours of the ryot. But in the rains, scanty crops of joar and bâgera are produced, which perhaps support the husbandmen for a few weeks after their harvest. Barley, chunna, and urrur — grains which are satisfied with a few showers of rain, in the early part of the cold weather— are here and there to be seen scattered beyond the ravines.

Numerous ortolans fluttered about the road, and they were almost the only birds to be seen. It is hardly necessary to tell the Indian reader, that the ortolan is most delicious eating when in season; but the bird-catchers, who pretend to sell them to the Feringees, seldom catch one. With lime-twigs, they catch small singing-birds, which fly in large flocks,

amongst the harvest stubble; but the ortolan is never to be seen but in pairs, male and female; and yet, we hear griffs, who roundly assert that under chattas, or large umbrellas, they have killed thirty or forty at a shot, in the hot winds! It is in this heedless manner that gastronomic science is so seriously injured; corrupt tastes are gradually formed; and the cultivated and delicate feelings of distinguished professors are outraged!

A string of eight or ten full-grown men and women, with their children, mounted on bullocks and tattoos, passed me on their route to Calpee. They were cheereeâ mârs, or bird-killers. Their clothing was but scanty, and consisted of rags of divers colours; but the men's necks were adorned with white necklaces, and the wrists and ankles of the women, with painas or bracelets of zinc. They stopped to offer me chowries, or fly-brushes, made of the tails of wild peacocks (and made most tastily) as well as punkahs or fans. They shewed me several skins of some very large white bird, covered with a very dense white down, which were upwards of six feet in length, and for which they told me that they occasionally got five rupees a pair. The whole

body volunteered to enter my service in their professional capacity, and promised to supply my table with every species of deer, pea-fowls, partridges, ducks, quails, ortolans, and bustards. These people are most ingenious artists. With their well-trained stalking bullock they will approach even the bustard, which is one of the most timid and distrustful birds, within a few yards, and generally succeed in bagging it. They imitate the different calls and cries of other animals, in a most natural and surprising manner.

As I approached Murgaon, the natives were gathering in their harvest. Murgaon is now a small decayed village; but, as usual, there are many brick-built houses to attest its former rank. The neighbourhood is greatly infested by wolves. Only two days before my arrival, a fine girl of six years of age was carried off and devoured by them. But with the usual apathy of the natives, no measures are taken to counteract their awful ravages. The dens of the wolves are to be found in the ravines surrounding the villages; wolves may be seen leaving and entering them every morning and evening; they are perfectly accessible, and the operation of digging them out and catching

them in nets, would be performed by Kunjurs for a mere trifle, without the slightest danger; but this trifle they will not give. It is calculated that no less than two hundred children are *annually* devoured in the city of Agra, by wolves. Everything that can be done to induce the lower classes to watch over their tender offspring has been done, but without any effect. Premiums are given for each wolf brought in dead to the magistrate, and I believe that it has been even proposed to seat the mothers of the lost children on jackasses, and thus parade them through the streets as a punishment! Few Englishmen will believe that the natives, considering wolves as the peculiar scourges of Heaven, deem it impious to destroy them; but such is the fact! The children of the lower orders are reared with great difficulty. Grain is cheap, but there is little or no demand for labour out of towns, because there is no capital. The water to be procured from the wells of the village is brackish, but it is only thirty-three feet under the surface.

I lodged to-day in the hut of the suwars or cavalry, belonging to the Raja of Punnah, who are posted here on police duty, by the agent

for the governor-general. The room was thirty feet long, by eight broad, with a fine free passage for the hot wind through the clay tiles four feet over my head. There was fortunately a fine toofân, or storm, to cool the air, though only a few drops fell in my neighbourhood.

In the afternoon, while walking through the tobacco fields, when the plant was in full flower, I found a weed, the stem of which was covered with pods and seeds strongly resembling those of the genus orchis; they were from six to twelve inches in length. On digging them up I did not find any distinct bulb, but the lower part of the root, which in colour and consistence resembled the carrot, had some small sprouts attached for next year's growth. A holy faqueer (who had once been a cavalry trooper in the British service) told me that an infusion of the plant was intoxicating. They called it Tomâkoo ka Koomba.

I met in my excursion, with three men, inhabitants of the Himmalayan range, and entered into a long conversation with them. They were now returning home, after having performed a tedious pilgrimage to a famous ghat* on the

* The rock of Onkar Mundattah. Vide Memoir of Central India, vol. ii. p. 210-11, first edition.

river Nerbudda, in the Dukhin. A fair is annually held there, during which time, it was formerly, (and is perhaps even now) the custom, for devotees, lepers, and persons afflicted with incurable diseases, to precipitate themselves from a height of several hundred feet into the river, in the hope of obtaining a happy eternity, and in the certainty of being dashed to atoms. The inhabitants of that neighbourhood say, that there is a tradition that one of the great Moguls promised that he would make the first survivor a Rajah.

One of the pilgrims had his whole body covered with elevated tabular spots of the size of a shilling, which itched strongly, and were covered with white scales, and had every appearance of being incipient leprosy. This disease had attacked him on his journey, which had lasted three months. They were begging for their daily bread, dressed in the same everlasting filthy coarse woollen jackets, which they wear in their own beautiful hills. On the roadside, close to the village, stood a mimosa, covered with rags left on the thorns by Hindoo passers-by. The tree is now a saint, and very holy, as it is supposed to have be-

come the residence, under ground, of the blood-devouring goddess Bowannee.

It is a curious circumstance, that the wheat sown on the jet-black soil of Bundelcund produces, without irrigation, heavier crops and finer wheat than the lands of the Doâb, with all the advantages of manure and water.

CHAPTER II.

Jullalpore—Native carriers—The Al—Native tombs—Singular insect—Visit from native chief—Official ingratitude—False alarm—To Ummood—Immense herds of bullocks and antelopes—Indian gipsies are robbers and thugs—Beauty of the thug women—Native justice—Native police—Concert extraordinary—The dignity of justice—To Keitah—Singular fruit—Rât—Ravages of fever—Deserted cantonments—Ruined Bungalows—Melancholy contrast—A runaway camel—A catastrophe—To Kurara—Faqueer's hermitage—To Gorâree—A native turner—Obstinacy of the Hindoos—To Gorha—Rich and poor—Rock pigeons—A new game—Shepherds—Intense labour of their calling—Vegetable diet—Intemperance—Miserable condition of the natives—Agriculture—Generosity and delicacy—Sleep-waking—To Churkaree.

April 8th.—Rode to the city of Jullalpore, only six miles. The road most excellent the whole way. For the first couple of miles the soil was black, and covered with heavy crops,

but the remaining part was calcareous, barren, and intersected with ravines running down to the river Betwah, which enters the Jumna about a mile below the city of Hameerpore. It was here two hundred yards broad, with a very gentle current, and not above a couple of feet deep at the ford, so that I passed over it on horseback without wetting my feet. There were some boats under the south bank, but no mullâs or ferrymen, except during the rains.

The town, which contains some hundred large brick houses, though none of them are new, rises over the south bank of the river, and is supposed by intelligent natives to contain ten thousand inhabitants. To the south of the town the country strongly resembles that round Calpee, being cut up by innumerable ravines.

On the road I passed several Buñjârâ camps. Bunjârâs, in their wild wandering habits, are similar to the muleteers of the continent. They live entirely in the open air, and traverse the wilds of southern and western India with their bullocks, which in those countries supersede the employment of carts. Some of these men were employed in carrying

âl to Mooradabad and Chandowsee, for dying the coarse red cloth called Khàrwa.

Al is a plant rising (when it is fit to be dug) less than a foot above ground, and having a ligneous root above eighteen inches in length, of a bright yellow colour. It is grown only in the jet-black soil, and receives no watering. It is an article of considerable traffic in the Doâb, and to the south.

It being very early when I reached the Seraee, I had a delicious mussuck bath, then ate a most hearty breakfast, and afterwards strolled out amongst some dome-covered tombs, which I saw about four hundred yards off. In one of them, placed in niches in the wall, suspended by two minute silken threads at their heads, and one at their tails, in such a manner that neither the sun nor the rain could touch them, I found a number of very curious insects, of a light sepia colour. They are fastened to the wall, some of them almost perpendicularly, and some quite horizontally. Posteriorly they are jointed as wasps, and when moved backwards and forwards cause a slight noise like that of a bellows. They are an inch in length, and are evidently some insect in a state of progressive development or

metamorphosis. They burst into view as beautiful butterflies of a dark purple.

Endeavouring to discover the native name, Bramins referred me to the Kunjurs, who, as they said, being in the habit of catching lizards, scorpions, foxes, and snakes, must be well acquainted with every species of insect. Natural history is evidently esteemed by them as a study beneath the dignity of the paynim priesthood.

The Jemadar, or chief of chupprassees, named Buctour Khan, paid me a visit, and acquainted me with the important services he had rendered government, and the truly splendid reward which he had obtained. Buctour was the person, it seems, who first discovered, and gave immediate notice to the officer then commanding in the fort of Calpee, when it sustained and repulsed the attack of Nanna Pundit, who was eager to obtain the lacs of rupees, which were then lying in its treasury for the purchase of cotton. After much trouble, and a most tedious and protracted correspondence, government was actually prevailed upon to grant him a bonus of a whole hundred rupees, and a handsome annuity, paid three months in arrear, of six

rupees a month. And for this latter sum he is only expected to do duty as a Jemadar of chupprassees. The poor man was plundered of every article in his possession by the guerillas, and merely escaped with his life by the intercession of one of their body. If such a thing were to happen now, Buctour Khan would be created either a Knight or a C.B., *without* the salary.

Walking amongst the ravines in the evening, I discovered a species of Carduus* which I met before in the hills near Simla, at an elevation of about seven thousand feet. The plant was not so luxuriant in its growth, and the white flowers, issuing from the seed-ball, were not a twentieth part of the size, and but barely protruded. Their lilaceous scent was similar, but exceedingly faint.

While enjoying the delicious coolness of the night air, as I lay stretched at full length on my high charpaee, in the full strength of the glorious moonshine, my neighbours and occupants of the seraee were alarmed by a noise as if from the simultaneous shout of a large body of people. I, from having been lately robbed, was on the *qui vive*, and told the Burkandases that it was no doubt a dâkkâ, or robbery.

* Spinossimus.

Instantly all was noise, bustle, and confusion. "Noor Mohummed! Noor Mohummud!" shouted one. "Where is my tulwar? Give me a sontha, (a large iron-bound bludgeon.) Saddle my horse! Where's Dost Ulee? Run along, my lads! Dour, dour!—run, run!"

The treasury of the Tusseeldar, or native collector of revenue, being on the opposite side of the street, I was a witness to the consternation with which the alarm filled its inhabitants. The gates were immediately shut, and strict orders given not to open them; the muster-roll was called on the roof, and the most anxious inquiries made about the absentees. At last, after allowing a sufficiency of time for the supposed robbers either to have robbed and murdered a dozen of people, or to have escaped half a mile, half a dozen of valiant desperate heroes left the seraee, rushing out sword in hand, and the suwars proceeded at a cautious pace lest they should arrive too quickly at the scene of action, and all was silent expectation. In a few minutes it was officially announced that a party of villagers had been raising and conveying a lame bullock to a place of safety. So there was no adventure after all.

10th.—Rode ten miles to Ummood. The road excellent from the calcareous soil. With exception of some small patches near one village, the whole country through which I passed was uncultivated, and covered with the bushes of Kurrounda and Dwarf-bâer. The only trees visible were those of Babòol, which were small and stunted.

Many hundred Bunjara bullocks were proceeding to Mynpooree, in the Doâb, laden with iron from Heerapore, (or the city of diamonds,) where it is smelted in small air-furnaces. Some of the newly-married Bunjara ladies were sitting straddle on tattoos, and bullocks, (whose necks were adorned with necklaces of thousands of white cowries,) and seemed to pride themselves on and enjoy the dignity of their situation and equipage. I've seen many beautiful Feringee girls less proud on blood horses. The old ones, with their children, were on foot, employed in driving the loitering and weary oxen. Along with the bullocks, were many starved lean cows, and their calves. The average journey of Bunjara herds seldom exceeds eight miles, and they can only visit the Doâb immediately after harvest, or in the rains, as at other times there is no grazing.

Numerous herds of antelopes traversed the road in the early part of the morning, within good rifle distance, and seemingly quite free from alarm.

Visited a camp of nutts, or gipsies. Their tattoos, bullocks, goats, and asses, were grazing on the neighbouring waste, and there were about twenty or thirty women and children sitting near the dirty tents. There were only a few old men with the encampment, and all of these unfit for hard work.

Returning from Asseer-gurh in the Deccan, in the year 1824, I spoke to these very people, and actually recognised one of their party, so that I expected to meet them in this neighbourhood. I inquired, as I did formerly, from what part they had come, and they replied from Marwar, and they had been here for three months; but one of the old men, when they were asking me many questions, stopped them till he had ascertained my intended route. They brought me some milch goats and country greyhounds for sale, but I declined purchasing either. I was, in fact, pretty well acquainted with their general characters, and formerly heard a very curious account of their customs and habits of life, which, if communicated, would not be readily believed in Europe.

One of the commonest frauds of these people may be mentioned. Whenever they conclude a bargain for any of their domestic animals, they take the proffered money, and a circle of women is formed, for the ostensible purpose of examining the rupees, but really for the purpose of concealing their intention of changing them for base coin. In a few minutes they return the money into the hands of the purchaser, and pretend that they are dissatisfied with *that* species of rupee, and require the old Benares rupees, the "mutcheedars," (those stamped with a fish,) because they are of exceedingly pure silver, and that they want the money for making bangles; but the reason is, because they are very scarce, and they believe it impossible that their gull has them. Sometimes they will take the money back, (but always return it at last,) in the hope that new good coin may be offered. This practice they try on all, and I purposely laid a bait for them, having new rupees from the Company's Calcutta Mint,—and having received in return, what they pretended were Seereenuggurees rupees, I compelled them to return my own, and they looked at each other with marks of alarm and consternation at my detection. From

what I saw of their faces, and heard, or rather guessed, of their language, (*for they, to each other, talked another tongue,*)* I am persuaded that if circumstances had been more in their favour, the women would have pulled me off my horse, and then either murdered or robbed me, for the money on my person. I am sure that it was proposed, and that the objections raised were the daylight, and that the horse kicked. I gathered up my reins, and tickled the ribs of my nag, so as to keep him on the alert, while two opposite parties, one of six or eight on each side of my saddle, were vainly endeavouring to attract my attention. This fraud they cannot practise in the vicinity of large towns, for which reason they chiefly, if not invariably, reside within a few miles of small cities, in some waste or desert place, from which they can decamp in a few minutes, if they suspect they are discovered.

From these circumstances, I am persuaded that they forge coin, and are also phanseegars, or thugs, for which reason so few men are found at home, they being constantly engaged

* At the time it struck me that they were using cant phrases. I have since been confirmed in this opinion, by the publication of Major Sleeman, called "Papers on Thuggee." Their slang is termed Râmâsee.

abroad, in thugging murders. Those in camp have no visible mode of gaining their bread; "they toil not, neither do they spin," and yet they continue to be fat and sleek. The women, old and young, are all harlots by profession, and no doubt may procure a trifle now and then; but it is said of them that if they have reason to think there is any money, they decoy their victims to solitary places, to which they are secretly followed by the males, and then slay and bury them in some well or sand-bank. Some of the women are most remarkable for their beauty of countenance and elegance of figure, and are to be found all over India, as singers and dancers, at all large fairs or mailâs. By a curious coincidence, these trades, in all parts of the world, seem to go hand in hand. The exceptions are rare.

As they have no caste, or pretensions to nicety in their feeding, they procure animal food by their dogs, and devour hares, foxes, jackals, snakes, field mice, guanas, leopards, and carrion, with equal relish. Now and then, by an ingenious device, they obtain bullocks and cows. They creep up quietly to Bunjara camps in the night, and frightening the bullocks by throwing squibs or fire-works amongst

them, they seize such as break their fastenings, and drive them to their own neighbourhood, where they are cut up long before daybreak, and eaten at their leisure.

The seraee in which I halted, has recently undergone considerable improvement and enlargement, from the labour of convicts from Humeerpore. But being entirely out of sight of Europeans, these gentlemen ceased to work at ten o'clock; and they are all sleek, fat, handsome rogues, as usual.

In the middle of the square, there was a small *suwaree* of a naughty professional lady from Saugor. On reaching this place yesterday, on her way to Cawnpore, a convict affected to recognise one of her carriage bullocks as having been stolen from (but most probably by) him five years ago. The lady will probably remain in durance until the thannadar has received a suitable present, when it will be taken into consideration that as few bullocks retain their colour for five years, that millions of bullocks are as like each other as twin buglas, and as she has already produced a certificate from the kotwal's office at Saugor that the bullock was legally bought and sold,—that it is probable the convict may

have been mistaken; and she will be released.

When I spoke to one of the burkandases on the glaring insufficiency of the evidence, he replied, "What can we do? It is most probable that the convict lies; but if we release her without inquiring, it will be said that we were bribed. Ah!" said he, "Guwâee men burra hurkut! There is great difficulty in getting evidence; you are such a very particular people about evidence." The rogue was right, for I thought of Gopal.

The lady of the kotwal of the Sudder Bazar at Saugor was in very different circumstances: she marched in her bylee, with two armed men wearing brass plates or badges of office, in great state, and after enjoying herself went away without hindrance. The lady came from her family at Coel. And this is one of the advantages which a native derives from the possession of office; he can make what use he pleases of the police guards; no Thannadar would dare, in the absence of solemn and official accusation, to violate that sacred emblem of power and dignity.

I was awakened at night from a sound sleep by the repeated savâshes! wâh! wâhs! from

the residence of the thannadar. That respectable functionary had prevailed upon the naughty bullock-stealing professional lady to favour him so far as to assist at a small concert, which he gave to the principal nobility and gentry at Numood, which was kept up with great spirit till twelve o'clock, at which hour the clanking chains of the attending convicts announced their safe return from the amusements of the evening. Now what pure oriental feeling does this display! Here we have the chief magistrate of a city presiding at. and his bailiffs and followers regaling themselves with, an extorted and gratuitous concert in the hall of justice, to which convicted murderers, housebreakers, highwaymen, were specially invited to attend. A fine lofty tone of moral feeling runs through the chain, and well does the thannadar know his own rank in the association. In fact, a convict in chains is merely a native gentleman—a little roué, perhaps—employed on especial duties in the company's service, for which he is well fed, and has little labour. This is the real Hindoostanee view of the subject.

The wind during the day was of a blistering heat; but in the night the air was so deli-

ciously cool, that about twelve I was obliged to cover myself with my quilted cotton resâee. There are two large tanks on the road-side close to the village; but the water is both brackish and muddy.

10th.—Rode twelve miles to the recently abandoned cantonments of Keitah. The place is covered with handsome large and snug little deserted bungalows of officers. The latter part of the country was both well planted and cultivated, and there appeared numerous villages, each surrounded by a bouquet of trees, chiefly babool of a small size, mowa, and mangoe. The mowas were now in full flower, and the mangoes with small fruit ready for pickling. From the sweet pulpy petals of the mowa when it falls to the ground, a spirit is produced by fermentation, which is much consumed by the lower orders in central and western India; but to Europeans (I mean to the gentry) the liquor is the most hideously nauseous that can be conceived. The Bheels, Goands, and other wild tribes in India, almost live upon them when dried, when they bear a strong resemblance in taste and appearance to raisins. They still, however, retain considerable portion of their most villanous scent.

Passed the populous and busy village of Rât on my left, and found at the further end a large green, on which the bodies of upwards of seventy Hindoos had been recently burned with kundahs, or cow-dung cakes, for economy; wood being scarce. Each spot was marked by a large heap of ashes. Some of the inhabitants told me that these people had died of fevers, which are now raging dreadfully all over this part of India. The cause of this malaria is very clear—the low swampy ground and large tanks by which the place is surrounded, as well as the numerous plantations or gardens of the pawn vine. The station of Keitah has been deserted on that account alone. There, during the last season, the fever raged as a plague. Europeans and natives suffered equally. I am a predestinarian—Che sara, sara: Clem Brown used to say that it was a very comfortable doctrine *for a private!*

Small insulated hills, crowned with rugged masses or peaks of black rock, begin to appear in the southern quarter of Bundelcund; hitherto, the land, although much higher, is nearly as flat as that of Bengal. The cantonments with their numerous deserted bazars present a most melancholy spectacle. Although six

months have not elapsed since the troops departed, many of the bungalows have been robbed by the natives of their door-frames and venetians; and in some not a pane of glass has been left. The formerly luxuriant and beautiful gardens are now choked with weeds, and crowded with the unpruned trees. The genus citrus, however, seems to suffer less from the want of irrigation than any other, for of this all the trees I saw, whether oranges, limes, or citrons, were covered either with flowers or fruit, and apparently in full vigour. So likewise were the apple-trees covered with fruit.

In the churchyard are deposited the bodies of upwards of eighty Europeans, and even there has the "innocent Hindoo" violated the sanctity of interment, by digging up and stealing the iron railings round the tombs. A guard of a Jemadar and thirty sepahees, with a European serjeant in charge of the public buildings—the former subject to, but the latter almost destroyed by, repeated attacks of ague combined with dysentery—were left here, without even a native doctor, or a single dose of medicine of any kind.

Keitah stands on the borders of a plain of jet black earth, which in every part of India

is notorious for producing malaria. The ravines round the edge of the plain are sufficient to drain a district, so that its unhealthiness cannot be reasonably attributed to the lodging of the waters behind.

It was curious to find the parade-ground covered with a delicate purple-flowered species of clover growing in little tufts. What mirth and enjoyment formerly filled these melancholy cob-webbed houses! Now all is solitude and desolation. I entered some of the houses where I had formerly dined, and scared out the mina or the owl. The vines once so nicely trellised were lying on the ground, to die in the hot winds for want of water: the nectarine and hill-rose, brought from afar by some careful horticulturist, were to be found in rank luxuriance, unpruned and unfettered. The old major and the young cornet on their sober and prancing chargers; the ensign and his neighing tattoo, or rattling drag; the shrill trumpet and the musical bugle; the cheerful mess and the snug dinner party; the rapid dashing movements of cavalry and the steady masses of bristling bayonets, all, all gone!

12th.—Left Keitah before daybreak for Goorpa, distant eleven miles. Within half a

mile of the boundaries of cantonments crossed the little river Sooktee, which takes its rise about fifteen or sixteen miles further to the west in the lake Meetâb. It is now about thirty feet broad, and eight inches deep; but its banks prove that it cannot be forded during the rains. I also crossed several other insignificant mountain torrents.

Before I had lost sight of the cantonments I was somewhat surprised to hear that my dromedaries, servants, and guard, were a little further on. This gave rise to numerous comfortable reflections on the pleasures of early breakfasting, and I pushed on to discover the cause; but I had scarcely advanced a couple of hundred yards before I reached my baggage all strewed over the ground, and (when they saw me) some of my servants attempting to hold a wild dromedary, which, after a few judicious struggles, kicked itself free, and set off at a magnificent trot of sixteen miles an hour, due north, or, as the Yankees say, slick off, right on end,—followed by the two remaining ones. But the surwan or driver catching one of the runaway leader's ropes, hung on; and being soon joined by an active young sepahee, they were caught and brought back. All my

trunks were broken or disjointed; plates, cups, and saucers, smashed; and one, my sole bottle of very delicious old pale Cognac, the real 1795, "from me for ever gone."

In case of cholera, or even colic, (for, like the delicate young lady in the Beggar's Opera, I never drink "strong waters," except when I've got the wind on my stomach,) I was utterly helpless, or should have been obliged to swallow mowa and assafœtida. Karamut the careful, my khidmutgar, had packed all the bottle-ware with a handful of grass at the bottom; and instigated by the diabolic doctrine of specific gravities, had placed salt-beef, potatoes, &c., above them.

This occurred at two in the morning, the camels and drivers being a mile a-head; the former took fright at a hyena, and could not be brought to their senses. By this was my personal estate minus by twenty Sonat rupees.

The road hitherto had wound through basins and ravines. On rising over them, to the level of the country, I soon arrived at the village of Kurrara on my left, which is crowned by an insulated rock, or rather, confused heap of large blocks, most probably granitic, of one hundred feet high; at the bottom of which is

a fine large tank, with a very ancient embankment of masonry. On the top of the rock there are the remaining walls of a faqueer's hermitage, now abandoned. This was the first penetration of the primary strata through the surface of the earth.

A couple of miles further, passing through a continuous sheet of corn, ripe for the sickle, we reached another hill of a similar construction, at the bottom of which stands the village of Gorâree. On seeing a large hewn stone on the road side, resembling a mill-stone, I desired my saees to hand me one of the chippings, which proved to be of common coarse grey granite. The man, seeing me pay such attention to a piece of granite, thought I might be curious about other stones, so told me that the village was famous for the manufacture of cups and vessels of different sizes in stone. I was surprised at this, believing the rock also to be of granite.

He ascended the hill, and in a few minutes returned with the artist and some of his recent productions, consisting of cups of a light and spotted serpentine, (turned, but very coarsely, on a lathe,) five or six inches in diameter, and a couple of inches deep. Some of them

were semi-transparent, but some nearly if not quite opaque. Of these I bought three, for four pice. The serpentine is dug from the top of the hill; and the artist told me, when I proposed to employ him in making ornamental vases &c. of the same material, that he was a very poor man, and his efforts had never been directed to larger patterns; meaning to infer that it was impossible he could either try or succeed; and when a Hindoostanee says this, if you mean to keep your temper you must believe him, for you might as well expect to "wile a bird from the tree," as make him change his opinion or practice.

Arrived at the village of Gorhà, which is placed on the east bank of the small gravelly-bottomed river Urjun. It contains perhaps a thousand souls, ryots or farmers, and all miserably poor; it is part of the dominions of the rajah of Chuckaree.

After some difficulty I was ushered into a long clean room, similar to that at Murgaon; but the rajah's chupprassee hinted, that being a rich man, and as I had taken shelter in a poor woman's house, it would be proper to make her a present of two pice on my departure.

I felt the heat most intensely, and as I got no breakfast till 12 o'clock, I was greatly weakened and faint; my stomach was in a most mutinous state. In fact, before the strong perspiration of the day has commenced, the heat is much more severely felt than afterwards. So I poured a good many gurrahs of cool water over my head from time to time.

On the march I flushed several small flocks of what are known in India as "rock pigeons," and which are seldom or never to be seen, except on limestone rocks or calcareous soils. Of this beautiful (and most delicious eating) game bird there are said to be two species. By some they are supposed to be a species of ptarmigan, having feathers down to the claws, and the larger sort of the size of a small bantam; but the most common variety is not larger than a pigeon of full size. They are of a light chocolate colour on the back, with black breasts; lie very close, and even after they have been seen to alight they are hardly discernible till they move, from their great similarity to the colour of the ground, when they flush suddenly, with great strength and a clucking noise. They make a tour in the

air generally within sight, and again alight within a few hundred yards. By all connoisseurs they are greatly prized and admired. They live well in a state of confinement (in cages), and would probably thrive and be a valuable addition to the game of the bleakest and most desert moors of England.

Here the shepherds and shepherdesses drive out their flocks of sheep and goats early in the morning, carrying with them, in a most filthy rag, their daily food, and their water in porous red goglets, holding a couple of quarts each, swinging round their shoulders. I will venture to say that the labour, such as theirs, for one single day, would destroy nine-tenths of that description of servant, in England. No screen nor shelter from the burning sun; constant slow walking exercise, or the certainty of losing some of their charge from the ravages of wolves; the thermometer at 125° *in the shade*, with a wind so burning hot as to blister the skin of an European, and make the noses of the most temperate like a "lantern in the poop of some huge admiral." But instead of cider, flat ale, or spirits, with pork, bacon, or beef, the peasants here live entirely on wheaten or barley cakes, occa-

sionally moistened with mustard-seed oil and chillies in a little thick pea-soup. They suffer nothing from the exposure.

Europeans are, undoubtedly, destroyed by their coarse inflammatory diet and stimulating liquors. Even amongst gentlemen it is easy to trace intemperance, from the corresponding atony of their stomachs in the morning; ninety-nine in a hundred either take a cup of strong coffee or tea immediately on leaving their beds, or resort to some house (generally a bachelor's) where they can procure a cup after or during their morning ride. This is well known as "the coffee-shop" of the cantonment or station, and there divers amusing topics are discussed.

The natives in this neighbourhood are busy in reaping, or guiding their bullocks in treading out their corn from sunrise to sunset; and all this for a mere miserable, vegetating, protracted existence. Worn out with constant toil, they saunter slowly home at dark, driving their lean, galled, worn-out oxen; after a few mouthfuls of scanty unsavoury food, and a few gulps of muddy water, tinctured with neem or burgot, the blanket or sheet is wrapped round their bodies and heads,

and in a few minutes they are sound asleep, over or close to some filthy, stinking pool or dunghill of generations.

There is a considerable difference between Bundelcund and the east of Hindoostan in many points; in their agriculture, for instance. Large groves or forests of mangoe trees are not to be seen; the mangoe is a rare tree; but in their stead is found the môwa, equally scarce in the Doâb. They here cut large quantities of the fine hay grasses of the country at the conclusion of the rains; but to destroy as much as possible the advantages which their miserable cattle might reap from this measure, they tie it up into handfuls before it is nearly dry, and stack it in this state, so that it is irrecoverably spoiled, rotten, or mouldy, in a short time.

After eating my dinner, which consisted of a roast fowl and a piece of nice salt beef with potatoes, and a few tumblers of delicious tamarind sherbet, I offered a rupee to the old lady for the accommodation of her dwelling. This she resisted most sincerely and strenuously, and after a long trial I was obliged to desist. I then called a friend of hers, a respectable old villager, and stated my case, begging his

friendly assistance. He undertook the cause, and with the Kuldar rupee in his hand commenced an oration. The leading points were, that I was one of the governors of a kingdom, (I thought, and so will *some* of my readers, of Sancho,) and a man of most exalted office and highly dignified station; and that as there could be no doubt that a rupee was as a cowry* in my eyes, she ought, in common gratitude, to accept it; which she did with a thousand hearty benedictions, which are all on record, and will, I hope, be attended to; for nobody has more need of them.

This being a village of "innocent Hindoos," most remarkable for its numerous robberies, arsons, and murders, I ordered, besides my guard, a couple of chowkeydars, or watchmen, to be hired for my defence during my sleep. Having first paid them, and then loaded my detonating pistols, I placed my bed on an elevated platform under the shade of a large spreading neem tree; and then fixing my eyes on the magnificent constellations, marking the splendid coruscations of numerous meteors, thinking of perihelions and aphelions, squares, cycles, nodes, thieves, Worcester music meet-

* A small seashell, of which a hundred may equal a halfpenny.

ings, brood mares, and boiled salt beef, I sank into a delicious calm sleep, and was awakened at four by the screams of pea-fowl from the banks of the river Urjun! Do you call this nonsense, reader? Had you ever the nous to register your thoughts (when your stomach was in first-rate order) upon a similar occasion? Did you ever sleep in the open air in a tropical climate, with your eyes on the glorious heavens? No, you love moscheto curtains, and sirdar bearers to mull your legs, a white cotton night-cap and pàejâmâs, and are particularly careful not to catch cold. But *taste* is everything!

I arose, washed my hands and face, and after seeing my bedding despatched, jumped on horseback, and rode on to Churkaree, passing a large lake full of water-fowl which I had not formerly seen, close to the village I had slept in.

CHAPTER III.

Native agriculture—Native game-preserve—Fortifications of Churkaree—Lotus Lakes—The town—The rajah's palace—The inhabitants all armed—Singular costume—Public wells—Handsome women—The rajah—A refractory official—Remonstrance—Native diplomacy—Hindoo politeness—Native ornaments—A Bundela cart—The rajah's equipage—Armed force of the rajah—Domestic architecture in Bundelcund—The spirit of trade—A new mode of exciting compassion—To Mahoba—State of the country—Wild hogs—Sporting district—Antique temple—Artificial lake and ruined town—Native fair—Enchanting scene—Early associations—Bathing in public—Hindoo notions of delicacy—Native curiosity—Mussulman temple—Causes of malaria.

April 13th.—The first part of the road was through an orchard of mowa trees, and at that early hour I found the natives busy in gathering the ripe petals which had fallen during the night. In most of the orchards there was a

fire of the leaves burning slowly, of which I could not divine the use, as I thought the weather sufficiently hot. I discovered, on asking, that they were burnt to enable the villagers to see where the petals had fallen, as they were found with difficulty amongst the leaves. At this season there are no green leaves on the mowa trees. The fields on both sides of the road were of the jet-black soil, and covered with heavy crops of âl, wheat, and barley, all on a dead level.

After riding this way for a mile or two I entered the rumna, or preserve of game, belonging to his highness the rajah of Churkaree. This was occasionally eaten down with sheep; near the road it was thinly covered by a species of mimosa, which produces a gum similar to gum Arabic, and is also generally covered with large gall nuts.

This rumna continued till I entered the gorge of the small granitic basin, on the top of one of whose low hills stand the fortifications of Churkaree. They consist of a wall of rubble masonry, apparently from eighteen to twenty feet high on the outer crest of the rock, which is very extensive.

At the bottoms of the hills are large lakes,

one to the south with an extensive embankment of masonry, and garnished with temples and *maisons de plaisance*. The waters were covered with the white lotus flower, and swarmed with fishes, such as carp and singhees. Many men, women, and children, were bathing in its waters—sitting and dressing or undressing on the steps leading to their surface.

The town of Churkaree is prettily situated on the side of the hill over the lake, and has a very fine appearance from a distance. In India as in Europe, "'tis distance lends enchantment to the view," for most of the towns, if not all, are as dirty as Madeira, and as stinking as Lisbon. But as most of the houses have their upper stories white-washed, and are seen peeping through the dark-green leafy trees of the country, the contrast is very agreeable to the eye; but with the exception of the rajah's palace, which is badly situated, and surrounded by a high wall at the bottom of the hill, the houses are of a very inferior description, and the town very straggling, irregular, and dirty, containing perhaps nearly 15,000 souls, of which probably a thousand may be Mussulmans.

Almost every one, from the youth of thir-

teen, (who is generally burdened in a most ludicrous manner with a sword, double-handed dagger in its leathern case, powder-horn, pistol, spear, and matchlock,) to the grey-haired, whiskered, and mustachioed old man of seventy, has a sword, spear, or a bow and arrows.

Their mode of clipping their mustachios adds much to their already feline appearance. They shave the part from the nose down to the corner of the lips so as to form a triangle: the hairs remaining are then trained out *en espalier*, sometimes to the length of from six to nine inches, horizontally, in which position they are most carefully and diligently preserved by bands of cotton roomals, or handkerchiefs, as if they were afflicted with severe colds: these are seldom removed except on state occasions, or grand gala days, when they are going to slaughter a goat (for the sake of its flesh) to Bowannee!

The well-water of Churkaree resembles that of all the villages I have hitherto passed, being more like a weak solution of Cheltenham salts than water for daily use; but there are fortunately some where it is pure and excellent.

I cannot help remarking that I never saw so

many wellformed and handsome women together, as I did at the wells on the outside of the town, drawing water, to be carried home (à la Rebecca) on their heads, for the daily consumption of their families; indeed, some of their faces were strikingly intelligent, and their figures eminently graceful. The population is almost purely Hindoo; and I think that the Hindoo females are more delicate in their proportions than the Moosulmanees.

The rajah of Churkaree, Ruttun Sing Buhadoor, was absent, having gone out the morning of my arrival on a shooting excursion eight or nine miles off, and on my approach I was directed to pass through the town to join my servants. I rode through the town, passed the borders of the lake, and arrived at a ruined bungalow, where I found my servants and sepahees standing in a most disconsolate manner, with my baggage lying on the ground, and not the slightest refectory symptoms. The naick advanced, presented, and told me that the Darogah refused to give me any shelter in the town, and said that it was against the rajah's order that Feringees should be allowed to live in it.

I turned my horse's head without dismount-

ing, and, preceded by the naick, advanced in rather an ill humour, and in a short time arrived at the Thanna. I called for the thannadar—he appeared—an old man of nearly seventy, fat, decrepit, and terribly debauched in his appearance, eternally chewing paun and spices. His beard was died a jet black, and he was attired in fine white English muslin. He would neither rise, nor salaam. I told him very civilly what I wanted; he replied, that there was no house good enough for me at Churkaree, and so forth. I said that I knew that well; but as I was a traveller I required, and would, no doubt, procure shelter; so after a little debate I made him send for one of his retinue, an old bent-down man with a stick in his hand, to whom (after as much resistance as he dared openly shew) he gave *vivâ voce* instructions to furnish me with a suitable house in the bazar—at the same time giving him a most expressive wink, which I detected.

The man walked before me through several long streets, and at last, looking about purposely for the most ruinous hut that he could see, pointed with a pleasant official sneer to one whose tiled roof had lately fallen in, and still

remained on the floor, and told me that Mâcân was at my service. "You're no doubt a funny old rogue," said I, "but that won't exactly answer; for I saw the darogah sahib wink at you, not to get me a house. But I think you will act more wisely if you provide me with one immediately."

He made some foolish excuses, and amongst other things said, that the rajah had forbidden any accommodation to be given to Feringees: to which I took the liberty of replying that many rajahs, and amongst the rest his master, lived entirely at their mercy, and that he acted thus as standing on his own dunghill; and continued lecturing him till we returned to the thanna, where I told the old rogue that I had seen him wink, to forbid the man's getting me a house; but as I had made up my mind to remain there till I got one, I should dismount and sit down in the street, and that I should direct my moonshee to write to acquaint the rajah his master with his unprovoked incivility, that I might ascertain how far he acted upon his instructions, and whether the rajah would approve of his behaviour.

After a little more conversation, during which I observed that his honour the chief

justice of Churkaree began to waver, I dismounted and sat down on a stone close to the thanna; and having told my saees to hold my nag, sent the sepahee for my moonshee; but long before his arrival, "my fat friend" directed the old man, without winking, to make a more particular search; on which I remounted, followed him, and in a few minutes found myself "at ease in mine inn;" for, as all I required was a shelter from the sun, there was no difficulty in finding a suitable place.

In one corner of this mansion, which was the shop of a bunneea, stood large heaps of *âl*, ready sorted for transportation. At my left sat a fat, stupid-looking Hindoo, a sonar, working in gold or brass, at the option of his customers; now eyeing me attentively, and now handling a large brass chain for the feet of an elephant, which he told me had cost much hard labour and money, but which the rajah of Churkaree had now returned without fault on his hands, to his great loss—"What redress can I hope to get, Sir?"

I was seated at my ease when, to my astonishment, I found all of a sudden the chief justice walking up to me, attended by a long train of servants, all armed cap-a-pie, one with

a sword, another with a spear, with their large mustachios flying wanton in the air—released from their dirty pocket-handkerchiefs. He began—

"So you have got a place?"

"Yes, such as the magnificent hospitality of his highness the rajah of Churkaree can afford to a stranger!"

"You may put your things here—where is your bedding?"

"Oh, many thanks—you are very kind, very accommodating. I've got permission already from the bunneea! I have taken the liberty of writing a Persian letter to the rajah —will your worship do me the honour to hear it read?—Read on, moonshee."

He had no sooner read a few lines than the face or mercury of the Darogah Jee's visage fell, and indicated "much rain;" a few more lines staggered him, and he appeared terribly vexed and frightened, but he made no reply.

"Will that suit your worship," said I, with a smile, "or must he go on?"

He stood a few seconds longer, and then suddenly turning round, said, "Come, come, let us be gone." Off he started, the people all laughing when he was gone.

In a few minutes afterwards a very respectably dressed man, a Bramin, entered, and commenced a conversation with the goldsmith; and then, as if accidentally seeing me, salaamed, which I returned most courteously. He gradually sidled up and spoke to me, but guessing his design (which was to sift out what my real intentions were) I stood on the defensive, and barely answered many trifling questions. At last he hinted that perhaps I was offended with the darogah. I replied, that was a matter of no consequence, as I could settle that with the rajah by letter. After breaking the ice he thought it would be no difficult matter to pump me, so he turned round to the sonar and pointed to a stool, intending to do me the honour to discuss the matter on terms of equality. He got the stool, but no sooner had he seated himself, than I stood; and by all the rules of Hindoostanee politeness, he was compelled to rise. He appeared very confused, and protested that he was a very respectable man, and that he was always honoured by a chair at the agent's, &c. I replied that I never doubted that for a moment—that I surely did not hinder him from sitting—that if he pleased he might have my vacant chair,

but with his permission (with a low bow) I would continue to stand. He answered that he could not think of sitting while I stood, &c., but all to no purpose, as his colleague had deported himself so uncivilly. In fact, it was his duty to have asked permission to have seated himself, that being the custom of Hindoostan, and which no native gentleman, except on terms of the greatest intimacy, ever overlooks, and which is never refused. After a few trifling remarks on the state of the weather, the movements of the governor-general, and the intentions of the agent, he salaamed, and walked away as wise as he came.

Soon after his departure, a large supply of hay was sent from the palace, and the attending burkandaz would neither take payment nor allow me to give a few pice to the poor woman who brought it.

The women at Churkaree, even the very beggars, wear enormous zincken painas or ankle bangles, sometimes of a curb chain, and sometimes of a scolloped pattern—all made of cast metal. These are filled with bits of small gravel, to emit a tinkling sound as they walk. Some of these ornaments are cast in a most beautiful manner, although the pattern may

be highly complicated, by a race of men called "bhureeas," to whom the occupation is hereditary. Some of the ladies are not satisfied with painas only, but also have immense bracelets and rings of the same shining silvery metal. A little boy, not more than three years old, who repeatedly passed my dwelling, had a string of silver bells round his loins, while his whole body was as bare as at his birth.

The Bundela cart, which brought my baggage to Churkaree, had the usual long lumbering body, but *two* unique wheels, for they were unlike each other. Each wheel was composed of three pieces; one large central, perforated by a large wooden axle four inches in diameter, and two segments fastened to the central by strong wooden pins. One of the wheels was nearly elliptical, one axis being nine inches longer than the other. The other was a square, with the corners cut off. Is it any wonder that a pair of powerful buffaloes could barely pull it along at the rate of a mile an hour? A first-rate cart on this scientific construction (for who can deny that ellipses and squares are mathematical figures?) can be purchased for three rupees. They creak

so powerfully that, unless well oiled, they may be heard a full mile off.

It appears to me a very strange thing that none of the coarse inedible grasses of Hindoostan are to be seen in Bundelcund. Their presence alone gives an air of culture to the most deserted parts of the country. The finest hay in the world might be made, and in heavy crops, from those I see daily.

While passing the lake on my arrival, I was overtaken by the equipages of his highness, the rajah, returning empty to the palace mews. The first was an ugly, ill-constructed, provincial-made palankeen carriage, drawn by two very handsome dapple-grey horses, *en postillon*, with the most astonishingly decayed harness—all in a filthy, dirty state. After this, came a couple of ill-clothed and worse mounted suwars, or horsemen, and then a native, driving one of the most deformed and ugliest horses in India, in a hideous, rattling, full-bodied buggy. The noise of these two drags would have commanded attention in any capital of Europe.

The rajah has an armed force of five hundred sepahees in his pay, dressed in the native manner, and two buglemen, who were for-

merly in the Company's service, who performed at sunset. They complained that they could neither get as much as they did before, nor even that portion with any regularity. The hill swarmed with petted peafowl, which are fed by the rajah's orders with gram, which is thrown on the housetops. Many parts of the town are defended by a scarp and counterscarp, the ditch between them being broad, and fifteen feet deep.

In architecture, I think the Bundelas shew more taste than the Hindoostanees in general. In their buildings they do not allow those long sickening dead walls, used by the natives of the central parts, but relieve them by Saxon arches, with fantastic pillars, protruding windows, and grotesque battlements, as may be seen in almost every house inhabited by persons above the class of day-labourers at Churkaree. The upper parts of these stone houses are generally coarsely plastered, and often white-washed, so that at a little distance their appearance indicates wealth and cleanliness. Some of their old houses are exceedingly picturesque, from their various tints and singular architecture; at a distance they

appear like the old castles in the northern parts of Scotland.

Out of their idleness, my servants went to the thanna to procure fowls for my dinner; and the Daroga, being determined to try the effects of low diet, refused to give them any for sale, saying, that I should have given notice the day before! After waiting an hour or two, a bans-phore, or bamboo splitter, came to tell me that he would get me as many fowls as I required, provided I would first pay for them. I asked if he was afraid that I would defraud him? He said, no, surely not—but he had his reasons; for, he said, he would buy the fowls, and have a profit by selling them to me. I gave him five pice or halfpence, and he cleared a halfpenny by the transaction.

While walking about in the evening, before dinner, I was greatly amused at a singular spectacle in one of the streets; a stout, athletic, well-fed, and well-dressed black scoundrel was beating his head and arms, till the blood trickled down his face and body, at the doors of such profane Hindoos as refused to give him alms! He had been previously insisting on more than he got, but perceiving

the householders backed by a Feringee, he gradually composed his well-regulated mind to his disappointment, and, cursing us all, walked off, quite out of humour!

In England, beggars endeavour to excite compassion by chewing soap, or counterfeiting epilepsy, shewing hideous ulcers carefully kept from healing, &c. A fellow beating himself till the blood trickled down would be an object of unfeigned mirth, and would be deservedly encored, either in Clare Market, or High Holborn!

My moorghees, being converted into a most delicious curry, I ate at sunset, sitting out on the chubootra of a wealthy Bramin, whose permission I had previously obtained.

I could obtain no sleep during the night, from the ceaseless attacks of clouds of moschitoes, and, long before day-break, by numerous processions of women, singing as they went to their reaping—to work till dark, through the burning heats of the day.

14th.—Rode ten or eleven miles in a fine cool morning, to the once splendid city of Mâhoba. The road excellent and hard the whole distance, passing through small valleys, bordered with low granitic hills on both sides,

perhaps 100 feet high, and covered, as at Churkaree, with huge masses of rock, piled over each other.

The lands only producing the rainy season crops, they look at present as wild, deserted, and barren as possible. Still, every here and there over the plain, were to be found old bowlies, or large wells, some of them containing water, with steps leading down to the surface; proving that even this soil had formerly supported villages and population. At present not a tenth of it is even subject to the plough, but covered with bushes of kurrounda in full flower, wild bâer, and other thorny shrubs. The land is in many places furrowed by the wild hogs; which find security amongst the blocks of granite and prickly pear-bushes in the hills, and which were said to be very troublesome to the surrounding small villages.

Saw numerous herds of antelopes sporting or feeding; heard and saw both the black and the grey partridge; large flocks of the American savannah crane, or sârus; in fact, I never passed through ground that promised such enjoyment to the hog-hunter or general sportsman as this, since I have been in India.

At some miles distance from Mâhoba, a

small stone-roofed and pillared temple may be seen on the top of a low hill, strongly resembling part of an ancient Grecian building.

On approaching the city, the traveller passes, on his right, a huge black wall, nearly five hundred yards long,—the scarp of a rampart of earth upwards of sixty feet broad, which sustains the pressure of a magnificent lake. On its banks, overhanging the water, are numerous Hindoo temples, some still complete, but most of them in ruins, and covered with huge banian or peepul trees, whose spreading roots now contribute to support their falling walls. There are many most splendid burgots, jâmuns, and neems, overshadowing the pleasant walk along the lake.

This lake is not a natural, but an artificial formation, caused by closing the gorge of two low hills. It is said to be the work of the celebrated râjpoot, Prince Purmâl, and built at least seven hundred years ago. A few dhobees, or washermen, were defiling its beautiful waters, by soaking therein the filthy rags of their customers. Close to this lake, on the left of the road, are many extensive gardens of the pawn vine, the produce of which is sent as far as Agra, Delhi, Banda,

&c., &c., which affords a handsome revenue to the Bundela chief, the Rajah of Jalone, within whose dominions stands Mâhoba, which still contains a population of 5000 souls. The town, in fact, is a large ruin, with a few inhabited houses, but without the slightest trade or manufacture. To the formation of this lake must, in my humble opinion, be attributed the destruction of the town, from malaria.

On my arrival, I wandered about a long time, till my patience was nearly exhausted; at last I discovered the guard, and then found ample and excellent accommodation in a long barrack, formerly occupied by the rajah's suwars, and from his agent I received the "most marked attentions."

In the evening, I walked to a hâtt, or fair held in the town, which was like that of most villages, frequented only by the lower and poorer classes, who brought for sale the usual necessaries of life, such as chillies, garlic, onions, coarse rice, sweetmeats, coarse cotton, &c., &c., to a trifling amount. After seeing this, and having gratified the softer sex by the sight of a real white Feringee, with a hat on his head,—and, I dare say, many of them had

never seen one before,—I continued my stroll, and walked up to the fort.

Passing through a solid granite gate at the west end of the hill and fortification, I was most agreeably surprised to find a lake before me, and, believing it to be the same that I saw in the morning, attributed the superior beauty of its scenery to the calmer state of my stomach! I was greatly annoyed that I had not, even when hungry, paid more attention to its charms in the morning, for never had I seen in the plains of India a prospect more enchanting! Conceive a large and beautiful sheet of calm, clear, and silvery water, of several miles in circumference, occasionally agitated by the cheerful gambols and splashing leaps of large fishes, or by the gradual alighting of noble swan-like aquatic birds;—its margin broken, as if by the most skilful artist; now running into the centre, in a long low craggy line, and ending in most romantic knobs, or low rocky hills, covered with verdant trees, and embellished with black, antique Jain temples, deserted probably for hundreds of years, and at present the retreat of the elegant pea-fowl; in other places, embanked with huge blocks of cut granite,

embrowned by the shade of magnificent burgots, goolars, jâmuns, and peepuls, under which bright, small Hindoo temples, carefully white-washed, might be seen in their shade; or bounded by abrupt rocky promontories, surmounted by curious natural obelisks, or many-pillared temples, in ruins, hanging in the sky. A fine rich sunset glow over all gave an exquisite richness and classic magnificence to the scene! Many little boys with rod and line, were ensnaring the sweet little singhee, or the golden rohoo, or carp—bringing back to my heart the days when, stealing from school, I was wont to sit on the rocks of the Dee, at Craglug, near Aberdeen, watching the motion of a float, that was not under water once in the twenty-four hours!

Having selected a retired spot, I proceeded to undress and throw myself into the ample lotus-covered lake. There for a full half-hour lay I sporting, whilst the peeping naiads laughed around! I thought I heard a little giggling, and then the tinkling of the zincken bells; when turning once suddenly round, I found that I had been an object of admiration to half a dozen handsome, slender, and beautiful Hindoo maidens, who, terribly frightened,

ran away, as detected in the fact, with shrill screams. Not one of these innocent little nymphs would have deliberately shewn me their faces for the whole world! Passing once over that branch of the Ganges, called the Râm Gunga, in company with a few merry gentlemen, in a ferry boat, we discovered another approaching us; when within a few yards, I saw many native Hindoo women, and telling my friends to look on, I imitated the voice of a Hindoo woman, and exclaimed against the indecency of their conduct, in showing their faces to the Feringees. If you had heard the scream of horror that was given! Few of the ladies were under fifty; but, in an instant, the hands and chuddurs of all were over their downcast heads; while our boatmen and the whole of the passengers shouted aloud at the complete success of the imposition! These young things, however, were accompanied by an elder brother, and regarded me in the light of a "burra tâjub Feringee janwur"—a very curious European animal, and nothing else.

As the water of this noble lake rises many feet in the rains, a rich merchant had, at his own expense, employed some bricklayers

in raising a wall to protect his premises from inundation. But since the days of Purmal, no additions that were discernible had ever been made to the original embankment. Indeed, no man of the present day would spend a millionth part of the money, for the public good, that Purmal has done.

Before I entered the gateway, I passed on my right a low, sunken, Hindoo-looking temple, and was much astonished to find, on inquiry, that it was a Mussulman mosque! "That, sir! why that's our Jumma Musjid!" Its flat roof, not apparently seven feet above the damp ground, (without the usual flanking minarets,) supported by pillars evidently stolen from some ancient Hindoo temple, gave it a miserable, beggarly air, and formed a striking contrast to the magnificent mosques to be seen in other parts of India. Over the gateway of its enclosure was an Arabic inscription, from the Koran.

When the sun had descended, I left this delightful spot, much refreshed by its cool waters, and slowly ascended the fortified hill, the face of which was choked up by large blocks of hewn granite from fallen buildings.

Above the level of the ground, the scarp was built of similar materials, without mortar.

On reaching the top to enjoy the prospect, conceive my astonishment at discovering that Mâhoba had two lakes! and that the one I had just quitted was half a mile to the south of the one I had visited in the morning; and on turning round, I saw another of much greater dimensions, to the east; but being at least a couple of miles distant, I had no inclination to visit it at that hour. I believe that Mâhoba contained an immense population at the period of the building of these embankments; but that they, by producing malaria, have at last brought the city to ruin. I think that this may have been the cause of the destruction of many cities in Hindoostan. In a land where water, unless rapid in its current, is never free from some of the aquatic tribes of plants, I think its accumulation by artificial means is to be much deprecated, as their annual decay must necessarily be productive of malarious pestilence. I have seen a hill tank, that of Asseer Gurh, which used to ferment annually at the conclusion of the rains. The water was light

green, and covered with a feculent scum, and the poor fishes were visibly distressed, and obliged to swim on the top for fresh air.

I descended slowly, as the paths were very rugged. I was highly gratified by my excursion; and having again bathed, with water cooled in porous earthen pots, sat down to regale on a delicious curry, with a couple of tumblers of refreshing sherbet. Placing my detonating friends under my pillow, I soon found complete and undisturbed repose.

CHAPTER IV.

Route to Jourâhoo — Tame wild-fowl! — The dak-tree— Its various uses — Jourahoo—A snug smoking-party— Strange customs—Bands of robbers—A daring exploit— Hindoo justice — Singular superstition — Holy stones— A Hindoo sceptic—A dangerous district—An accomplished native—A laughing chorus—Route to Chundla— A breakdown—Chundla—Elephantiasis—Intense heat— Hornless deer — Cure for fever — A burning jungle— Fortress of Ajeegurh—The town—A deserted station— Ancient inscriptions—The fortifications—Tomb of Lieut. Babington—Game—An awkward step and narrow escape —Enormous serpent—Predestination — Magnificent temples — Strange contrasts—Ebony and teak—The Rajah of Ajeegurh — Native carriages — Ophthalmia—A marriage procession—Fossil shells.

April 15th. — Rose before daybreak, to march to Jourâhoo, distant ten miles. The road over which I passed was hard and excel-

lent; except at one part, crossing a rivulet, where, by a sudden jolt, the wooden axle of my hired cart was broken—(or, in the more poetical garb of the sepahee, "seek mân hogya!" *i. e.*, become a sick man!) Winding over a fine undulating plain, we passed occasionally alongside low rocky hills, covered with wood, and swarming with pea-fowl, so undisturbed in the even tenour of their lives, that they were almost perfectly tame. One flock, of twelve beautiful birds, passed across the road within thirty yards, and the male, with his magnificent long trailing tail and lovely plumage, allowed me to approach him within a few feet, and seemed quite at his ease.

The soil was for the most part of the jet-black sort, and the trees appeared more luxuriant in their growth. In some parts the dâk tree, called in many parts of India, prâss and pulass, prevailed. This valuable tree* deserves particular attention, as it produces the officinal Kino, one of the finest astringents and styptics known; and its flowers furnish food, in abundance, to bees: they are superb, appearing as if composed of a rich light crimson satin, and dark brown velvet, and com-

* The Butea frandosa of Roxburgh.

pletely cover the branches on which they are produced. From them are also obtained a fine yellow dye, and a pigment. The wood is selected by the natives for their wells, as they believe that it resists the action of water better than any other. Its leaves are torn off, and converted into little plates for the natives, used at seraees, when they journey. Forests of this tree are very common in Upper India, but I have no recollection of having ever seen them in Bengal Proper. It seldom exceeds thirty feet in height.

On arriving at Jourâhoo, the sepahee who had been dispatched for provisions met me, and presenting arms, acquainted me that as this was a rajah's village, I could not procure shelter, as the thannadar had already refused it. I told him, as afterwards proved to be the case, that this arose from his careless performance of his duty, and desired him to lead me to the thanna, which I reached in a few minutes. There I saw a long, idle, hulking, good-looking, lazy, well-dressed Mahratta, lying at his full length on the top of a wall, and explained to him what I desired. In less than half a minute, he dispatched a servant to shew a temple, in which I might sojourn.

I walked after him, but on reaching it, I was not fully satisfied with its cleanliness; but a walk of a few minutes more, brought me to a spacious Hindoo mundil, in excellent order, which I entered, and perceived a gosain in charge, about forty years old. On catching his eye, I made a profound bow, at which the fellow laughed heartily; and sitting down together, on an earthen chubootra, under a magnificent peepul, covered with fruit resembling small flat figs, entered, without further hesitation, into a friendly conversation, in which we were soon joined by a bunneea, who followed me in out of curiosity.

In a few minutes, raking the ashes of a cow-dung fire, which was kept up in a large earthen jar, sunk in the ground, the gosain poked out a cake of prepared tobacco, which he placed in a chillum, and then offered to his visitor and old friend, the bunneea; but he knew manners better; and so with a polite wave, he declined the honour. It was then offered to me, and as I also know something of courts and politeness, I declined the proffered hospitality, "wi a gentle inclination o' the heed, and a cordial co-operation o' the

hail man." Pleased at this mark of deference and respect, the gosain bowed, and said, "Wil you allow me?" and twisting his hands so as to hold the chillum in such a manner that no smoke should escape, except from the proper place, he commenced whiffing, and in a few seconds it was well lighted and in full odour. Who could resist a second offer of such an elegant refreshment? evidently not the bunneea, for now he received it from the hands of the chaste anchorite with marks of profound satisfaction. Having enjoyed the fragrant weed, he returned it for the holy inspirations of his gooroo, and the poor chillum ran the gauntlet till consumed.

The gosain offered a sort of apology for the bad custom of smoking, which he had adopted, and shewed me how the fire had injured the palms of his hands, adding, that on the whole he preferred a hooka, but it was a heavy thing to lug about on journeys! The bunneea said, that on a recent visit to Chatterpore, he had, with much surprise, observed a very curious custom of the Feringees: they rolled up the dry leaf of the plant to about a hand's breadth, lighted one end, and put the other in their

mouths, and drew out the smoke! And here we all three joined in a hearty laugh at this most ridiculous practice!

After answering more questions than were ever put to Dr. Franklin in his journeyings through Yankeestân, the faqueer in return told me that he was very recently set up in the temple line of business, as his predecessor in the office had been lately most cruelly murdered by a band of robbers, headed by one Behâree, a dâkoo, or robber. The country seems pretty much in the situation of the Emerald island. A murder is "a little bit of lark;" and the practice of intimidation, to the utter destruction of all law and justice, is the common and most striking feature of both countries.

The faqueer related the following particulars, with a heavy heart and a faltering tongue. One of the robbers having entered to perform his pooja, or worship, concealed himself in an empty room above the gateway, and at night gave admittance to some others, when the devout ascetic or tupusseea, Sree Balik Dass Jee was asleep, and seizing him suddenly, put some cloth into his mouth; and then, having tied his hands behind his back, and fastened

his feet together, deliberately forced a large piece down his throat; when after much painful struggling for life, his spirit (said the faqueer, lifting up his streaming eyes,) departed from this world! They then broke open and entered the sanctum, containing the images of Rogonauth Jee, and his beebee Luchmun, both clad in white, with white turbans; of Sree Krishn Chund; of Ganesh Jee, and his factotum, the blackish but lovely Guz-ur-joo; the holy sâlgrââms, and mooruts or idols; and plundered the place, carrying away with them jewels, golden ornaments, shawls, puttoos, broad-cloths, muslins, and cash in gold mohurs, to the amount of 6000 rupees. Then, without the slightest molestation, they quietly retreated to the village of Khirwa, belonging to his Highness the Rajah of Churkaree, about two miles distant. Having there deposited the coin in the treasury of the Rajah's tusseeldar, it was conveyed to the capital, and the robbers were permitted to enjoy the rest of the loot, to the amount of 4000 rupees. So that the faqueer, Churn Dass, who conceived himself legally entitled to the whole, was thereby defrauded, much to the injury of his fortune and peace of mind!

Some time after this, Churn Dass purchased back part of the said Rogonauth's property from the robbers' agents, who took them from the necks of their children! This is all either Irish or Oriental; but these robbers are evidently Hindoo free-thinkers, or dissenters at all events.

On the performance of morning worship, I was permitted to attend the ceremonies by the officiating bramin, and was subsequently gratified by closely inspecting the only articles worthy of examination, viz. the sâlgrââms. These latter, to the amount of fifteen or twenty, were placed on the same seats as their brass or marble deities, and are stones brought from the Himmalaya mountain streams. The largest I saw were about three inches in diameter, of a shining, black, metallic appearance, covered with irregular golden spots, in size about a quarter of an inch. On asking their price, the bramin said that they were never purchased; but that after many painful journeys, severe sufferings, distant pilgrimages, and ardent devotions, all abounding in difficulties and dangers, the pious tupusseea sat down in the holy river, and the sâlgrââms, which were living animals, quietly swam up to him,

and after much "coy reluctant amorous delay," very sensibly lay down in his hands! All this was vouched for as fact by the surrounding devotees, with suitable gravity, and a firm conscientious belief in its truth!

My mate-bearer is a rank infidel; for when, with a modest hesitation, as if the truth of these surprising circumstances could be doubted, I asked him if these things were all really true, he replied with a most impious grin, "True! of course they are—the padre says so; but I have never seen them." I cannot account for this lamentable infidelity. The fellow can neither read nor write. Voltaire, Bayle, Hobbes, Paine, have not yet been translated into Hindee or Persian, to the best of my knowledge. The making of shoe-blacking is his forte; and yet you see here is a low caste serving man, whose wages only amount to five rupees a month, thinks for himself, and despises "the wisdom of his ancestors." Fie on't!

This village, being a sort of corner to the territories of several Rajahs of Bundelcund, robberies, murders, and all other minor diversions, are of daily occurrence. When inquiries are made, each territory, with much ingenuity, throws the blame on its neighbour—trifling as

they really believe it—and then the whole compound, well mashed up with a few millions of superfluous lies, properly attested by oath on the holy Gunga water, by the highest and most respectable landholders, is despatched to the agent for the governor-general, for investigation and decision.

Murdering a tupusseea and robbing his mundil, are, however, as Churn Dass said, no joking matters; and he swears that if he can get justice, he will make the Rajah of Churkaree smart for his participation in such sacrilege.

In the eyes of his chélâ, or disciple, the sainted Sree Balik Dass Jee was a man of singular and brilliant accomplishments. He had on foot visited most of the holy temples in Hindoostan. He was a most scientific and accomplished musician. He read the Poorans with most exquisite intonation, and the most melodious voice. He was such a very handsome man, into the bargain, said Churn Dass, that when he happened to be seen by any of the Ungrez Sahib-log buhadoor, or English gentlemen, they used to cry out with admiration, "Oh, oh! There goes a sree padree!"—a high priest; and then putting his hands to

his naked loins, (like a crocodile!) he most happily illustrated, by imitating the action of a rich Feringee, casting away (before Lord Bentinck came) a whole rupee to the much admired gooroo. By these personal accomplishments, Sree Balik Dass Jee had amassed the large sum which was ultimately the cause of his destruction.

I was accompanied in my evening walk to the top of a low hill rising over the village, by a crowd of twenty-two men and boys. I sat down to enjoy the beautiful prospect—perhaps to cool myself; for like Falstaff, (only in that respect, mark you) with me "eight yards of uneven ground is three score and ten miles a-foot." When I sat I whistled, as soon as my breath became peaceable, "Di tanti palpiti," and the Bundela villains burst out into a coarse laugh! I then essayed "La Biondina in gondoletta," and there was another roar. "Khoob awaz!" said one slim thief—Fine sound! "Jee!" said another; but I saw him wink, and so I laughed, and they joined, till the hill, which was a small one, shook to the centre.

The ranges of granitic hills rise suddenly out of the level earth, and seemingly have, as

they say on Ludgate Hill, "no connexion with next door." I observed many low trailing bushes of a shrub which grows in nearly a similar soil at Simla; it has a coffee-bean-shaped red fruit, and a white small flower. I returned home considerably tired, and slept on the outside of the mundil till daybreak, when I mounted, and trudged off for Chundla.

April 16*th*.—As the remaining part of the march to Ajeegurh contained three stages, and the distance was only twelve Bundela coss, I determined to make it in two days; and so I despatched my cart at eleven o'clock, for fear it should be detained on the road. Prudent precaution this!

I arose at four, and rode for the first three miles in the moonlight, refreshed by a cool delightful breeze: however, all of a sudden, getting to the leeward of one of those low ranges of hills, I encountered a burning-hot wind, which in a few minutes dried up my eyes and nostrils to a most distressing degree. I had the sense to shut my mouth.

These rocks were more than a mile and a half to my west. The road to-day was passable enough over the plains; but on crossing numerous ravines, and the dry beds of rivulets,

it was, in some places, very trying to the wooden axles of the country carts.

Perceiving a light or two, and a large party of natives, I halted, and pointed them out to my groom, and advanced very cautiously, expecting a pack of Nutts, or perhaps decoits or robbers. A few minutes shewed me that the party was composed of my own guard and servants, squatting quietly around the cart, which had broken down at midnight; and I found the carpenters hard at work, setting matters to rights. My servants, till they saw me, were either sound asleep, or smoking away at their ease, with the utmost unconcern. My breakfast did not appear in consequence till one, P.M., and had it not been for a quart of good milk which I secured on my arrival, I should have suffered severely from long fasting, and riding about sixteen miles at a walk.

Passed two lakes on my route; but from the darkness am unable to indulge you with particulars. The roads were eternally branching off to villages, and I was compelled to use guides. On my arrival, I received much attention from the thannadar at Chundla, and was by his orders ushered into a large house, built by an opulent zemindar, who had absconded,

because, having settled the amount of his rent with one of the rajah's collectors, on the arrival of a second, guessing the probable consequences, he thought that they could only be prevented by a judicious use of his legs. One of the thanna servants told me, that by these means Bundelcund was depopulated, and that this village in particular was rapidly diminishing in its population.

It is still, however, a thriving place, with a population of 3000 souls, and is situated exactly at the base of a jet black granitic rock, covered with enormous masses of granite blocks, and a few stunted trees.

During the day I was sadly pestered with flies and elephant ticks—insects resembling those found on dogs, but observing the exact ratio between that animal and an elephant. However, I must confess I saw none of them larger than a soup-plate!

At night the doctrine of radiation was strongly illustrated, and if any of the inhabitants slept that night at Chundla, it must have been because they were well used to the temperature; my digestion was greatly impeded, and my rest entirely destroyed by it.

In the jungle, before I reached the hills under which Chundla lies, I saw a small herd of reddish brown deer, without horns, similar to those I saw whilst standing on the curious pebble hills at Hurdwar.

Before dinner, Peer Buxoo, the executive provisioner from the thanna, brought me his brother as a patient. He had had an attack of fever four or five months ago, which he told me had been removed by the medicine of a celebrated village physician, and the medicine was what the patient called sherbet—viz., sugar and water! Yea, as I live (for the present) on curry and rice, it was that elegant refreshment presented to strangers at Mauritius, a little "*quelque chose!*" On this he recovered rapidly. Now that he had lost his fever, and had no visible disease but an extreme emaciation, he was attacked with loss of appetite, and a most cruel lancinating pain in his arms and thighs—where alone there was any appearance of flesh—which he assured me could only be compared to the being cut up with a blunt knife. I prescribed patience and a course of churaita, with a view of improving the tone of his stomach and his general health.

If I had been possessed of the medicine, to this he should have added blue pill. You can see where I studied.

17th.—Rose at four, to march to the hill fortress of Ajeegurh, which was a most beautiful sight many hours before daybreak. The hill was on fire, and the jungle burning in a most splendid manner. Instead of twelve, it was fully eighteen miles distant; and to crown all, the road eternally winding in all but the true direction, and yet without the slightest necessity.

A little after daybreak I crossed the river Cane or Câen, famous for producing beautiful agates, jaspers, porphyries, serpentines, and crystals in its bed. It was not above three feet deep at the ford, and the middle was sandy, but both sides were composed of pebbles. It was too dark to begin mineralogizing.

From this part the winding road led through a rich soil, but a most miserably neglected country, crossed by numerous low ridges of enormous blocks of granite, occasionally placed in the most fantastic manner. The road now wound round, now over, and now along their bases. The country gradually increased in jungle till I passed the first hill on my left; thence it

became one uniform thick forest of trees and bushes; none of the former higher than the mowa, which did not exceed forty feet. I again found the caper, with its beautiful and sweet-scented flowers, amongst the bushes. But what astonished me was the complete absence of coarse grasses; even in the thickest parts of the forest, a sportsman, by stooping down, could see a hundred yards in any direction.

Amongst the herds of grazing cattle were to be seen the common antelope, seemingly rejoicing in their company; large lungoors, or black faced monkeys, were leaping about with their young ones, gathering no doubt a delicious harvest in the blossoms of the mowa, which women and children were collecting in all directions in large bamboo baskets, to be sent to the Churkaree rajah, who monopolizes this produce within his territories.

Entering the hills, the road was strewed with feldspar, quartz, granite, and grey wacke; and the air was strongly perfumed with the delicious scent of the wild kurroundah flowers. Black and grey partridges in great abundance were constantly crossing the road. I saw many curious seeds, some like acorns, but in large bunches, pods and fruits, on trees quite un-

known to me. Before I entered the town, I passed on my right an immense deep tank, formed of massy blocks of stone, but quite dry.

The fortress of Ajeegurh is said to have been built about 1553 years ago. The town is situated beneath it, at the foot of the hill, and is a considerable one. Like all those in Bundelcund, not a thatched roof is to be seen; all the houses are covered with tiles of the most wretched description, being literally made by the hand, which they strongly resemble in shape. The village is the residence of Rajah Bukhus Bullee, who has a large palace, but not remarkable for its elegant architecture. The ascent to the fort is very tedious and stony, but by no means dangerous. The hill is not apparently above 700 feet above the plain; and eight bearers carried me up the greater part with ease.

The *terre plein* of the fort is now rapidly covering with teak jungle, and will in a little time be again the property of the bear and the leopard. On it are many ruined bungalows, the property of officers in the army, and two were very recently occupied; but the fortress is now under charge of a havildar's party

and twelve or fourteen sepoys. It will, I dare say, be delivered over to the rajah, if he can be brought to offer a few dirty acres for the lot; and truly both parties would be gainers; for I should think that a little money well laid out could make it a most desirable residence for a native prince and his zunana, as it is neither commanded nor overlooked, as is his present residence below.

Under a projecting piece of rock, a little below the gateway, there is a long Sanskrit inscription, giving a complete history of the fort from the beginning, mixed with many curious Hindoo legends of gods, bramins, and their enemies. Many such are to be found amongst the ruins.

I took a walk round the extensive ramparts of the fortification. The parapet is divided into merlons, resembling mitres, and generally the stones are pointed on the outside with mortar; but the rampart is composed of immense stones, without cement of any kind, and has neither the same dimensions in height, breadth, or depth, for ten yards running. In some places, the walls are seemingly composed of stones taken from Jain temples, being parts of shafts, pedestals, friezes, cornices, and capi-

tals; many of them carved with the utmost freedom and elegance; while there are thousands of idol groups both in them, and lying under the peepul trees, and on the ground. Some of these groups were of an infamously obscene description. I only mention this fact, to shew that the Hindoo nature of that period is the Hindoo nature of the present.

In a small, retired corner, is a plain tomb, with a black marble slab and gold letters, inscribed to the memory of Lieut. Babington, of the Native Infantry, who died at this place in August 1813. But I saw no other.

I flushed, during my walk, numbers of that small species called the bush quail, which differs from the others, both in being much smaller, and by taking flights of only a few yards; and also of rock pigeons. I disturbed many of the common fowl, in a wild state, which immediately rose and flew over the ramparts. When I heard the cackling of hens below, I imitated, with great taste and skill, I assure you, the crowing of a cock; but even in these desert spots the vice of coquetry is not unknown; they pretended they did not understand me!

For a long time I walked along very gin-

gerly, for fear of treading on serpents; but at last I became quite careless, when, being attracted by the passage of some chirping young chickens, I turned my eyes to the right, and was in the very act of advancing my left foot, which, had I set it down, would have rested on the body of an enormous large serpent, with a head like a coffin. It was lying quietly coiled, with its head raised about a foot above the ground, apparently waiting for an attack. I took a most enormous jump, uttered a wild terrific scream, and ran away. The animal now moved from its coiled state, after giving me full time for an examination. It was full seven feet in length, and about four inches in circumference, and poisonous in a high degree —the Katuka rekula poda, No. 7 of Russell.

Here, observe, that it was predestined that I should escape the poisonous fangs of the sonorous katuka rekula poda, and likewise that he should not be shot by the No. 1 in my fowling-piece; for, after looking at him for a few minutes, I determined not to shoot the poor beast, so he glided away safe. But he was the first reptile that ever escaped without the chance of losing his life from my hands!

There are two or three deep and large stone

tanks, capable of holding an immense supply of water; but from a taste of their contents, I should imagine, that their bottoms must be lined with a fine fat mud, arising from the falling of the peepul, burgot, and other leaves into the water. They abound with two sorts of fishes, the sôre and the singhee; the former about or less than a foot long, shaped like a trout, and having black patches over its body, eatable, but bony and flabby; the singhee is like a sand-eel, and most delicious eating.

Near one of the tanks, called Rajah Purmal's tank, stand three magnificent Jain temples, nearly in ruins. One of them, over the tank, was evidently a hall of audience for solemn occasions. They are built of the same materials—viz., grey wacke, and of similar proportions. The entrance and hall stand on massy stone pillars, about seven and a half feet high, most exquisitely adorned with rich foliage—the capitals resembling thick-lipped women of enormous fatness, bending down and looking at the spectator. The idol was placed under the beehive-formed cupola, which is never found in any but Jain temples, on huge masses of disjointed stones, having been originally built without cement.

The age of these temples is only about seven hundred and fifty years, and the carving, although covered with a minute black lichen, is still as sharp as when first finished. The floor of the halls and idols are placed on a level of nine or ten feet higher than the base of the temples: this is outwardly surrounded by small pillars and projections, without the slightest plain or unornamented surface. The halls in the interior are of octagonal or elliptic shapes; and their roofs are sustained by immense carved slabs, reaching from pillar to pillar, gradually diminishing to the crest of the domes. When recently finished, these temples must have been most magnificent objects; and none but Hindoo princes, with enormous revenues, could have borne the expense of building them.

It diverted me exceedingly to observe the hall of audience and its roof, cornices, doorways, and porticoes, covered with large lively lungoors, male and female, with their active and sportful progeny, some sitting and conversing with the greatest gravity, and others leaping and climbing, with their long rainbow tails over their heads. I sighed too, as I gazed, while I thought of the sages and heroes

of ancient Greece, and the halls and porticoes of Athens!

At night I reposed in the open air, a few yards from the bungalow, with my face to the north pole, under a brilliant starry sky, and was awakened in the morning, long before daybreak, by the exquisite melody of a small singing bird, which sang till sunrise on the top of the bungalow. The sweet songster was as large as a lark; its body was either black or dark brown, with a crest on its head. It is eternally singing, for at mid-day I heard it on a huge peepul fourscore yards off.

Ebony is one of the productions of these hills. The ebony is the ripe heart of a tree called tendoo. Its fruit, which is of the size and shape of a hen's egg, has large black seeds resembling those of the loquat. It is brought in large quantities, and sold in the bazaar. The natives eat it, although I could find no excuse for such conduct; it being mawkish, pulpy, and astringent, to such a degree that I was glad to eject one I tasted, as quickly as possible. The ebony can be procured of considerable length, and nearly a foot in diameter; but what I saw did not exceed nine inches, and was split, from the heat of

the sun. I was told that teak timber of very large dimensions could be procured at a moderate price; but as I believe that this was said for the purpose of beguiling my unsuspecting innocence into an advance of cash for the spec, I do not insist on your believing it.

Bukhus Bullee, the rajah of Ajeegurh, possesses two carriages, that are intended to be drawn, I should guess, by bullocks. One of them is about twelve feet long, by nearly five feet broad, and at least six feet high, with Venetian windows, without springs; the other is of a similar shape, but smaller dimensions. If you were to meet either of them on a turnpike road, it is probable that you would converse with the driver, to ascertain the nature and properties of the imprisoned wild animals, although Bukhus Bullee uses them for the comfortable conveyance of his womenkind. Being entirely destitute of springs, I should guess that their motion over the natural roads of the country must be productive of much delightful and salutary exercise.

I was obliged to descend from the cool mountain air of the fort to the wood-smoky atmosphere of the town, as I found much

difficulty in communicating with my followers. I took up my quarters in a small house, overlooking the Dhurm-sala, built by the rajah, which can only be inhabited, I was told, by the holy brotherhood of the tribe Braminical.

I saw below me a young blind girl, about eighteen years of age, and being desirous of ascertaining whether there was any chance of her recovering the use of her eyes, I desired that she might be led up stairs, for the purpose of being examined. But sorry was I to see at a glance, that her case was quite hopeless. She had been attacked by the cruel ophthalmia, and the whites appeared like the yellow of a rotten eggskin, and the pupils of a dark muddy hue. This occurred two years ago; and when completely helpless, her husband deserted her, carrying off her own sister, her sole relative on earth! When thus completely destitute, the rajah had assigned her a room in the Dhurm-sala, being a Brahminee, and provided for her wants by a suitable pension.

Six or eight of my followers have been attacked by fever; and there are in the population of the town, amounting probably to five thousand souls, no less than two hundred

and fifty laid prostrate by the same disease. This, it must be remembered, is the most favourable and healthy season of the year.

Before I went to sleep I was disturbed by the marriage procession of some thief of consequence, who passed by with torches lighted, trumpets sounding, colours flying, spears pointed, tattoos neighing, and carts creaking, for nearly half an hour; and so prevented my sleeping, by hindering that delicious accumulation of ideas which with me is indispensably necessary.

I heard a little before, that, at the distance of some four or five miles, the limestone rocks produced beautiful fossil shells, and delicate impressions of fishes in great abundance. If I be fortunate enough to obtain any, I promise you a faithful description.

CHAPTER V.

Nâegâon—A refractory buffalo—Intense heat—Singular scene—Going to be married—Contrasts—Hindoo and English widows—Bribery and corruption—Kalingur—Ascent of the mountain—Holy fort—Temple of Neel Khunt—Singular cave—Presence of mind—Diamond cut diamond—Anecdote of a Faqueer—Racoons—To Naraina—An invitation—An unusual compliment—Hypothetical conversation—Exquisite lotos flower—A married couple—Secret of Hindoo wedlock—A visit—Pistol firing—More bribery—A perilous position—To Khirwa—Hindoo idol—Young and old devotees—Gaiety and gravities—A typhoon—Cantonments at Bauda—Planting in India—City of Bauda—Nabob of Bauda—Great cotton mart—Tricks of trade—Native breeding stud—Indolence of the natives—Deserted fort—Farewell to the reader.

April 20th—Rode a very short march to Nâegâon, a new village, distant only eight miles, and when I arrived there saw clearly that I could have reached the hill fortress of

Kalingur, had I started earlier. Now there is manifestly a great mystery in hackeries; start them when you please, sunset or midnight, they seldom arrive sooner than yourself. The reason is that the guard, servants, drivers, and bullocks, nay, the very hackery itself—for it ceases to creak—all go to sleep in the first convenient spot; a fire is lighted, a chillum or two smoked, and the hours of darkness or moonlight are spent in repose; and when there is barely time to reach the ground, and to keep you in decent good humour, they jump up and drive with all their might and main.

At six in the morning, I found my hackery sticking in the bottom of a nullah, because one of the animals, being a buffalo, was grown mutinous at the prospect before him. I got coolies to carry on my breakfast articles, but it was not ready till twelve, at which time the hot wind was so frightfully strong, that, without joking, I put up my hands to my hair to ascertain whether or not it was on fire! However, I did ample justice to my green tea, and the grilled hind quarters of a fat kid, newly slain.

The road through which I journeyed in the morning was good, and passable for carts, but

not very distinct, winding for the first part through the teak forest surrounding Ajeegurh, and latterly through beautiful fertile basins, slightly wooded with mowa and mango trees, surrounded by the low, rocky, and forest-covered hills. I crossed a little mountain stream, not above six inches deep, over coarse gravel, and a few dry beds of rainy season rivulets. Nâegâon is a small village, but the zemindar, being a young man fond of Englishmen and sporting, procured me respectable quarters, and favoured me with his society, and an account of things in general.

Soon after my arrival, I was witness to a very curious scene. After much hideous squalling within doors, I saw a handsome young girl of twelve or thirteen rush out of a house, and seizing a tall strapping fellow, her brother, by the loins, roared out, "âè merâ bâyâ, âé merâ bâyâ!"—Oh, my brother! Oh, my brother! The poor lad stood still, deeply affected; spoke to her, but nothing evidently could soothe the grief of the desolate girl! In vain her father attempted to tranquillize her mind. Even her mother joined her—but no persuasions could calm her agitated soul. "What!" said I to the zemindar, "is her

husband or child dead?" "Her husband dead!" said the man — "why bless your simple Feringee heart, she has been some years betrothed, and is now going home to live with her husband: you observe," said he, with a grin, "you observe that she's quite dil-shukust —or heart broken!"

What a simpleton I felt myself! But I was misled by European manners; for when I came out to India, in the same ship were no less than six unmarried women, on the same errand; and I'll pledge my simplicity, that, except when they were sea-sick, so far from crying at the prospect of going to get husbands, they were eternally simpering and giggling, and as merry as so many young tigers; except one, the hardened old sinner, who wanted sadly to forestall the market.

Crying is to India, what dining is to England. In India, when one old woman meets with another, whom she has not seen for a long time, they hug each other desperately, and roar out lustily. When they return home or go abroad, the absentee or traveller is embraced by the whole family; and to prove, if it were necessary, the sincerity of the emotion, when a girl of twelve loses her

ancient husband of sixty, if she does not burn on the same funeral pyre,—at all events, she sobs and moans, *con molto spirito*. In a similar case in England, the young widow would send for the mantua-maker—so much do the customs of countries differ—bespeak the necessary fashionable suits of mourning; search for the will; mark the favourable passages, and sigh for the proctor and the delays of Doctors' Commons.

I was, after a long interview, offered a small bribe of four hundred rupees, in hard cash, or a large diamond, if I would interest myself, by a personal application to the Judge of Bandah, in expediting a certain case through his court. The defendant was the subject of a foreign power, and preferred appealing to the decision of a British court to the trial of the case by a punchaet, or native jury, in his own village! This speaks (you say) strongly for the superior purity and justice of our courts. Ah! you simpleton, deep is your knowledge of natives! It only proves that it is easier to bribe in our courts than in those of the natives. I explained to my client that I was not in that line of business, and that, considering I was a very respectable man—to

which he assented—I thought the bribe offered was too small. He replied it was no doubt very trifling, but he was so much screwed by what he had already paid, that he could not afford more! As I saw he had no intention of insulting me, I was gradually pacified, and we parted friends.

After spending a delightful sunny day, I dined at four, and soon after jumped on my horse, with the firm determination of sleeping at the fort of the rock of Kalingur. The road lay over plains and round hills, sometimes crossing steep ravines, till at last, when it was quite dark, I arrived at the bank of a river. Here I observed a Hindoo temple, which, with its cupola without any visible fracture, had been carried away by the undermining power of the waters, in the rains—lying near the bank.

Before I reached the other side, I had contrived to lose the track, and when there I saw before me a brawling stream, and a steep bank. Without soundings, I might have been well ducked: so after begging my saees to cross, for a full quarter of an hour, he, in a dreadful fright, gradually waded over, and I followed him up a steep dangerous path, not

three feet broad, till I reached the level of the opposite plain. After another half hour's riding, I reached a small village; and, still going on, passed through what the natives called the city of Kalingur; and at last dismounted, miserably thirsty and tired, threw myself on my bed, in the open air, after drinking a couple of gallons of cool water, and in a few minutes fell sound asleep.

In the morning, rose before daybreak, bathed, and dressed, and was carried to the top in a dooly, through seven gates, and over a terrible, precipitous, unmade road, of huge rocks and stones. The face of the hill is much broken up by ravines, and covered with a dense jungle—the habitation of numerous leopards, hyenas, and wolves. In former times, the city may have deserved the name, as many large houses, now deserted, testify that they were inhabited by wealthy men. There is a scarp of rock, of about the same height as that of Ajeegurh, or Asseer Gurh. The geological appearance in all three is exactly similar.

I have made up my mind to rest here for a day or two, in faith of the braminical promise; for, say they, if a person does but

reside at Kalingur only as long as it takes to milk a cow, he will partake of great beatitude!

The ascent was beautified by the enjoyment of a most magnificent prospect in the distance, and by the presence of many lovely wild flowers, while a cool and delicious morning breeze gave me fresh life. The caper plants, throwing their gay and rosy festoons from the rocks, were waving about in great luxuriance. The lungoors were leaping and scrambling amongst the trees, in vast numbers. The *terre plein* of the fort must be upwards of eight hundred and fifty feet above the plain below, and probably about three thousand feet above the level of the sea. I guess this, from hearing that in the rains the clouds float under the top of the hills, and also from finding moss on the ruins.

The fort is composed of a rampart and parapet, exactly similar to that of Ajeegurh, and therefore requires no further description. But in holiness it beats Ajeegurh one thousand to one, for it contains the far-famed temple of Neel Khunt, in the *fausse braye*, which is reached by descending steps from the *terre plein*, through the gateway. Many curious relics of ancient sculpture are to

be seen in this descent. The image is a huge lingum of black stone, with two large silver eyes, about three feet high, and two feet in circumference.

Before you enter this cave you pass through a magnificent Hindoo portico, of very ancient and beautiful sculpture, supported on high stone columns, in a circular or elliptic form. Over it is a large reservoir cut out of the solid rock, and supported by pillars, filled with the water, which percolates from the tanks above. There is a most gigantic sculpture of some thick-lipped Hindoo hero of antiquity. This cave is held as the property of five Bramin families, who officiate daily, and share the fees.

To one old man, who accompanied me, I gave a rupee; flattering myself that I had choused the others. But keen are the eyes Braminical; I was seen, and in a few minutes the old man came to tell me that he could only get three annas and a fraction of it, for he must now deliver it up to the other share-holders. "Oh! oh!" said I, "if that be the case, give it back; for I came not here to perform pooja to an idol of stone with silver eyes, or to receive the blessings of avaricious

Bramins." The man stared, for now it was clear that he would lose even the three annas and a fraction; but he delivered, and I coolly pocketed the rupee! This was presence of mind. "We soldiers are never at a loss," as "*one Whittingham*," said at Mussooree, when, after an hour's reflection, he lighted his tinder with the lock of a musket! and this, too by the suggestion of a no less scientific person than a young engineer officer.

The old fellow, however, followed me, pointing to the top of the stairs, when, being perfectly out of sight of the shareholders, I returned the coin into his gladdened hands, and then we understood each other perfectly, and I nicked the Bramins.

The natives believe that the tanks within the fort are supplied by springs. Ignorant are they of hydraulics; they are supplied solely from the windows of heaven, for there are no higher grounds in the neighbourhood, and the water, of its own accord, will hardly rise nine hundred feet from the plain, through a solid rock of grey wacke and granite! I'll engage to drain the deepest in three weeks, till it is dry as the curse of Kehama!

I had written before I left Nâegâon, that I

should sponge upon the officer commanding the garrison, and finding him ready with a good breakfast I did it ample justice. We walked out in the cool of the evening, and his greyhound started a hare couched at the bottom of a dry well, but in a few seconds it escaped scot free amongst the ruins.

Close to the entrance gateway, stands the palace of the famous Rajpoot hero and prince, Rajah Chuttur Saul, now changed into a magazine, but at present empty. We stripped and bathed in the largest tank, and were mightily refreshed thereby. There were some large fishes swimming about in it. The tank has on one side a large Hindoo palace, and is partly excavated out of the solid rock on the other. We took the fortress in 1812 from an usurping Bramin, who had himself taken it from a family who obtained it in the same manner. At this time the place is not worth keeping; the country being so thoroughly impoverished and desolate, that one company of native infantry is deemed sufficient for its occupation.

I may mention a circumstance which was told me as having occurred during the siege. A faqueer perched himself out on the pin-

nacle of a rock, and defied both our musketry and great guns, thereby inspiring the garrison with courage; at last a cannon-ball hit and pitched him clean into the fort, with a small perforation through his chest.

After all our battering, the place, which is as impregnable as Gibraltar, was not taken, but surrendered; it was, however, thought a great feat in those days to have fired real cannon-balls and shells at the fortress of Kalingur, and flaming orders were issued to the troops on our success.

The American racoon is one of the animals occasionally seen in this range of hills; on a morning's walk I recognised one similar to two I had in my possession at Asseer Gurh, which had been killed by terriers.

23rd.—Having slept in the midst of my servants and followers, I awoke early, to ride to the village of Naraina, distant upwards of twelve miles. The road was most excellent the whole way, crossing several dry mountain streams, and one small river, less than a foot deep. The champagne country was well cultivated, and well wooded with mango and mowa trees—the latter still producing their blossom harvest. The village is placed under the

highest point of a low and short range of hills, perhaps not a hundred and fifty feet high. At its base there is a large tank, full of fishes, which about six years ago was embanked by a rich merchant, at the expense of 3000 rupees. The neighbouring lands produce both cotton and rice. The thanna was a full mile further on, but as there was no bazaar, I preferred remaining where the wants of my servants could be satisfied.

In a few minutes after my arrival, I was put in possession of an open, raised outward veranda, attached to the house of a rich Bramin, and was soon surrounded by a mob of very inquisitive men and children; the latter very generally ornamented with silver bangles at the wrists and ankles, and often with necklaces composed of alternate beads of coral and pure dead gold.

After waiting patiently till twelve, I was served with a miserable dirty kid chop, well seasoned with the dust which was flying on the hot winds in triumphant clouds, and some never failing potatoes, in their jackets, boiled. On conversing with mine host, and complaining of the dust, I was, to my great astonishment, invited by him to join his family

in the interior! I thanked him with more than my usual grace and politeness, but protested that I could not think of intruding upon the womankind—the logâee; as they are called in Hindoostan. "Oh!" said the Bramin, "that's of no consequence; I see you're a soodâ admee."* But I preferred remaining exposed to all the inconveniences of the dust and the flies, like a *preux chevalier* as I am, to annoying the ladies.

This was the first time that such a compliment was ever paid to me, and most probably, in similar circumstances, to any European. It was flattering in one sense, but inspired me with a sadness and melancholy quite foreign to my usual character. Good man! hospitable Hindoo, thought I, I see how it is; you think that I am getting old. Oh! said my pride, if I thought that were the case, I'd go in forthwith, and ogle his grandmother. Compose yourself, whispered my vanity; you may rely on it that his wife or wives are both old and ugly. That may be the case, quoth pride; and so my mind became calm and easy. But certainly it was a triumph to be asked by a Bramin to spend a friendly day with his wives and

* A simple man.

family. The conversation, for I must have chatted, would probably have been on general topics, such as dhâl and ghee, mowâ and cotton, goor and gŭhoon; from politeness, avoiding political and religious subjects, with much tact, delicacy, and circumspection. If pushed, how should I, ignorant of the holy Poorâns, have discussed the Suttee question? How should I have parried the orthodox thrusts of his ancient grandmother, backed by her, no doubt, pointed and triumphant quotations from those classical works? I might have entertained the young ladies, I think, by describing our domestic manners, our marriage settlements, our pin monies, milliners' bills, boarding-schools, balls, fashions, and all manner of tittle-tattle.

In the course of the morning two young Bramins presented me with a beautiful species of the lotos flower. I'll do *mon possible* to describe it. The full expanded flower was five inches in diameter, and had a most delicate but faint scent. The innumerable petals were of an exquisite pink colour, somewhat lanceolate. The stamina, with tubes of a light orange, a full inch long. The pistil (if such I may call it) which appears solid, is an inch

in diameter, and of a light reddish yellow, having in one flower seven and in another six spots, disposed in an hexagonal manner, and the seventh in the centre slightly raised above the surface, and of the size of pins' heads, the whole resembling an hexagonal conical wafer seal. Its seeds were described to me as being black, and about three-quarters of an inch long. Its name in Hinduwee is kummul, and it is beyond comparison the most elegant water-flower I have ever seen. It was found in a large jheel or swamp about six miles off.

In the forenoon I had some conversation with a Bramin boy of eighteen, who came to consult me on a rotten tooth in his upper jaw, which gave him great pain, and which had caused a fistulous passage. I told him that before he could expect relief it must be removed, and instructed him to follow me to Banda. He was truly a simple one—in fact little above an idiot. His sole occupation seemed to consist in strolling about, listless and vacant, playing with his Braminical thread, and loitering about the tank. I was surprised on learning his age, for he had not the manly appearance of an English boy of thirteen. He told me that he had been now five years mar-

ried, and that his wife, who had just joined his home, was now in her twelfth year! *Cui bono?* said I; but as he did not understand Latin, I explained in Hindee. Were I to repeat to you the simple remarks which this amiable youth uttered, or the domestic secrets with which he entrusted me, all I can say is that you would most probably be considerably enlightened on points of Braminical matrimony, and I should be looked upon as a tell-tale!

In the evening I was sitting out, after bathing, in my chair, when my landlord, with his eldest son, and an immense train of followers, approached me, bearing a large horse-pistol, which he put into my hands with an exclamation of triumph. "Here, Sahib! as I hear you have not a pistol with you," (I left mine at Ajeegurh) "I have brought you mine." "What?" said I, "is it really your own?" "Yes, indeed, sir; I bought and paid four rupees for it at Banda." He was therefore legally seized and possessed of it. It was, as pistols in these degenerate days are made, no small curiosity. The barrel, which was octagonal, was a foot long, and the fifth of an inch thick, brightly burnished. Towards the muzzle

was a broad band of copper, and the same ornament was repeated at the touch-hole. The lock was that of a departed musket; but so ingeniously repaired by the artist, that I was compelled to use both hands, both in cocking and firing it. "Now," said my high-born friend, "you have examined it, be so good as to fire it!" "No, Sir," said I, "that may be a dangerous affair—fire it yourself." "I?" quoth he—"how can I fire it without powder?" In a few seconds I produced that material, and with my eyes shut, my head averted, and my arms at full length, I actually fired the pistol. The children all shouted around me for joy. The men roared out "Wâh! wâh! shahbash!" I had evidently accomplished a feat! "Now, my son," said the old gentleman, when I presented him with a large quantity of powder, "you see that it can be fired; but as it's a Velatee hikmut"—a foreign contrivance,—"and not a matchlock, go to a distance when you discharge it." It was a regular gala, for the pistol was fired over the lake with demonstrations of great joy during the rest of the night.

No sooner had the rioters departed, than my virtue was again put to the trial. A man with whom I had conversed largely during the

day, said that he had a *small* matter to represent, if I would allow him? On obtaining permission, he sat down before my chair, and proceeded to tell me that he had had a suit in Mr. ——'s Zillah Court for a long time, which was a just and true cause, but that the court servants, or Omlah log, the law officers, had taken much money from him in bribes; but yet, before they would settle the matter, they wanted much more: so that he had not sufficient substance to satisfy their demands—would I do him the favour to speak to the judge on the subject, and obtain a decree in his favour? "Oh," said I, "is that all?" "That's all!" said the fellow, joining his hands, perfectly delighted. "Tub? *Then*," said I, "*Then?*"—his countenance fell! He, forsooth, seemed to think that I would forward his views from pure friendship. I had prepared my bed, and was in the act of undressing, when several elderly men came forward, very benevolently, to inform me that I could not hope to enjoy much sleep in that corner of the tank, because it swarmed with moschetoes. I took the hint, as I suspected that they wished to remove me from the neighbourhood of their houses, and so placed my bed on the platform of a large

well, on the top of which I slept most comfortably during the night; but had I fallen out in my sleep, I should have awakened in the water, twenty feet deep.

April 24th.—Rode to Khirwa, a tolerable village only eight miles distant, which I reached before sunrise. The road was excellent; the country similar to that through which I passed yesterday, but without ravines or streams. I passed several low ranges, and a few insulated bare rocky knots, rising twenty or thirty feet above the soil. At the village there is a considerable tank. The village is placed at the bottom of a low rocky hill, and may contain three or four thousand inhabitants.

Through the favour of the thannadar I was placed again in a veranda, under the shade of an aged neem-tree in full flower. At its root was a raised mud platform, on which another of smaller dimensions was erected, supporting a lingam and a few other idol stones; over the former stood a rough or rustic tripod, on which was placed a large gurrah, or earthen pot, containing three gallons—*plus* or *minus*—of water, which through a small hole at the bottom, conducted by a string, kept up a constant dripping on the lingam. This idol was

the resort of many scores of Hindoos during the day, so that I saw a good deal of company while lying at my ease on my charpoy.

It was here that the young Bramin was taught by the old one the most orthodox mode of performing his devotional ceremonies. Here the solitary priest mumbled over his ritual, and poured over the lingam his lota full of water, and sprinkled his poetical offering of flowers. I could not fail to observe one woman, as venerable for her antiquity as for her piety, who never passed without numerous holy invocations of "Râm Râm, Mâhâdeo!" Had the good dame been possessed of her teeth, I might have collected the remaining part of her addresses. But as for the young ones—the impious hussies! although I belonged to another parish, it was quite painful to observe the careless, sluttish huramzadee or naughty way in which they performed their devotions! They never opened their mouths, but walked round and round, pinching one another, and looking at the fat, good-looking Feringee, in the veranda! Oh, you wicked hussies!—this, too, before the lingam! how can you expect to come to any good?

The personal appearance of the inhabitants

shewed clearly the paucity of the Mussulman race; and the graceful carriage of the heavily laden water gurrahs, the melodious tinkling of their metallic ornaments, the occasional triumph of curiosity over native shyness and the customs of their country, could hardly fail to amuse and interest observers of the native women, who with a quick walk, half run, peep through the chuddur, ostensibly prepared as if to screen their faces from observation. Peep, peep, and tinkle, tinkle, pass the simple young Hindnees;* whilst the wrinkled grand-dam exposes herself with a "Râm Râm, Seetâ Râm"—as if to divert her mind from evil thoughts,—leisurely trudges past, encountering with unconcern the full gaze of the Feringee eye.

One of the camp followers was killed by the fall of the large branch of a mango-tree, which pierced his skull, and his body was burnt forthwith. This occurred in the evening, when, after the extreme heat of the day, the air was somewhat cooled by a furious tooffan, or dry storm, which lasted more than two hours, and untiled half the roofs of the village. Not a single drop of rain fell.

April 25th.—Rode before breakfast ten or

* Hindnees—i. e., Hindoo women.

twelve miles, to the civil station and military cantonments at Banda, through a country, capable, from the extreme richness of its black soil, of the most luxuriant crops, but apparently miserably neglected, and nearly covered with bushes of the dwarf bâer, which some ryots were busy gathering, to be cut as food for their buffaloes. Within two or three miles of the city, the road, which was full fifty yards wide, was bounded by rows of the peepul, goolur, and neem trees.

It seems to be the rule in European planting in India, to select those trees that can be turned to the least possible use to the natives. The tamarind and the mango, which produce fruit and nourishment, are seldom to be seen. It seems enough that four or five young trees are thrust into one hole, and a guard of mud or thorns is placed round them. Should the trees grow—*tant mieux*. Planting for shade for the native travellers, is folly. They only require shade when they stop to drink at the wells; and if any attention be paid to their practice, it will be seen that over (or close to) their wells is planted a neem or a peepul, so that the aromatic bitter of the former may febrifugize the water.

On approaching the city of Banda, signs of wealth and prosperity were visible, in the construction of new tanks rivetted with masonry; Jain temples, gaudily painted over the plaster, &c. Passed through the cantonments of Zoolficar Alee, the present Nabob of Banda, and saw some of his troops on the parade, who were dressed in imitation of our sepahees.

The appearance of the grounds in this neighbourhood was parkish, planted out with the everlasting neem, which at present is in full flower, but which will during the rains afford, when its leaves fall, a rich perfume of rotten onions. The cantonments are situated on the east side of the river Kaen or Cane, and the site appears well chosen, being on a calcareous bed, and well drained by the sloping banks leading to that water-course. Without any other visible reason, save the black earth to the east, the cantonments are exceedingly unhealthy, so that few Europeans can escape fever; and sometimes from two to three hundred natives are to be found in the hospital, from the same cause.

Banda is a flourishing town, and one of the greatest marts of cotton in all Upper India: its merchants have correspondents at all other

places, for the purpose of being made acquainted with the daily fluctuation in the price of that great staple. It is the cause of as much speculation in Upper India as the stocks are in London, and there are bulls and bears and lame ducks at Banda as well as in Babylon. Some of the tricks are very ingenious. For instance, when the cotton is very low, a man writes to his correspondent to purchase perhaps 20,000 maunds, to be paid for at a distant day. It is bought; and then a rumour is circulated that the great house of —— and Co. have dispatched an European agent to purchase up every bale in the market. A gentleman arrives in great haste, sends for all the dealers, begs of them to lower their prices, assures them that the demand is merely nominal, and when they are raised by these means to the highest pitch of mercantile obstinacy, the native agent is quietly desired to sell every atom of the extensive purchase, which can then be done at a great profit. The apparently disheartened merchant returns to his palkee, and perhaps clears twenty or thirty thousand rupees by the transaction,—all but the native agents being quite in the dark!

Zoolficar Alee inherited the pension of his

brother, Shumshere Bahadoor, and with it his extensive stud of brood mares and stallions; but, it is said, he does not enjoy the same interest in the pursuit, and that he continues the establishment out of mere regard to his brother's will on the subject. He has at present four or five very fine imported racing horses, and perhaps thirty or forty mares, with a large number of colts and fillies. From such fine sires and dams, it is perfectly astonishing to observe the really rippish, goose-rumped weedy produce. Like does not produce like, seemingly, in India.

There is a low rocky range of hills close to the town, which no doubt produces much increase of temperature to the inhabitants, when the wind is in their favour. This might be covered with every variety of beautiful picturesque and useful trees in the course of a few years, merely by planting them in holes during the rains. Thus not only removing an evil, but contributing greatly to the beauty of the scenery. But "I canna be fashed" is not peculiar to the cottagers of Glenburnie.

On the other side of the river is the strong native fort of Bonee Gurh, built of massy stone, but now quite deserted. A very fine bridge

might be built, with its piers on large rocks crossing the river. As this is the high road to Saugor, it would be found very useful in the rains—at which period there is a very rapid current.

Reader—farewell! my dâk is laid, and I return to Calpee, to sit from nine till four, writing filthy accounts of bricks and mortar; square feet, and cubic feet, and running feet; rupees, annas, and pie; squabbling with wrinkled, unromantic villains, whose cool-tempered and overwhelming patience amply deserve their unlawful gains—I mean as labourers in the vineyard of villany.

JOURNAL OF A VOYAGE

FROM

ALLAHABAD TO CALCUTTA,

VIA

DACCA AND THE SOONDERBUNDS.

VOYAGE

FROM

ALLAHABAD TO CALCUTTA.

CHAPTER I.

Embarkation—Occasion of the tour—Delays of office—Construction of a ghat—Leave taking—Brief immortality—Navigation of the Ganges—Parting from a horse—Transport of a stud—Native officials—Down the Ganges—Abolition of the tax on bathing—Indian fair—Daring feat of driving—The encampment—Pilgrims—Native barbers—Universal head-shaving—The holy bath—Fakeers—Extraordinary penance—A native lecturer—Poor and rich—Exclusive salvation—Human selfishness—Singular pilgrimage—A hard case—Mr. Montgomery—Private charity at the public cost—Confluence of the Jumna and Gunga—Chuckwâ ducks—Models of conjugal fidelity.

On the afternoon of the 5th of December, 1839, I took final leave of the Bunds and Breaches; and in the evening, without show

or parade, embarked on the boats prepared for my reception, then floating on the river Jumna.

"Some (says Shakspere) have greatness thrust upon them." I may, without vanity, assert that this was my case; for I should have been delighted had the supreme government of India deemed it prudent to have confided the onerous duties of the new situation, which had so unexpectedly devolved on me, upon others of higher talent, or more experience.

The native inhabitants of the Shuhur and Zilla, (which may be with propriety rendered into English by the "town and country") on recovering from the first stupifying shock caused by the rumour of my intended removal, determined to commemorate the painful event, by the construction of some work of high public utility, from funds to which they had long subscribed amongst themselves, under the name of town or ferry duties. No European was allowed to offer his mite; but on consideration of the influence possessed by the collector, magistrate, and commissioner, they were conjointly entrusted with the disbursement of the money.

After the usual delays of office, the executive engineer of the division was authorized to construct a ghât, or landing place, on the north bank of the Jumna, close to the musjid, or mosque, which we promised, but forgot, to keep in repair, when the Nabob of Oude, Asoph ood Dowla, ceded the Doab, (or two waters) as the price of his future security; which we also forgot when Nusseer ood Deer Hyder died.

Amongst my intimate friends, I had expressed my great repugnance to the usual public valedictory meeting, (although it be the mode generally adopted by the admirers of eminent men, removed from one bureau to another, or on their eventual retirement to Europe)! and they having kindly and judiciously explained my views to the native population, the latter, perceiving that it was not probable that I should again possess either power or patronage in the neighbourhood, reluctantly acquiesced, and ceased to press their wishes! This disappointment, however, made them only the more determined, if possible, on building a handsome ghât.

I was deeply affected with this mark of their gratitude for favours and benefits con-

ferred, which are too often forgotten; and the more so, when I learned that every brick used in its construction was to be stamped with the letter D.

An address, which requires a full week for its composition, is in a week forgotten! "A pretty immortality," as said Napoleon! On the other hand, a ghât carefully erected, with its front resting on walls judiciously based on the upper part of a quicksand, may remain as a proof of the architect's genius and sagacity, until washed away by the ensuing rains!

Although I do not feel at liberty at present to disclose the ultimate views of government, I may still, without any breach of confidence, inform my readers, that I had been ostensibly placed at the head of a commission entrusted with full powers to inquire into the present state and future capabilities of those extensive oyster beds, which are found along our sea-coast from Chittagong southward.

Our Board had orders from my friend the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, (who, in his own hand-writing, congratulated me on my appointment, informing me that Chittagong was a charming station, and that I should have little or no duty to perform, and

which, strange to say, turned out to be a fact) to join the scene of our future operations with the greatest possible dispatch.

The threatened danger of a Burmese war, was, of itself, a sufficient stimulus; but to this was added the knowledge of the fact, that as the hot weather advances, oysters go out of season; so, without waiting for the return of the Gangetic steamers, which were most considerately placed at my disposal, I determined to sail down the Ganges in country boats; that is to say, boats that are built in the country; whereas the budgerows, bauleahs, pinnaces, and morpunkhees, are manufactured abroad.

I had hired two boats of a thousand maunds each. One was converted, by the able assistance of some eminent artists from the city, into my temporary dwelling; and was divided into three rooms, two of 18 by 10, and one of 20 by 18.

Underneath I had carefully packed fifty-six large chests of different sizes, filled with household furniture, such as china, crockery, wines, beer, and books.

In the other boat, I shipped my worshipful mare and peculiar delight, "Her Highness,"

standing 16 hands 1½ inches, a daughter of the illustrious Bob (or Robert) of the Hissar stud. Any man can part with a station,—even if it be unhealthy, and hot as a furnace; but few men of respectable weight can contemplate, without sensations approaching to despair, a painful separation from an animal, endeared to them by the power of carrying 19 stone 12 lbs. at any required pace, for any required distance; and I may add, that the faster the pace, the more painful the separation.

Some weeks before, I had dispatched my small stud of brood mares and two years old colts to the Tirhoot district, by land; but the tender ages of the chesnut filly "Coloquintida," and the colt "Ecchymosis," rendered such mode of transit unsafe, if not dangerous. Thus, from well regulated ladies' boarding-schools, young girls of birth and breeding are not consigned to their paternal studs, either by the waggon or stage-coach, but invariably at a rate varying from 1*s.* 4*d.* to 1*s.* 9*d.* per mile, in post chaises.

As my ingenious exertions (based on lessons I had lately received in military and civil engineering,) were crowned with success, it

may not be deemed impertinent in me to instruct those sporting men and others who feel an interest in the safe transmission of young things, in the mode I adopted, to prevent their receiving any injury, on the passage down to join their mammas.

First of all, I hauled the boat as close as possible to the bank; then filled the intervening space with mud or clay, well beaten down, until fit for bearing the weight of her Highness; covering the earth with strong mats. Drawing a string from the interior edge of the boat to the water's edge on the opposite side, I filled up this space first of all with well beaten earth, which was covered with fascines, neatly packed, composed of stalks of joâr.

The colt and filly followed the mare, without the slightest hesitation, or injury; and the earth was immediately removed.

It remained only to take a friendly, if not affectionate leave, of such of my official dependents as could not be satisfied with the cold formalities of a durbar.

That able tactician, the admirable Juggut, had a few days before kindly granted me a discharge in full. This, however, did not hinder him from sending fresh claims for a

considerable sum, as fast as the dâk could carry them to Dhacca.

The choppraſſes, Tuckee Khan, Mudar Bukhus, and other worthies of that class, had each received written characters, faithfully describing their zeal and diligence in my service, "from one in my family," as the phrase goes. But how to part with Meerun? Meerun, the mussulman, held the distinguished offices of Rajmistree or head mason, and Mussowur or draftsman, for the space of twelve or thirteen years, but had been already removed by my successor. While holding office under me, I had often much cause for admiring the ease and dexterity with which he converted the willing moslems of Allahabad, or any other town or principality, whether previously tailors, kite or hooka builders, butchers, musalchees, &c., into first-rate (or rather highest pay) stone masons. He who could lift and place a fragment of secondary rubble, on a wall twelve feet broad, and then hide it in mortar, became a protegé of Meerun, and without further effort, (save and except the transfer of a part or portion of his daily hire,) was duly enrolled in that venerable craft.

Although ignorant of the discoveries of the

eminent chemists of the present day, Meerun was himself no indifferent chemist, or rather subjected all corporeal matter to the most melting heat of a crucible; and was never in a state so unguarded, as to allow any opportunity to escape of increasing his own stock of that metal so sacred and revered by all.

"When fate descends," says the Persian poet, "all caution is vain." But Meerun, had you but reflected that "principle still remains to the vanquished," I am persuaded that you would not have cared a farthing, or cowrie, for all the principles on earth, from the hour of its creation, to that of its final dissolution!

On the ghât stood the man once director-general, and armed with all the insolence of office—now humbled and disconsolate, with his arms folded—a waiter on providence—(because he could not help himself)—intently eyeing, and repeatedly salaaming; although conscious of his past misdeeds, he did not possess sufficient confidence to request the usual "purwustee' of the Huzoor! Adieu! my friend; and learn at last, that even rogues are not always successful and triumphant, and

that lowly honesty may some time hope to be rewarded.

And now, my dear reader, after having fastened my sweet-tempered bull-bitch Trollope close to the outer door of my cabin, I shall retire to rest, thankful for all that is left. To-morrow's dawn shall find me sailing quietly down "the muddy banks of Gunga's murderous stream;" and when we pass that holy junction of the Gunga and Jumna, I shall narrate unto thee somewhat of the appearance and nature of that idolatrous concourse which even now is visible to the naked eye.

December 6th.—My boats dropped down with the stream, and in about a quarter of an hour, we passed the junction of the rivers Jumna and Gunga, called the Tribenee Ghât.

My principal *valet de chambre*, "Huzooree," who has dwelt with me fifteen or sixteen years, and has been, without exception, the "Dada," or grandpapa, of all my respectable fry, voluntarily declared that the Hindoos lay under the greatest obligations to government, for having relieved the bathers from the tax hitherto levied. It was an odious one from the beginning, and one of the extortionate

ways and means of the bigotted Mussulmans. The good sense and sound religious feeling of the people of England, 'the pressure from without' has destroyed it. A century hence, it will be remembered with horror, as one of our national stains.

The morning was windy and unusually cold; but in spite of its severity, the edges of the sands were crowded with innumerable worshippers. Hundreds of flags of various colours were fluttering in the breeze, in honour of the spot; some enriched with stars, others with tigers or monkies, (for my ingenuity was puzzled to decide which); and near them, in the shallow part of the junction, were innumerable low, square, wooden bedsteads, on which sat the Prâgwâls, or officiating priests, of the sacred junction or meeting of the waters.

As I had visited the fair last year, with the view of gratifying my curiosity, I shall now tell the reader what I saw, that his may be satisfied also.

I crossed the bund, or embankment, which prevents the Ganges from overflowing the lands in its rear, and descending its steep sides, found myself on the low alluvial land, which is always under water during the rains. The

first object which met my view, was the debris of a palanquin carriage, and close at hand stood a horse, whose harness bore signs of the accident. The audacious driver, in the hope of 'astonishing the natives,' had conceived the grand design of driving the carriage from the top to the bottom, down a slope of fifty degrees, heedless of the laws of gravity. Sir John Ladd could not have accomplished this feat, nor Holroyd; was it any wonder then that Buxoo failed?

Walking, or rather riding on, I approached a quicksand, not thirty feet broad, but perfectly impassable for horses or carriages, until its surface had been stiffened with fascines, made of the stalks of joâr. Beyond this was a wild undulating sandy plain, intersected with shallow pools of water. I soon reached the beginning of the encampment, which was composed of huts made of bamboos, mats and grass. In every spare place large stacks of fodder for cattle and firewood were collected, for the use of the pilgrims:—all sold at very high prices.

The huts were ranged into a wide street, with a row of sheds in its centre. This was continued for nearly half a mile, and termi-

nated at a bank having a pair of gates, close to which there was a guard of native infantry, commanded by an European officer.

This formed the mercantile part of the fair; and in neat mud stalls, covered with Kharwa ~~or red~~ cotton cloth, was deposited the trash usually found in all Indian fairs, viz., articles of the most trifling value, but of every possible description; such as combs, very small looking glasses, beetel nut-crackers, curry-combs, tapes of various colours, toys, padlocks, coarse knives, scull caps, scissors, iron towas, or plates for baking unleavened bread, spectacles, glass beads, copper and brass cups, hooka bottoms, a few palankeens, &c.

A tax is laid on every shopkeeper in the fair, for the benefit of Government.

Diverging from the right and left of this main street, are narrow lanes, leading to the smaller huts, occupied by the pilgrims. Opulent visiters select large compounds, while the mass of the poor bivouacked in the open air, subject to every storm and variation of temperature.

Descending through the barrier, I rode over the recently submerged and gradually extending holy ground. As the river dries up, the sands increase; and as the holy point is

always at the end of the tongue of land, it is continually extending.

From the descent to the extremity, the sight, to all but the barbers themselves, was most nauseating. Every pilgrim, male or female, even the very infant at the breast, must have the head shaved; and the consequence is, that on both sides of the road the sands are blackened with human hair.

The edges of the river are crowded with fat, jovial, well-clothed barbers, evidently enjoying the good things of this world, in the highest profusion. Their appearance forms a striking contrast to the thin, meagre, diseased, miserable looking wretches, whom they fleece without mercy. None can bathe without having been first shaved on the head and eyebrows. On old women the effect of this operation is most ridiculous. They appear like *old boys.*

As I gradually approached the extremity, I found the crowd increased in density, so that it was at last very difficult to persuade "Her Highness" to face her way through the anxious mob. Those advancing pushed their way with great energy; those retiring sang spiritual songs, while their clothes were dripping with

the cold water of the Ganges. The infants who had been ducked returned squalling most piteously, and doubtless many there caught the diseases which ultimately destroyed them.

Ladies of rank carried with them their own purdas or screens, within which they bathed, unseen by the rude mob.

Numbers of grotesque faqueers enlivened the scene. Amongst them one sat pre-eminent. This man's age was probably thirty; his countenance was a most superb one, at once graceful and dignified. His air, while sitting on a tiger's skin, under his chatta or umbrella, was perfectly majestic. One of his arms, perfectly shrivelled, was extended to the sky, thoroughly fixed and immoveable. The nails of his fingers having pierced the palm, appeared to protrude a couple of inches. His thumb nail, of a dirty dark brown colour, was curved like a half-moon, about half an inch wide, and at least six inches long, strongly resembling the tusk of a wild boar. His plaited hair, full six feet long, was wound round his head, and worn as a turban.

On mats placed before him, were small heaps of different kinds of grain, offerings from his worshippers!

Here and there were to be seen groups of three or four men and boys, marked with tridents of white clay on their foreheads, chaunting songs in praise of the river god Gunga, Krishnoo, or other deities.

I advanced to one priest seated in a sort of pulpit, engaged in reading and explaining the exploits of Râmâ, to a male and female audience, all listening with the deepest attention. On perceiving me, he immediately ceased reading, and his audience, surprised at the circumstance, turned round to discover the cause of the interruption; whereat, with my usual politeness, I bowed and said, "Puro mâhârâj!" "read on, your worship." He smiled and proceeded. He was engaged on a course of lectures on the Râmâyuna, or exploits of the god Râmâ, and explained the Sungskirut text passage by passage, in Hindee, to suit the comprehensions of his hearers.

I passed besides these, many stout athletic men, lying naked on their backs, on the cold wet sand; having also naked infants lying on their bodies. The men either felt extremely cold, or pretended to shiver; but the poor babes cried and whined most piteously.

Observing that one of these impostors was

surrounded by a group of sepoys clad in full uniform, and that they kicked and abused him without mercy, I rode up to interfere.

"What is the matter, my brothers?" said I. "Why do you maltreat this poor beggar? What has he done to deserve beating and abuse?"

One of them briskly approached me, and, with a countenance marked with the strongest indignation, exclaimed—

"Sir, this rascal is a chumâr (a low caste, dealing in hides of animals, cutting up carrion and the like), and I am a chuttree! (a Rajpoot). What right has he to defile this holy ground? If he should die of any disease contracted here, the villain would most assuredly claim the merit of having died at the Tribênee, and thus get to heaven! A low scoundrel like that! Is this to be endured? Do you suppose that we have no proper sense of religion, to allow such desecration?"

The advocate for exclusive salvation then turned round to his comrades, with all the notorious meekness of the bishop of ——— —that is to say, with a most triumphant air, —*looked* "I hope you are satisfied? I think you have had your answer? Do you want

any more?" The others immediately joined in the harangue, and said, that things were certainly come to a fine pass, if such beasts could take liberties with the Tribênee!

In the meantime some of them had hustled off the chumâr, who thus lost all chance of dying from the effects of cold.

I dare say, reader, that in your youth, like myself, you may have read odds and ends of ecclesiastical history, and may remember almost similar circumstances. Who is he that now stands upon the earth, who is not ashamed either of himself or of his species? Observe in the above anecdote a true exposure of the real and natural heart of man. Under cover of civilization and education, we conceal our feelings; but our natural selfishness cannot be esteemed one whit less odious and contemptible.

I shall now present to the reader another view of the Hindoo character, which may teach him not to be rash in judging from solitary instances. A very old man, probably nearly seventy, at the request of the mother who bore him, had with much pain and labour traversed the wild and desolate plains of central India, on foot, that she might die

happily on the banks of the Ganges! To a young and healthy native such a journey would have been one of pleasure and enjoyment; but to the old and stiff, to the hungry and ill-fed, to the badly clothed and half starving aged couple, it was almost certain death. At last they arrived, and after she had taken final leave of this world, the old woman walked steadily into the waters, at the holy Tribênee, and sat down when it reached her mouth. There she remained, muttering prayers to Râmâ and the Gunga, in the pious hope of washing away her sins; her son sitting within sight, disconsolate, on the bank. And there she sat for three days and nights, until the pangs of hunger compelled her to return; and such was her strength, that she received no injury from that severe trial!

"And now," said the son, bitterly complaining of *her* disappointment, "I am under the painful necessity of carrying her back again, after having incurred so much expense, and lost so much time! Is not mine a hard case?"

Thousands of natives find a sort of shelter under trees, dispersed in all parts of the city, or under the bunds; but the really pious crowd

as closely as they can to the Tribênee. As the fair is always held in the month of January, heavy showers of rain, accompanied with violent hail and wind storms, may be expected. During their prevalence, there can be no doubt but that thousands of the pilgrims annually contract lingering diseases, which eventually destroy them.

During the fair of last year, a violent storm occurred, and hundreds sheltered themselves in the verandas of the officers' barracks in the fort; but such were the combined effects of rain, cold, and darkness, that some twenty or thirty people, while endeavouring to leave the sands, and seek refuge in the city, perished most miserably in the quicksand! Their bodies were dug out and removed in the morning. The officiating magistrate and collector, Mr. Montgomery, with the warm-hearted and unassuming benevolence which distinguishes him, immediately purchased a large quantity of fire wood, and ordered large fires to be lighted in different parts, to which the houseless pilgrims might repair during the cold damp nights. Kind men, high in office, frequently take rather extensive liberties with the public purse, and disburse more than is

quite prudent; but it must be acknowledged that they are almost invariably supported, when their actions are based on the principles of humanity.

The precipitous Kunkur, or limestone cliffs of the right bank of the river, were ornamented with numerous little villages, the majority of them surrounded with ancient neem, tamarind, and peepul trees, forming exceedingly beautiful and picturesque objects.

At the confluence, the waters of the Jumna appeared clear and pellucid, compared with those of the Gunga. I passed a very restless and uneasy night, but as the air was calm and tranquil, I listened with pleasure to the melodious voices of the Chuckwâ Chuckwee ducks. From the constant inflexions and modulations of their notes it did not require much imagination to believe that their conversations were of an extremely interesting nature. By the natives they are deemed models of conjugal tenderness and fidelity; and I don't wonder at it, for if one be shot the other is sure to fly away.

CHAPTER II.

Crews of the country boats—Gum kino—Village of Punassa—Native carbonate of soda—Sirsa—Salt smuggling—Police of India—Cunning and selfishness of native servants—A native official—Goose pie—Colin of Nantz—Banks of the river—Pilgrims—Alligators—A recruit—Child murder—The virtues of good eating—Temple of Bind Chul—The thugs—Shakespere—Burke, the English thug—The philosophy of thugism—Mirzapore—Great cotton mart—A French speculator—A dinner man—A seizure—Chunar—Alligators—Mode of capturing them—Fort of Chunar—The plague of Musquitos—Chunar Ghur—Character and state of the fortress—The hottest spot in India—The ex-queen of Oude—Lord Combermere—Lord Brougham—King or no King!

December 7th.—The crews of the country boats were composed of a few boys, many old men, the latter exceedingly sickly and feeble from old age, and nearly all quite unfit for

labour of any description. It was fortunate for them that I was dropping down, and not pulling up the river.

For several hours, some of the dandies were employed in caulking the boat, with the well-beaten fibrous roots of the Prâs or Pulâs tree, which produces the gum kino. The fibres were very strong, and appeared more like fine twine than unprepared material. I was told that if it were not for the gum kino, it would be exceedingly difficult for the planters in the higher part of the Doab to precipitate the fecula of the indigo, as the common mode of beating the water in the vats seldom perfectly succeeds.

A little before sunset we passed the village of Punâssa lying close on the borders of the river Touse, which there enters the Ganges. Our boats were fastened, or rather lugâod, below the little village of Sirsa, also on the right bank.

At the height of about forty-five feet above the low-water level of the Ganges, a stratum of earth, of a darkish colour, parallel to the horizon, appears, from its dampness, to contain saline matter, most probably the earth called Soojee Mattee by the natives, which

contains a large proportion of an impure carbonate of soda. This stratum runs for miles, and would afford an inexhaustible supply; but as it is frequently found on the very surface of the earth, nearly pure, no attention is ever paid to strata lying under it. Here it lay under a stratum of kunkur, or impure limestone.

Sirsa is one of the stations, or head-quarters of a circle placed under the superintendence of an uncovenanted civil servant, appointed for the purpose of preventing the passage and smuggling of up-country salt. His pay is about 20*l.* a month, and he has also a certain share of all the illegal salt seized. The smugglers are pretty wise in their generation, and follow the course of the fraternity all over the world, by bribing the police. They generally *run* their cargoes by night, and choose the most unfrequented paths. As the officer is prevented by the regulations from entering into any dwelling house, although he may be certain that salt is therein hidden, his success may be imagined.

Under the tender government of India, the liberty of the native subject is wisely considered of a nature so sacred, that the ruling

powers would rather lose their most valuable source of revenue (or the sovereignty of the country) than endanger its existence! This is the real cause of the seeming supineness of that police whose efficiency has so thoroughly astonished those who dwell within its influence. Thus, it appears, that instead of deserving to be made the laughing-stock of both Europeans and natives, it merits the highest encomiums of the friends of civil liberty. Grumble not then, ye planters, whose fields are stripped of plant or godowns (cellars) of indigo: nor murmur, ye river merchants, when the boats containing your select investments are gutted, and your servants speared by the river dacoits: nor growl, ye lucky subs., whose tents are cleared of your camel trunks. A bad police is evidently the native bill of rights, and magna charta, and hence we need not wonder that they are jealous thereof, and uniformly opposed to innovation.

As the lamented Bishop Heber has shown the example, I feel it my duty to record publicly, that during this day, I generously distributed no less than six fat kids amongst my faithful servants. Indeed, they were faithful to their own interests, in the highest and most

marvellous degree, for on first hearing that I might reside at Bunisaul, they declared in a body, that as the place had never yet been heard of in the upper provinces, and as no doubt but that the air and water were bad, it was flying in the face of providence to leave their native homes! But soon after, on learning my ultimate destination, those who had requested and obtained their dismissal, and received their wages, returned unasked, declaring that they would follow me all over the world, for was not God everywhere, to protect them against sickness?

One of them now informed me that both the boats I had hired belonged to one of the collector's chapprassees at Allahabad, whose salary may have been seven rupees, or fourteen shillings a month. Their value is nearly three hundred rupees, and by their hire to Dhacca, he will gain one hundred and fifty, besides back hire from those who engage them.

This speculating gentleman was notorious for his corruption and extortions; yet, so great was his talent, and so powerful his personal influence, that notwithstanding serious complaints of his misconduct are constantly made, he still contrives to hold office, triumphing

over his accusers under every change of administration.

I must now plead guilty to a little *gourmanderie*—for I opened one of those delicious hermetically sealed pies, which the generous Frenchman, "Colin, of Nantz," (may his name be handed down to posterity) had sent me from France! I must explain that Colin had not sent it direct to me; far from it, for that would have betrayed a partiality too gross; but as he had consigned it for the special use of my countrymen, and as it had fallen to my lot, I think I may safely assert that the pie was made for my use alone! It was nearly ten pounds weight, and consisted of a goose stuffed with chesnuts!

Some parts of the high banks of the river on the left were highly picturesque and beautiful, being surmounted with cottages in ruins, on the very edge of the cliff, shaded by ancient wide spreading burgots.

The little wind we had during the day was contrary; and as the current did not average more than a mile an hour, the dandies pulled the boats down the stream by the usual ropes or goons, without a murmur. I observed their evening meal. It consisted of coarse boiled

rice, seasoned with pounded chillies, turmeric, or ginger, with such cucurbitaceous plants as they had stolen during the day from the fields near their tracks: forage is the military word. From such diet, what can be expected but disease, emaciation, and the most gloomy dulness?

In the morning we passed a boat, which appeared too small for merchandize. I was informed, on inquiry, that it contained a batch of pilgrims, proceeding to the expected Tribenee fair. Uniting piety with economy, the cargo carried with them their low tables for the water side. Several reaches of the river, from peculiar circumstances, had become mere troughs; and in the course of centuries, such will assuredly be the state of the whole of the river during the dry season. For these last two days not a single alligator had been seen.

During my evening walk, I was accosted by a young man about fifteen or sixteen years of age, who, judging by my martial air and imposing appearance, that I belonged to the army, requested that I would immediately enlist him. He had been married a couple of years, and had lately been blessed with a son and heir. As he seemed a strong strapping

lad, I told him that the army would be proud to receive him, and directed him to march over to Juanpore, where my old friend Robbins would do the needful.

We were soon joined by idlers, desirous of being made acquainted with the successes of our army in Affghanistan, and the cause of the new levies raising at the above place. The volunteer was accompanied by a nice chubby boy of seven years of age, whose neck was almost hidden by a necklace, composed of beetul nuts set in silver, alternating with ancient gold coins, as a charm against misfortunes. Had he dwelt in any large city, he would have been murdered and thrown into a well long ago, while the parents would have had to mourn his loss, and their own foolish vanity.

Although the practice of murdering infants, and plundering their bodies, is perfectly well known, they cannot be induced to deprive themselves of such a silly gratification.

This I impute to their ignorance of the manufactures of Colin the peerless; for can it for a moment be supposed, that their gold would be allowed to lie waste and unemployed, had they ever tasted *becasses truffés?* No! I am not inclined to think so badly of human nature.

9th.—Cast off this morning about four o'clock, and dropping gently down, about mid-day passed the famous temple of Bind Chul on the right bank, standing in the suburbs of the opulent city of Mirzapoor.

A large fair is annually held at this place, which is visited by Thugs, or strangling murderers, for the purpose of making offerings, and propitiating the idol in favour of their next expedition. The priests receive handsome fees. Here also plunder is shared, and future tours are planned.

I advise you, reader, if your digestion be good, and your nerves strong, that you purchase, borrow, or steal, Major Sleeman's interesting work, called "Ramaseeana," and read it with the deepest attention. It will endear you to your species; it will show you a new view of human nature, and what really delightful creatures we may become, if properly educated—for it appears that a good deal depends upon that;—and then, ay then, read Shakspere's eulogy on man.

> "What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason!
> How infinite in faculties! in form and moving
> How express and admirable! in action how like
> An angel! in apprehension how like a god!
> The beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!"

Or if you prefer it, read any metaphysical

work of the last century. Then compare them with the above-named book, and ask yourself which is most true?

Shakspere, with all the wonderful power of his genius, was ignorant of the nature of uncivilized man: it is to be lamented that his acquaintance with crime was confined to those of his own nation and faith, and the English, it must be owned, are very common-place rascals. Burke was indeed a rising man, and far in advance of his age; but yet infinitely inferior to the meanest artist amongst the Thugs. Burke stooped so low as to deaden the senses of his victims; misunderstanding, or, perhaps, contemptuously undervaluing, the resources of language. With Thugs, design is identified with execution; their patient is physically dead, long before actual translation. The Thugs piously offer the subjects of their sport to Bhowannee! Burke, dead bodies to surgeons!

Enough has, I hope, been said to demonstrate that we are arrogantly apt to overvalue the results of civilization; and if so, my object has been attained, and the film torn from the eyes of the conceited portion of my countrymen. Let the metaphysicians of Europe recommence

their studies; for verily, after much toil and labour, we now discover that they are prating jackasses, and know little or nothing of the real nature of man as a sentient being.

About two o'clock we reached the ghât, or landing place on the bank, belonging to the elegant mansion of H. T. Stewart, Esq., with whose hospitable family I spent the rest of a very pleasant day. The front of the building, which unfortunately does not face the river, is a chaste and beautiful doric. It was built by a person of the name of Randy, now pursuing his profession at Calcutta! Mirzapoor is a large bustling city, and one of the most famous cotton marts in India; and it besides enjoys the most considerable trade in the upper provinces. It is the residence of innumerable wealthy shuraffs, or bankers. It is likewise famous for its manufactures of woollen carpets, and stone slabs, cut from the neighbouring quarries.

The river view of the city is very striking and beautiful, and only inferior to that of Bunarus, being diversified with stone ghâts, and grotesque stone-faced buildings, relieved by the dense foliage of ancient trees. On the opposite side of the river, stands the neat, but

solitary, mansion of a French gentleman, who having, during his residence on this spot, amused his leisure hours by manufacturing indigo, amassed a considerable fortune, returned to Paris, where he spent the whole in the tithe of the time required to make it, and then wisely returned to make a second, but soon died. It now belongs to a raja, and will soon become ruinous from want of repairs.

At dinner I had the good fortune to meet several exceedingly agreeable persons; amongst others, with the celebrated B—b W—n, who kept us at a fever heat, from the forty parson power of conversation with which he is endowed. Bob is a revenue surveyor, and keeps his eyes open; in consequence of which he possesses a store of useful and interesting information, on all subjects connected with the revenue and manufactures of India.

The claret and the rudesheimer were excellent, and the guests returned to their respective homes grateful for the pleasing entertainment. I know nothing more mentally refreshing than such society to a traveller. Here were no rival interests, no base intriguing, to weary the spirits and disturb our charity, but all fair and lawful enjoyment. I am compelled

to confess, that I had hitherto undervalued Bob's conversational powers, but I found that to the most astonishing rapidity of utterance, he adds an uninterruptible flow of wit, humour, and knowledge of the world.

10th.—Discovered at breakfast this morning that, "according to the manner of the ancients," my boat had been literally crammed with supplies of bread and butter, fruits, vegetables, and delicious home-fed pork, from the ample larder of my late kind entertainers.

After pulling down the river for a couple of miles, one of my dandies was seized and carried off by villagers, because he had broken some boughs from trees growing close to the river, to be used as fodder for the goats that produced milk for my family. I directed the boats to be fastened, and after having reproved the men for such misconduct, I sent the villagers a few pice, with which they were satisfied, and finally released the dandies.

We soon perceived a low range of hills, terminating in the fortress of Chunar. Having hitherto failed in discovering any alligators, I asked the reason of their scarcity, and the manjee, or captain of the boat, informed me that the fishermen of these parts were passionately fond of their flesh, and devoured

every one they could lay their hands on; and the animals were so harassed in consequence, that they deserted that part of the river.

The mode of "captivation" did not appear one of the most fascinating, for it merely consisted in fastening a stout rope, to which large, sharp iron hooks were attached, near their usual haunts in the sand. When the mullahs, or fishermen, found the alligators asleep on them, they pulled the ropes with all their power, and thus occasionally hooked and finally destroyed them.

But it must indeed require a certain power or pressure of hunger, to tempt or instigate a stomach to attempt its solution; its mastication is incredible; I feel satisfied that it must be bolted. On dissecting a young one, only four feet long, I found that the mere handling of the flesh was sufficient to produce nausea and vomiting, from its extreme *dense* fishiness.

The wind being right in our teeth, although every exertion was made by the crew to reach the fortress of Chunar, we were compelled to fasten our boats about three miles above, and, during the night, we were dreadfully punished, by clouds of villainous moschetos.

Why should man be proud? Although, as

I have lately told you, he may catch and eat the great leviathan, yet, in turn, he becomes the food of a vile fly. To be sure, he may "contravene the anomaly," by getting behind moscheto curtains, or even into a twelve-dozen chest; but either remedy betrays his conscious inferiority.

11th.—Passed a low rocky hill on the right, and, in a few minutes more, the strength of the current carried us opposite to the fortress of Chunar Gurh. A very pretty and remarkably well filled church-yard stands at the base. On reconnoitring the walls with a telescope, I discovered two small breaches on this side. The right, on the higher part of the rock, was repaired; the left, on the lower part, was in progress. The outer angle seems to have been repaired, and strengthened with abutments.

The walls appeared to average thirty feet in height, and are composed of rubble, or unhewn stone.

Every part of this rude native fortification could be breached, in a dozen of rounds, with 24-pounders, and the ruins would roll down to the bottom of the hill, leaving a clear passage. So much for its importance as a military post.

Chunar is the head-quarters of European

invalid soldiers; so that it is probable that it contains the greatest number of confirmed drunkards in any part of India. That it may be well supplied with the means of intoxication, innumerable palm trees are carefully cultivated, for the taree, or toddy, they produce. From the black rocks on which the fort is built, and by which it is surrounded, it is reputed the hottest, and consequently best chosen spot for producing mortality, of any in India. Diseases of the brain, terminating in apoplexy, idiocy, or madness, are extremely common.

I was told that the ex-queen mother, and Munnâ Jân, the once reputed son of the late second King of Oude, Nusseer-oodeer-Hyder, reside in a small bungalow in the cantonment below the fort. They were banished to this pleasant spot on the death of the sovereign. The boy was declared spurious by his majesty, in a Persian manifesto, with an attached English translation, pasted on the gate of one of the inner palaces. In the hands of the queen-mother, he had been taught to consider himself as lawful heir to the throne, and repudiated by the king for being too much attached to her majesty. Her majesty intended to make him very useful when on the throne, and to

remain a puppet in her hands during her life.

When Lord Combermere visited the court of Oude, while Mr. Ricketts was resident, he drank the boy's health, in the presence of the reigning king, his then reputed father, as heir-apparent to the crown, at the resident's table.

Lord Brougham has publicly asserted that the present king is not the de jure, or rightful sovereign; but I fear that such declaration will not much benefit his protegé in England, although he must highly respect and reverence the ex-chancellor's profound knowledge of his family, and intimate acquaintance with the Mohummudan law of succession.

The natives of India almost universally acknowledge, that although it suited our purpose to place the present king on the throne, there could be no doubt but that Munnâ Jân was the rightful heir.

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